



THE

# QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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VOL. 139.

PUBLISHED IN

*JULY & OCTOBER, 1875.*



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L O N D O N :

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

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LONDON:

Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and SONS, Stamford Street  
and Charing Cross.

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# CONTENTS

OF

No. 277.

ART.	Page
I.—1. The Works of Francis Bacon. By J. Spedding, R. L. Ellis, and D. D. Heath. 7 vols. London, 1859.	
2. The Letters and the Life of Francis Bacon. By James Spedding. 7 vols. London, 1874.	
3. Isaac Casanbon. By Mark Pattison. London, 1875.	
4. Englische Geschichte, vornehmlich im sechzehnten und siebzehnten Jahrhundert. Von Leopold Ranke (now Leopold von Ranke). 7 Bde. Leipzig, 1868.	
5. A History of England, principally in the Seventeenth Century. By Leopold von Ranke. Clarendon Press translation. 6 vols. Oxford, 1875.	
6. History of England, 1603-1616. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. 2 vols. London, 1863.	
7. Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. 2 vols. London, 1869.	
8. A History of England under the Duke of Buckingham and Charles I., 1624-1628. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. 2 vols. London, 1875	1
II.—1. History of Jamaica. By W. J. Gardner. London, 1873.	
2. Report on the Jamaica Blue Book for 1872. By Governor Sir J. P. Grant, K.C.B. (Colonial Blue Book, Part I., 1874)	40
III.—Virgilio nel Medio Evo. Per Domenico Comparetti, Professore nella R. Università di Pisa. 1872	77
IV.—1. Description des Expériences de la Machine Aérostatique de MM. de Montgolfier. Par M. Faujas de St. Fond. Paris, 1783.	
2. Aeronautica. By Monck Mason, Esq. London, 1838.	

5672

b

ART.	Page
3. Les Ballons et les Voyages Aériens. Par F. Marion. Paris, 1867. (The same in an English edition.)	
4. Voyages Aériens. Par T. Glaisher; Camille Flammarion; W. de Fonvielle, et Gaston Tissandier. Illustrés d'après les croquis d'Albert Tissandier. Paris, 1870. (The same in an English edition, edited by T. Glaisher. London, 1871.)	
5. En Ballon, pendant le Siège de Paris. Par Gaston Tissandier. Paris, 1871.	
6. Les Ballons dirigeables. Par Gaston Tissandier. Paris, 1872.	
7. Reports of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. London, 1862 to 1866.	
8. Comptes-rendus des Séances de l'Académie des Sciences. Paris, 1870 and 1872 - - - -	105
V.—1. Galerie Historique du Théâtre Français. Par Mazurier. Paris, 1810.	
2. Mémoires de Mlle. Clairon. Écrits par elle-même. Paris, 1822.	
3. Études sur l'Art Théâtral; suivies d'anecdotes inédites sur Talma. Par Madame Veuve Talma: née Vanhove, maintenant Comtesse de Chalot. Paris, 1836.	
4. Le Théâtre Français sous Louis XIV. Par Eugène Despois. Paris, 1874.	
5. Histoire du Romantisme. Théophile Gautier. Paris, 1874.	
6. Foyers et Coulisses; Histoire anecdotique de tous les Théâtres de Paris: Comédie Française. Paris, 1874 - - - -	138
VI.—Falconry in the British Isles. By Francis Henry Salvin and William Brodrick. 2nd edition. London, 1873 - - - -	169
VII.—Histoire et Mémoires. Par le Général C <sup>te</sup> de Ségur, Membre de l'Académie Française. Paris, 1873. 7 vols. 8vo. - - - -	186
VIII.—Queen Mary. A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. London, 1875 - - - -	231
IX.—1. Lawlessness, Sacerdotalism, and Ritualism. By Malcolm MacColl, M.A. 1875.	
2. 'Contemporary Review.' June and July, 1875 -	248

# CONTENTS

OF

No. 278.

ART.	Page
I.—Mémoires du Duc de Saint-Simon. Publiés par MM. Chéruel et Ad. Regnier fils, et collectionnés de nouveau pour cette édition sur le manuscrit autographe. Avec une notice de M. de Sainte-Beuve. Paris, librairie Hachette et C <sup>ie</sup> , 1873-1875 (Nineteen volumes, without the Index) - - -	291
II.—1. Dame Juliana Berners, Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle. Wynkyn de Worde. 1486. (Reprinted by Pickering in 1827.)	
2. Ulyssis Aldrovandi de Piscibus, Lib. V. Bononie, 1513.	
3. Secrets of Angling. By J. D., Esquire. London, 1652.	
4. Country Contentments. By Gervase Markham. London, 1633.	
5. Barker's Delight, or The Whole Art of Angling. London, 1657.	
6. Young Sportsman's Instructor. By Gervase Markham. 1652.	
7. Izaak Walton's Compleat Angler. 1st edition. 1653.	
8. Rural Sports (and Supplement). By the Rev. W. B. Daniel. 4 vols. 4to. London, 1802.	
9. Recreations of Christopher North. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1865.	
10. The Practical Angler. By W. C. Stewart. Edinburgh, 1867.	
11. A Handbook of Angling. By Ephemera. 4th edition. London, 1865.	
12. Bibliotheca Piscatoria. By T. Westwood. London, 1861.	
13. A Collection of Right Merrie Garlands for North Country Anglers. Edited by Joseph Crawhall. Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1864.	

14. A Book on Angling. By Francis Francis. London, 1872.
  15. The Angler Naturalist. By C. Pennell. London, 1863.
  16. A History of British Fishes. By W. Yarrell. 2 vols. 3rd edition. London, 1859.
  17. The Art of Trout Fishing on Rapid Streams. By H. C. Cutcliffe. South Molton, 1863.
  18. An Angler's Rambles and Angling Songs. By T. T. Stoddart. Edinburgh, 1866.
  19. An Angler's Rambles. By Edward Jesse. London, 1836.
  20. Maxims and Hints on Fishing; also Miseries of Fishing. By Richard Penn, Esq. London, 1855.
  21. The River's Side, or the Trout and Grayling. By Sir R. Roberts, Bart. London, 1866 - - - 334
- III.—MS. Collections at Castle Horneck. 1720-1772 - - - 367
- IV.—1. Report from the Select Committee on Habitual Drunkards, together with the Proceedings of the Committee and Minutes of Evidence. 1872.
2. Report by the Committee on Intemperance for the Lower House of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury. 1869.
3. Self-imposed Taxation. By Samuel Smiles. Year Book of General Information. 1870.
4. Wine: its Use and Taxation. By Sir Emerson Tennent. 1855.
5. The Temperance Year Book for 1875.
6. The Licensing Laws of Sweden; and some Account of the great Reduction of Drunkenness in Gothenburg. By David Carnegie, Esq., of Stronvar, Lochearnhead. 1873.
7. Suggestions for a Permissive Clause. By James Garth Marshall. 1872.
8. The Necessity of some legalised Arrangements for the Treatment of Dipsomania, or the Drinking Insanity. By Alexander Peddie, M.D. 1858.
9. Uncontrollable Drunkenness considered as a form of Mental Disorder. By Forbes Winslow, M.D. 1866 - - - - - 396
- V.—Veiledning til det Islandske eller gamle Nordiske Sprog. Af Rasmus Kristian Rask. Kjøbenhavn, 1811.
2. Det Norske Sprogs Grammatik. By C. R. Unger and P. A. Munch. Christiania, 1847.
3. Nordiske Oldskrifter udgivne af det Nordiske Literatur-Samfund. Kjøbenhavn, 1847-1862. (See

- landic Texts, with Glossaries or Translations in Danish.)
4. Grettis Saga. Ved G. Magnússon og G. Thorardson. Kjöbenhavn, 1853.
  5. Lexicon Poeticum Antiquæ Linguae Septentrionalis. Conscriptit Sveinbjörn Egilsson. Hafniae, 1860.
  6. Edda Sæmundar hins Froða. Herausgegeben von Theodor Möbius. Leipzig, 1860.
  7. The Story of Burnt Njal, or Life in Iceland at the the end of the Tenth Century. From the Icelandic of the Njáls Saga. By George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L. Edinburgh, 1861. 8vo. 2 vols.
  8. Die Ausdrücke: Altnordische, Altnorwegische, und Isländische Sprache. Von K. Maurer. München, 1867.
  9. Sæmundar Edda hins Froða. Udgiven af S. Bugge. Christiania, 1867.
  10. Sæmundar Edda hins Froða. Udgiven af S. Grundtvig. Kjöbenhavn, 1868.
  11. Grettis Saga; the Story of Grettir the Strong. Translated from the Icelandic by Eiríkr Magnússon and William Morris. London, 1869.
  12. Lilja (The Lily); an Icelandic Religious Poem of the Fourteenth Century. Edited, with a Metrical Translation, Notes, and Glossary, by Eiríkr Magnússon. London, 1870.
  13. Die Edda, Die ältere und jüngere, nebst den mythischen Erzählungen der Skalda. Uebersetzt und mit Erläuterungen begleitet, von Karl Simrock. Vierte Auflage. Stuttgart, 1871.
  14. The Orkneyinga Saga. Translated from the Icelandic, by Jon A. Hjaltekin and Gilbert Goudie; edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Joseph Anderson, Keeper of the National Museum of the Antiquaries of Scotland. Edinburgh, 1873.
  15. An Icelandic-English Dictionary, chiefly founded on the Collections made from prose works of the Twelfth to the Fourteenth Centuries. By the late Richard Cleasby. Enlarged and completed by Gudbrand Vigfusson. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. Part I., A—H, 1869; Part II., H—R, 1871; Part III., R—Ö, 1874 - - - - - 434

VI.—Registrum de Panmure, records of the families of Maule, De Valoniis, Brechin, and Brechin-Barclay, united in the Line of the Barons and Earls of Panmure. Compiled by the Hon. Harry Maule of Kelly, A.D. 1733. Edited by John Stuart, LL.D. Edinburgh, 1874. (Privately printed.) - - - 465

ART.	Page
VII.—1. <i>Ruskie v svoikh poslovitsakh.</i> [The Russians in their Proverbs.] By Ivan Snegiref. 4 vols. 12mo. Moscow, 1831–34.	
2. <i>Poslovitsui russkago naroda.</i> [The Proverbs of the Russian People.] Collected by Vladimir Dahl. Imp. 8vo. Moscow, 1862.	
3. <i>Istoricheskie Ocherki, &amp;c.</i> [Historical Essays on Russian Popular Literature and Art.] By F. Buslaef. 2 vols. Imp. 8vo. St. Petersburg, 1861.	
4. <i>Mudrost narodnaya, &amp;c.</i> [The wisdom of the people in the proverbs of the Germans, Russians, French, &c.] By M. Massén. 8vo. St. Petersburg. 1868 - - - - -	493
VIII.—Census of England and Wales for the Year 1871, Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty - - - - -	525
IX.—Parliamentary Debates, Session 1875 - - - - -	550
Note to the Article on ‘Church Law and Church Prospects’ in No. 277 - - - - -	577

# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *The Works of Francis Bacon.* By J. Spedding, R. L. Ellis, and D. D. Heath. 7 vols. London, 1859.
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THE above are but the most conspicuous among a large number of works which have appeared within the last few years, and which, varied as is their respective choice of treatment and material, have had this, to begin with, in common, that they deal with the history of this country ‘principally in the seventeenth century.’ The above, moreover, are all works which, notwithstanding considerable difference of subject and aim, take a view of the period they illustrate dissimilar in not unimportant particulars to the common view which is represented by such influential names as those of Lord Macaulay, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Motley. Nor is it unlikely that, sooner or later, we shall have to receive several new readings, if we are, according to these the most recent inquirers, to interpret aright a central chapter in our national annals, alike in its bearing on the course and progress of British institutions and of the British empire, and in its place in the survey of

Vol. 139.—No. 277. B Europe.

Europe. It will not be possible, within our limits, to examine in detail all or any of these writers, nor, in truth, to do more than, after commending very shortly their investigations to the attention of our readers, to make one or two observations of our own on that reign, which occupies in English history the greater part of the first quarter of the century in question.

We make bold to say at once of all the works on our list, and as our tribute to their merits, that in their case we are dispensed from the more cruel and painful duties of critical vivisection. They all of them pass straight to our shelves among standard authorities, and will, for long, each of them, be indispensable to every thorough and earnest student of the times, of which they treat.

Mr. Spedding's 'Letters and Life of Bacon,' as well as his earlier editorial labours, are so well known as to stand in need of no fresh encomium from us. We congratulate him on the successful accomplishment of the task, which for many years has so worthily employed him, and, presently, we hope to show that we have perused his volumes with interest and profit.

And we regret exceedingly that our plan restricts us to a most summary mention of Mr. Pattison's book as a whole, though here, too, we shall find, later on, a portion of it of most pertinent value. 'We cannot afford,' says Mr. Pattison (p. 488), 'to know all about everybody.' We trust that every one of our readers can and will afford to know all that Mr. Pattison has to say about Isaac Casaubon.\*

To proceed to Professor von Ranke and Mr. Gardiner. We can scarcely aspire to add anything to the laurels of the accepted and revered head of contemporary historical science. We must be understood throughout the following pages to be writing with perpetual reference to and regard for Professor von Ranke's exposition. He is possibly, at first, not the most attractive of historians, but by those who have had to weigh him against others, who have tested in him the rarest union of learning and judgment, who have grown accustomed to the power of his leadership, he will be followed (not so much in relation to every small fact, though here it would be hard to find a more accurate historian, as in relation to the grouping together and summing up of facts) with a species of unquestioning faith, for which, we think, there is no precedent in the domain over which, by a general suffrage, he rules supreme. Nor need von Ranke be afraid of that comparison with our native historians, which in

\* It may perhaps interest some of our readers to know that this work owes its origin to an article which the learned author wrote in this Review in 1854. (See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. xciii. pp. 462-500, 'Diary of Casaubon.')



his preface he a little shrinks from inviting. He has a descriptive gift—let us instance his characters of Charles II. and of William III.—as remarkable, if not quite as pictorial and as immediately effective, as has Mr. Carlyle or Mr. Froude: while his critical faculty is not less keen and—as they would in all probability be the first to admit—more finely practised, under more absolute command, and exerted over a far wider field than is that of either Mr. Freeman or Mr. Stubbs. English historical learning must rejoice in, and our country, we dare to add, may pride herself on the monument which Professor von Ranke has raised in honour of England. It is mainly (on this occasion we can notice but the smallest portion of his labours) for the sake of his development of the history of the House which stepped into the place of that of Tudor, that the attention of Englishmen with political or scholarly leanings will be drawn to Professor von Ranke's elaborate and delicate studies on the England of the seventeenth century. An Englishman of the nineteenth century can hardly bring himself to do honour or even justice to the upholders of the divine right of kings and the divine right of bishops as rights overriding those of the individual conscience and of Parliament; but now that the storms of the seventeenth century have entirely cleared off, he may well be most thankful to the genius of the veteran master of the lore of history and diplomacy, who has desired to grant full allowance to the monarchs who made the most picturesque and the most pardonable failure in the political history of the modern era, while he has all the time felt how the failure could not but ensue, and how the struggle against and the victory over the principles of the Stewarts involved the whole future of Britain.

Among our own writers there may still be room for some one who will try his pen at, if not a vindication of, at least an apology for, the Stewart kings. The other side among our recent historians in quite modern times has had a little too much its own way. We must not, however, overlook very good work, though somewhat over-hesitatingly and modestly performed, done in the direction we now indicate by Mr. Gardiner. Professor von Ranke said of Mr. Gardiner's first two volumes: \* 'Gardiner (1863) avoids unauthenticated statements, but the views of James's character, which have grown up and established themselves owing to the commonplace repetition of such statements, control his representation of it.' But, since this was written, Mr. Gardiner, in his four subsequent volumes, seems to us to have most steadily improved and advanced. His carefulness

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\* Vol. i. p. 470, note, transl.

and trustworthiness in minute matters are as strong virtues in him as ever. Now and then his mastery of pamphleteering, and generally of the documentary literature, enables him to supplement and even to correct von Ranke.\* And his acquaintance with the original authorities is more and more opening his eyes. He has lost his awe of his nearest predecessors. He is no longer to be frightened out of an honestly-founded and well-fortified opinion. And no one has given so much time and reflection to the whole epoch from the commencement of the century to the outbreak of the Civil War.† Some words of Mr. Gardiner, in his last preface, describe aptly enough his own position, and we believe him to be entirely within bounds in using the language which we have emphasised below:—

‘We have had historians in plenty, but they have been Whig historians, or Tory historians. The one class has thought it unnecessary to take trouble to understand how matters looked in the eyes of the King and his friends; the other class has thought it unnecessary to take trouble to understand how matters looked in the eyes of the leaders of the House of Commons. I am not so vain as to suppose that I have always succeeded in doing justice to both parties, but I have, at least, done my best not to misrepresent either.’—*England under the Duke of Buckingham and Charles I.*, p. vi.

With, then, such guides as those enumerated, and always with Professor von Ranke as guide in chief, we would now for a brief space transport ourselves and our readers to the beginning of the seventeenth century. There are still in the hour-glass of the last Tudor a few sands to be turned. Let us not fail, as we hurry on, to do obeisance to that august memory.

It is the most plaintive page in the romance of English history, it is the very sternest chapter in the record of English policy, in which the final words and deeds of Elizabeth are set down. Among all the touching fancies of the great poets of that dramatic age there is none more sombre, more sorrowful, more startling than this reality of the death-scene of a Queen, starving her body now that heart and soul are, beyond relief, withered and starved. She sits, her finger on her lip, the haughtiest and the most famous, the one survivor of the most majestic of the dynasties of England. She is impatient for the end. Her ears are shut, and withdrawn from the too distant

\* *E.g.* cp. ‘Spanish Marriage,’ ii. pp. 364–366. ‘At last some one bolder-people of England,’ with von Ranke, transl. vol. i. p. 515. ‘The second ecclesiastic-laws of the land.’

† Had our list not been already a long one, we should have included in it several most valuable publications, edited for the Camden Society by Mr. Gardiner, to whom the Society of Antiquaries and the ‘Archæologia’ are also indebted for some papers excellently well done.

plaudits of a grateful and pitying posterity. Her wide and weary eyes are aware of nothing but remembrances. They wander after the shadow of Dudley, and about the scaffolds of Devereux and the Scotch Mary. In the earlier months of 1603, she had still been capable of forgetting herself in her wonted business and pleasures, in the transactions of Italy and Ireland, in music, which throughout her life was her most customary and best beloved relaxation. But when the Carnival drew on with its annual uproar of festivities, the Queen was nowhere to be seen. There had fallen upon her sudden wretchedness and disgust. The second Ash Wednesday approached, arrived, since the dreary day of the execution of the Earl of Essex. Hour by hour through the dismal Lenten season his Royal Mistress slowly died. 'The Queen grew worse and worse because she would be so.' 'Elle dit de vouloir mourir.' 'She would not hear the Archbishop speak of hope of her longer life. She might have lived if she would have used means, but she would not be persuaded, and princes must not be forced. Her physicians said, she had a body of firm and perfect constitution, likely to have lived many years. . . . She departed this life mildly . . . like a ripe apple from the tree; cum leni quadam febre absque gemitu.' Would it have comforted at all her vexed and parting spirit could she have foreseen Marston Moor and the Battle of the Boyne, and the fates of Buckingham and Strafford, and known, as a certainty, that for a true Stewart the block was in England the inevitable destination, and that the Commons of England would prove altogether as envious of the encroachments of favourites as their virgin Queen!

What were the anticipations of English statesmen at the new accession?

We see no better way of setting forth these anticipations than by quoting two or three passages from an author, renowned in other walks, and as active and sagacious a politician as this country had at that epoch bred—Lord Bacon. We can give but a few specimens: a careful collection of the famous Chancellor's remarks on this subject, might form a valuable introduction and key to the reign of James I. The colours, which the sun of Elizabeth, as it went down, left in the sky, require, if they are to be fitly revived, a touch from the pen of one who saw and felt the times and their changes.

'In the consideration of the times,' writes Bacon, 'which have passed since King Henry the Eighth, I find the strangest variety that in like number of successions hath ever been known. The reign of a child; the offer of an usurpation (though it were but as a *Diary Age*); the reign of a lady married to a foreign Prince, and the reign of a lady

lady solitary and unmarried. So that as it cometh to pass in massive bodies, that they have certain trepidations and waverings before they fix and settle, so it seemeth that by the providence of God this monarchy before it was to settle in his Majesty and his generations (in which I hope it is now established for ever) it had these pre-lusive changes in these barren princes.'—*Bacon's Letters and Life*, vol. iii. p. 250.

Thus had the preparation been made for the coming in of James I.

'It seemed as if the Divine Providence, to extinguish and take away all note of a stranger, had doubled upon his person within the circle of one age the royal blood of England by both parents. This succession drew towards it the eyes of all men, being one of the most memorable accidents that had happened a long time in the Christian world. For the kingdom of France having been re-united in the age before in all the provinces thereof formerly dismembered; and the kingdom of Spain being of more fresh memory united and made entire by the annexing of Portugal in the person of Philip the Second, there remained but this third and last union, for the counterpoising of the power of these three great monarchies, and the disposing of the affairs of Europe thereby to a more assured and universal peace and concord. . . . The Island of Great Britain, divided from the rest of the world, was never before united in itself under one king. . . . A King in the strength of his years, supported with great alliances abroad, established with royal issue at home, at peace with all the world, practised in the regiment of such a kingdom as mought rather enable a king by variety of accidents than corrupt him with affluence or vain glory; and one that besides his universal capacity and judgment was notably exercised and practised in matters of religion and the church; which in these times, by the confused use of both swords, are become so intermixed with considerations of estate, as most of the counsels of sovereign-princes or republic depend upon them. . . . It rejoiceth\* all men to see so fair a morning of a kingdom, and to be thoroughly secured of former apprehensions as a man that awaketh out of a fearful dream.'—*Bacon's Works*, vol. vi. pp. 275-6.

'Now,' exclaims Bacon, in a letter to his new Sovereign, 'the corner-stone is laid of the mightiest monarchy in Europe.'—*Bacon's Letters and Life*, vol. iii. p. 63.

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\* One illustration of this joy from another hand, out of the number that might be cited, will serve as sample. Thus Sir John Harington, Queen Elizabeth's godson, welcomes James:

'Joy Protestant, Papist be now reclaimed,  
Leave Puritan your supercilious frown,  
Join voice, heart, hand, all discord be disclaimed;  
Be all one flock, by one great Shepherd guided,  
No foreign wolf can force a fold so fenced,  
God for his house a *Steward* hath provided.'

*Nugæ Antiquæ*, i. 334.

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The memoranda and instructions supplied by Bacon for the king's private study are full of suggestive remarks in regard to the coalescence of the two kingdoms.

Dealing with the practical difficulties to be encountered, he writes :—

‘It sufficeth that there be an uniformity in the principal and fundamental laws both ecclesiastical and civil. For in this point the rule holds, which was pronounced by an ancient father touching the diversity of rites in the Church, for finding the vesture of the Queen (in the Psalm), which did prefigure the Church, was of divers colours, and finding again, that Christ's coat was without a seam, he concludeth well : In veste varietas sit, scissura non sit.’—*Bacon's Letters and Life*, vol. iii. pp. 97-8.

Bacon's personal judgment upon the real differences between England and Scotland as to church matters is thus expressed :—

‘For matters of religion, the union is perfect in points of doctrine ; but in matters of discipline and government it is imperfect.’—*Bacon's Letters and Life*, vol. iii. p. 223.

But he is not sanguine of speedy effects, he knows how late in their season the fruits of policy ripen :—

‘It must be left to Nature and Time to make that *continuum*, which was at first but *contiguum*. . . . Those mixtures, which are at the first troubled, grow after clear and settled by the benefit of rest and time.’—*Bacon's Letters and Life*, vol. iii. p. 98.

And yet there have arisen further responsibilities which may not be shirked :—

‘God hath reserved to your Majesty's times two works, which amongst the acts of kings have the supreme pre-eminence, the union and the plantation of kingdoms . . . the one in the union of the island of Britain, the other in the plantation of great and noble parts of the island of Ireland.’—*Bacon's Letters and Life*, vol. iv. p. 116.

Some years later he could venture so far in self-congratulation as to say :—

‘Ireland is the last ‘*ex filiis Europæ*’ which hath been reclaimed from desolation.’—*Bacon's Letters and Life*, vol. vi. p. 205.

And indeed all through the reign Bacon never lost sight of the brighter face of things. ‘*Video solem orientem in occidente*,’ he cries in his ‘Discourse on the greatness of the Kingdom of Britain ;’ and in James's very last year he wrote to the Prince of Wales :—

‘Your Highness hath an Imperial Name. It was a Charles that brought the empire first into France, a Charles that brought it first into  
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into Spain, why should not Great Britain have his turn?'—*Bacon's Letters and Life*, vol. vii. p. 469.

This language of Bacon concerning James, his purposes and achievements, is not at all the language adopted later on by English historians, and to which we have grown accustomed. Since Bacon had thoughts of being to James what Burleigh was to Elizabeth, what Strafford was to be to Charles I., Clarendon to Charles II., a more or less imaginary personage has employed politician after politician, novelist after novelist, historian after historian. The novelist has too often taken his cue from the politician, and the historian his plot from the novelist. From Professor von Ranke's pen we have at last, we believe (if it be at all possible, without presumption, to make at this distance of station and observation such an assertion), an authentic and faithful portraiture, and one which will not soon be superseded in the accredited gallery of the likenesses of our Sovereigns. In the contemporary pictures and frontispieces there is commonly written in the background over the head of King James I. his own selected Scriptural sentence, 'Beati Pacifici.' It was a favourite motto of the seventeenth century; it was ever on the tongues of the foremost men of that century in Church and State; but it was along their slippery and unsafe roads the hardest device for them to be invariably true to. It was an altogether new style for a Stewart, and, in particular, it was a strange symbol for a man called to be king over a divided and turbulent island, in every border and in every harbour of which swarmed the moss-trooper and the privateer, 'knowing no measure of law but the length of their swords.' It was a text which had, however, been meditated and commentated upon by James from his earliest boyhood; he was faithful to it throughout his life; it explained his advent to power and his whole confirmation in power to his conscience; by it he had interpreted the history of his parents and of Queen Elizabeth, and his own marvellous and singular escapes from destruction, first in his mother's womb, then in the Northern Castle, and the third time in the Westminster Parliament. He read in it the cause of his preservation as a youth in Scotland through unceasing treason and discontent. Even at the very last, when he could not but be aware of the ever-widening ravages of a great European war, in which the prospects of some of his children must be, those of all of them might be involved, he still drew a personal promise from it. After all his dangers, alone or nearly so of his race, and in his generation nearly alone of his rank, after having seen, to look for examples not further than the two nearest states, the  
assassin's

assassin's knife reach the champion of French royalty, the headsman's sword the guardian of the Dutch republic; James the Peace-maker, the first King of Great Britain, could 'go away hence satisfied,' having met death tranquilly in his bed, his crown safe, his son by his side.

James, all along, was thoroughly awake to his own disadvantages, though he might be thought to make little, or to have never caught sight, of them. He had no beauty of presence; the glow of natural courage which had distinguished both his house and the house which had preceded it in England, had died in him from the terrible shock of the murder of Rizzio. He had not the inestimable faculty to a king, of winning or of inspiring enthusiasm, of even, in the case of ordinary lookers-on, securing habitual respect. Affection would not be bestowed on him, but would have to be bought by him. He would never gain that kind of friendship which sits lightly and pleasantly, except by creating favourites. And yet just such facile friendships were indispensable to a ruler so active and inquisitive. All this he knew, and he had early considered how he should make the best bargains. Sometimes, though rarely, the thought of the drawbacks in himself roused his jealousy of others and warped his judgment. He was very sharp at the discovery, whenever there was an alteration in his surroundings, how reverence had to be forced into growing about him. Such experience was bitter enough to him, impressed as he was with the importance of the authority he wore and meant to exercise, and with the grandeur and dignity of what he took to be his own place among kings. James found out quite as soon as, probably sooner than, the English courtiers, how far he came short of the stature of the Tudors, and where would be the weak side of his reputation in England. He felt the difficulty of his situation, and he took his own means of overcoming it, so far as that could be done. At the very beginning of the reign he may have foreseen the satires and scurrilities which would assail him before its close. He would notice how the English country-gentleman fell with him involuntarily into an unacceptable intimacy, and at a very first interview was easily to be led on so as 'not to refrain from a scurvy jest.\*' His own appreciation of his predicament may be excused for taking at times a tetchy and petulant air, though there is generally a laugh at himself, as when to a noble who, regardless of the King's anxiety to please, repeatedly and over-vehemently urges his suit, he cries, roughly rejecting the petition: 'Shall a King give heed to a dirty paper when a

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\* 'Nugæ Antiquæ,' i. 368.



beggar notes not his gilt stirrups?\*" No one discerned so clearly as James himself that the tone of Elizabeth, the tone of Essex, Sydney, Raleigh, was gone from the English Court. There remained close to him only one of the conspicuous pillars of Elizabeth's state; and Salisbury, shrewd statesman as he was, had been the meanest in face and figure, the most prosaic in fancy, of the Elizabethan magnates. James had to begin his reign by recognising all the consequences of this change in the atmosphere around the throne, and by preparing himself to constantly meet them.

Some efforts he made or allowed to be made to bring back the old régime. Careless in money matters by disposition, and besides afraid of being considered miserly, he went into the extreme of profusion. In expenditure, in luxurious feasting, his Court far outstripped Elizabeth's.† But the whole thing was always heavy and flat. Queen Anne might deck herself and her maids of honour for masque after masque. The King himself felt the oppressive collapse, and would have preferred to be at his hunting-seat. His own worst shortcomings were due to his original lack of what were held to be, and in England were, the established signs of good breeding. Awkwardness and a consciousness of awkwardness were congenital in him. The strictest investigations lead one little further. His mind was coarse but not vicious, his character apprehensive but not cowardly. He was not of attractive, neither was he of contemptible parts. He strove to the utmost to be a just King; he was a benevolent man. On small and on great occasions he showed himself capable of generosity, even of magnanimity. But when he became King of England he was already thirty-seven years of age, too old and too downright to think of breaking up his Northern habits.

Times of peace and plenty are trying times for a Court. The whole general community, a thoughtless householder, not seeming in want of stores, leaves its finest and choicest fruits on the tree and in the sun. Through the long calm spell of autumn weather they are never gathered. They are shaken down and smashed in the stormy presence of the winter, over-ripe, rotten, gone to ruin. For, indeed (one is tempted to say it when one turns to past history), great colonial positions or frequent foreign wars are necessary to keep the aristocracy, the wealthy and intelligent class of the nation, however named, in pure and wholesome vigour. In the absence of other calls, the upper and

\* 'Nugæ Antiquæ,' i. 393.

† Mr. Gardiner's Introduction, p. ix., etc. Parliamentary Debates in 1610. Camden Society, 1862.



the official nobility are bound, more almost than the very person of the Sovereign, to the household and the Court, and, in reigns such as that of James, are peculiarly sensitive and responsive to Royal demeanour and Royal manners. In those about the monarch, who tried to suit themselves to him, who belonged not to his literary and learned, but to his hunting and dining set, or who gave the word to a larger, sprightlier society into which he himself comparatively seldom entered, the change he brought in was a most distinctly bad one in morals as well as in manners.

And then, that enthusiasm which had in Elizabeth's time been irresistible, was necessarily transient. It could not be otherwise. The uncertainty of the succession, the reign of an unmarried queen, unprotected except by her people, the fury of the Papacy and of the Continent manned with Spanish mercenaries, had kept the universal national estimate, and specially amongst the foremost ranks of society the personal aspect, of manhood and womanhood, of duty, degree and responsibility, at the highest level. James might advance faces, which made fortunes, a penniless page or a pushing fair; but he could make no centre for the old peerless cluster of brave men and sweet women, the warm ideals of Spenser and Shakespeare. Majesty could give no longer the remembered frank and stately entertainment. And now, the poetry of English public and domestic life had, for a generation, retired, like the greatest of English poets, into the country.

Favouritism was at the beginning of the seventeenth century a received institution according to a recognised and customary law of Europe. It was a form of artificial extension of the family of a prince, which had become an accepted part of the State-machinery. It was a means of keeping in existence, during the minority or the undisciplined youth of the heir, a dynastic secret. If his rivalry were feared or his succession disliked, his too close initiation into politics might be prevented. Or if a break of line or succession was imminent, it was thus possible to equip an opposition and qualify it to hold on to and carry forward the principles it had known at work. It was a convenience which had been devised and developed in the nest of modern political cunning in Italy, and it had been at Rome brought to perfection under the example and by the name of Nepotism. It had been promoted in each pontificate a step further by the bishops of Rome of King James's own period. In James's lifetime, the Peretti, the Aldobrandini, the Borghesi, the Ludovisi, the Barberini had received a substantial benediction in the sight of the city and the world from a Papal relative, and had become the schoolmen of a new discipline, the masters of diplomacy.

diplomacy. The art was at its best. Its greatest disciple, in whom it culminated, the pupil of the Barberini, the man to be known hereafter as Cardinal Mazarin, was about two and twenty years of age when James died. In Spain the favourite was as to date an older permanent establishment than in Italy, and there too he was regarded as essential to the security of the monarchy. In France the Italian faction was every day gaining ground, and the conflict between the noble houses and the favourite or minister was settling itself with a steady determination toward the triumph of the new craft. We might trace the introduction of this instrument of a new science of government in the history of the German Courts, in which, at this epoch, the influences of Italian and Spanish maxims are unusually prominent.

In a modified form James availed himself of the prevalent manner among monarchs. But when we look closely into the innovation, as he made it, we get evidence sufficient how cautious he was, and we perceive the checks he had kept in reserve. The favourite was to rule the Court, not the Council. The favourite's position, his behaviour in his place, his foundation in his master's affections, were to be the principal topic for the men and women of fashion. This new phenomenon would serve for a mark or target, constantly shifting and never quite settled, in general conversation. The anterooms of politics would be maintained in perpetual motion and expectation, and would find this tempting food always close at hand. The favourite himself was to be as much as possible in the public eye, was to have opportunities of forwarding his friends, was to make marriages for his relations; he was to be pressed on by his own clique, he was to hear also the threats of those overborne by him, he was to be, throughout, trying for foot-hold and on the verge of the precipice, over which he might have to be flung. James prided himself with justice on his power of seizing on the meaning of an unguarded gesture or a stray remark; appearances might look otherwise, but from an interview he generally took away with him what he had come or waited for; he excelled at a *tête-à-tête*. The favourite was to have the private ear of the King; it was his especial privilege to be able to see the King alone; he was to come straight out of the crowd into the King's chamber. Vain, passionate creatures like Somerset or Buckingham, speaking out of their panting hopes and fears, echoing the cries of their partisans and the criticisms of their foes, detailing the scandal they would have to hush up or to brave in London and in the country houses,—or among the lawyers and the merchants,—were worth all the price, he paid for them, to that queer, shrewd connoisseur, their gossip and patron.

patron. It was they who gave to the King (whose own tastes lay over sea with negotiations and difficulties there) that intimacy with England, which it was not easy nor agreeable to him to acquire for himself; with which he could not altogether harmoniously associate his person; but outside of which he could not, without manifest danger, pursue his career. In England, as abroad, one use of the favourite was to be the breaking down of the old aristocracy, and the substitution,—in England this could not be worked with any considerable success for absolutist purposes,—of ‘*novi homines*.’ The king warned his favourites, and those who in their rise rose with them, to be heedful. Countenance and protection should be granted them to the furthest social limits, but let them never get within the clutches of a legal tribunal. There was the den of lions, out of which he would not be able nor willing to deliver them. The famous prosecutions of the reign bear witness to James’s sense of the majesty of the law. Favourite or Chancellor, if he came to trial, had to take his chance; James would not prevent, he was not easily brought to mitigate, a sentence. The Spanish, French, or Italian favourite, powerful all round, was ordinarily the chief minister of foreign affairs; the English favourite was, after all, little more than a reporter on certain sides of political society at home. Just at the end, it is true, of James’s reign a somewhat different state of things is exhibited. But Buckingham, as playing the prime minister was Prince Charles’s nominee, was no favourite of King James. Had the King lived a little longer, and felt himself strong enough to take up again the reins of government, his first act would probably have been to disgrace and dismiss the duke.

‘Those,’ says Mr. Pattison (p. 361), ‘whose impressions of character have been chiefly derived from modern histories, will find that, as they become better acquainted with the contemporary memoirs, their estimate of James’s abilities will be raised.’ We altogether endorse, we are ready to take a long stride beyond Mr. Pattison’s eulogy. In the first place we would urge our readers to notice the sagacity and insight displayed by the King in the selection of ambassadors. We doubt whether any British Sovereign was ever served by abler diplomatists, and whether any British Sovereign was ever served by diplomatists who could feel more assured that their exertions were closely and studiously scanned and conned by an anxious, vigilant, and accurately experienced master. Mr. Motley has spoken disparagingly of the statesmen who served James, but we, for our part, know not when England was represented abroad by more capable envoys than in this reign. Where, we would ask,

ask, shall we match a time when Winwood or Carleton was at the Hague, Weston at Brussels, Wake at Venice, Anstruther in the North, Digby in Spain, Roe at Constantinople, Herbert (later Lord Herbert of Chisbury) and Carlisle were at Paris, Chichester and Davies in the Irish plantations? The preservation of peace was James's chief care; but had he been forced into the heat of conflict, it would have been found that he could act with effect, that he had the secret, and could touch the spring of a most nicely organised international combination.\* In view of the war in progress and prospect, and in view of the whole future of British enterprise and commerce, the position of, for instance, Sir Thomas Roe at Constantinople is most noteworthy and instructive. Sir Thomas Roe, like so many of the best servants of the Crown during this reign, had been knighted (we have in such promotions a hint to light up another branch of King James's statecraft) shortly after the King's coming into England. Soon after his advancement Roe went for Prince Henry to the West Indies; in 1609 Roe had been in Guinea and on the Amazon; in 1614 he was taking part in the debates of the House of Commons; then, in 1615, he travelled as far as the Court of the Emperor Jehanghir at Agra, to further the English East India Company, yet in its first infancy,—it was established in the first year of the century;—after so many commercial and diplomatic missions he had been sent as British minister to the Porte. There he was the Stratford de Redcliffe of his time, for years the one unchanging power in Turkey. He relates himself, how 'in the first fifteen months of his embassy he had seen three emperors† of the Turks, seven prime visiers, two captain bassas, five agas of the Janissaries, three great treasurers, six bassas of Cairo, and other changes in proportion.' He made the most of himself and his position. He did his best to secure jewels and rarities of classical antiquity for the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Arundel; he claimed and he took precedence before all other ambassadors; he assumed the protectorate over the Greek Church; from the centre of Islam he carried on an active antagonism to the cabals of Rome; he procured the expulsion of the Jesuits from the

\* Charles's whisper, during the debates of 1624, would have come true enough of a great war in the last ten years of James, after he had secured himself. 'My father has a long sword. If it is once drawn, it will hardly be put up again.'—Gardiner, *'England under the Duke of Buckingham and Charles I.'* vol. i. p. 30.

† In his detailed description of one of these revolutions we have some very fine reflections: 'Thus a man despised, naked, taken from a pit, at first only begging a little water, was in a moment made one of the greatest monarchs in the world. He that was now in the jaws of death—starved and dying of thirst, is become the emperor, and may drink gold or the blood of men.'

Ottoman dominions; he brought the Sultan to regard and honour King James as the natural and equitable mediator of Royal controversies. Roe was not a vain-glorious man, but he could make so proud as to write home:—‘I am confident that the Emperor would rather strangle ten visiers than dismiss your minister.’ He was one of the Queen of Bohemia’s most faithful friends and most constant correspondents. In her letters she has an old playful name for him: ‘Honest Tom,’ a sobriquet from her pleasant girlhood. He has been and will be her truest adviser and consoler. He writes to her in evil times: ‘How happy should I be if I could bring one contented thought to your Majesty, to whom I have been devoted from your infancy.’ Had England taken up in earnest and in full the cause of the Elector Palatine, Sir Thomas Roe at the divan, and Bethlen Gabor, ‘the Transylvanian Mithridates’ in the field, would have been the fomenters and the champions of war in the East of Europe. A great blow dealt from the East, with another great blow at the same time from the North,—from Denmark and Sweden,—how might these have changed the course of the Thirty Years’ War? Sir Thomas Roe, as long as he lived—he survived until close upon the outbreak of the English Civil War,—continued to have the highest reputation among diplomatists. And it was not only in distant countries and in the East of Europe that he won his spurs. After Gustavus Adolphus had gained his victory of Leipzig, he sent Sir Thomas Roe a present of £2000, and in his letter terms him ‘his “*strenuum consultorem*,” he being one of the first who had advised him to this German war, after he had made peace betwixt him and the Poland.’ A man like Roe felt his own power and that of Great Britain to do, in time of need, decisive things. One can understand, when one looks at Sir Thomas Roe’s countenance in his picture, dignified and determined, with hints of spleen\* and melancholy, but such hints all but erased by a passionate and fiery spirit of action—the very portrait eloquent with its devise, ‘*te colui, Virtus, ut rem, sed nomen inane es*’—how it was that, when near the close of his career he was at Ratisbon on a mission to the Emperor and the Princes of Germany, the chief potentate in Christendom was reported to have said of him: ‘I have met with many gallant persons of many nations, but I scarce ever met with an Ambassador but now.’

It cannot with truth be said that James’s foreign policy was one of folly; it was not even one of failure. James’s relations in

\* ‘Preserve me,’ he wrote home once, ‘in his majesty’s remembrance for good, that it may not be written on my tomb: the best of this man’s life was banishments, “*Consul et exul eram*.”’

regard to the political system of Europe run exactly parallel to his relations with regard to its ecclesiastical and theological system. He holds, in both relations, a strong fortress in a neutral territory. The site on which it is built is impregnable, or nearly so, to outside assault. But it would be neither fitting nor wise, if it were possible, for its inhabitants to issue forth too far from it, either to act like light horsemen or to adopt the offensive on a pretentious scale. Fighting from a distance, if at all, his must be an indirect warfare and the strategy of the Cabinet. His tentative, procrastinating, in form haggling, in spirit freezing, policy had no special cause in any fault in his mind and judgment. The very same policy is and has been the rigorous line, marked out by interest and also by duty, at many a juncture of European affairs, for the United Kingdom. Here, too, James's sympathy touched a distant future. British policy in regard to Europe has since been, by choice and primarily, pacific. For wars Britain likes a clearer case and a hotter climate. In Europe she has preferred alliances which secured peace to those which preluded campaigns. She has to be driven out of herself and out of her temper into war. There are plenty of later examples (and they are most assuredly not examples of mere fumbling ignorance, and groping incompetence) of behaviour on the part of English statesmen very like that of James I.; while the Thirty Years' War, a war which no English king, general, or minister could stop, guide, or comprehend, loomed and threatened, but, as it were, from altogether another sphere than his own.

James's reign began with interviews with Sully, Barneveld, and the Count of Mediana, representatives of French, Dutch, and Spanish views. He was then, as later, fully aware of the important bearings of contemporary politics. The Republic of Venice had a special regard for him as having been, at a trying moment, one of her best allies. He admired her struggle with Rome, and she set a high value upon, and drew considerable benefit from, his friendly offices. The Twelve Years' Truce between Spain and the United Netherlands was in great part the work of English diplomacy. King James followed the whole life in the Netherlands with a keen and scrupulous eye. He observed the social and literary, as well as the political results of independence. Some jealousy, some rather needless jealousy, arising out of old Scotch misgivings and recollections, he showed here concerning the bias of controversy and dissension in a republic. There was constant commercial friction between the Dutch and the English. Yet on the Dutch to the end he bestowed his regular confidence and his best and most cordial goodwill.

goodwill. In conjunction with Henri Quatre, the Dutch, and the German Union, King James assisted the Lutheran claimants to the Cleves' succession, Brandenburg and Neuburg. And after Henri Quatre's murder (and James's energy at this crisis was unusually incisive and determined) the English Sovereign continued the protector and foremost member of the alliance. It was under these circumstances that a house, now Imperial in Germany, first gained a settlement on the Rhine, first advanced towards the west and centre of Europe, first took its place side by side with the United Provinces and the United Kingdom over against Hapsburg, the Spanish power, and Rome. Subsequently, in 1612, James renewed his alliance with the Protestant Princes of Germany; and it was a combination of English and French influence which turned the votes, at the Imperial election, for Archduke Mathias, who was disposed to leniency towards Protestants, instead of Archduke Albert.

As the King's children grew up, the subject of their marriages gave a further complication to their father's politics. His sons and daughters, who had received, and, it may be, required in their earliest youth more than ordinary care and attention, developed into the most distinguished and graceful beauty. It was a fine family; they had a healthy and lively blood; they could venture to marry whom they pleased. The 'Pearl' of the house was the Princess Elizabeth. Many offers had been made for her hand, one on behalf of the afterwards so renowned Gustavus Adolphus. Two chief alternatives at last suggested themselves for her. She might have carried her loveliness and her Royal desire for grander conquests than those which a fair face wins, into Italy to the House of Savoy. She might have had for father-in-law the restless Charles Emanuel, surnamed the Great, who, planted as he was close to the Milanese, the midmost spot bristling with steel and masonry of the Spanish military network, lay chafing, crouched like an eager hound straining to be slipped against an aggravating half-contemptuous enemy. It was a Catholic stock, but its allies were the western princes—France and the heads of the Protestants in Germany. A strong affection for England at Turin, backed by the political intelligence of Venice, might hereafter prove useful. But the Princess Elizabeth was a fervid Protestant, and she and the great statesman,—whose last work was her marriage,—Cecil, inclined rather to the Prince Palatine, Frederick. This connection had, when it was made, peaceful prospects; it would quietly strengthen the Protestant hold on the Rhine and the Protestant confederacy within the Empire. It fell out otherwise. Frederick and Elizabeth sought a crown in Bohemia; and poor King James



got entangled in dilemmas, international and constitutional, Teutonic, Slavonic, Spanish, as inflammatory as they were inextricable, and where neither his sword nor his learning lay handy. The ordinary Englishman knew and cared as much or as little about Bohemia as did Shakespeare; the Bohemia of the 'Winter King' was as unattractive, as inclement, and as ungeographical as that of the 'Winter's Tale'—

'Our ship hath touched upon  
The deserts of Bohemia!  
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly  
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,  
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry  
And frown upon us. Make your best haste and go not  
Too far in the land: 'tis like to be loud weather,  
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
Of prey, that keep upon it.'

When a prince of Savoy was thought of for his sister, a princess of the same house, or of that of Florence, had been discussed for the then heir to the throne, a youth greatly beloved in England, with strong military and anti-Catholic proclivities. Prince Henry listened to Wotton, who had just arrived from Venice and Turin, and who favoured an Italian match. But he himself took up much more warmly the idea of a German bride, or of having the young Christine of France for wife, a child who in England might be educated and brought over to Protestantism, whose father's death might be avenged, whose father's fame might be outshone by a Henry of England. The open foes of Spain often perished so soon as they brandished, as soon as they spoke aloud of brandishing, the signal of defiance. No Stewart Henry was to follow after in the track of the battles and triumphs of Henry of Navarre. The Prince of Wales, in the midst of talk about his own, of preliminaries for his darling sister's wedding, fell suddenly ill, and in a day or two was dead. Marriage projects for Prince Charles stood over for a time.

James continued to take his own kind of interest in and to exercise his own kind of control over Continental affairs. He kept up a close acquaintance and attachment with Protestant Switzerland. He was called in to mediate, and he settled the terms between, Sweden and Denmark. A point in the history of the House of Romanoff has been noticed, when its representative offered to become the vassal of the House of Stewart.

It will have to be admitted that, taking James as a statesman, there is the same want of elasticity and spring about his policy which men remarked upon in his physique. He has acuteness, grasp of events; he uniformly appreciates any critical movement;

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He has an unusual skill in forecasting consequences: and yet he can never dispel the coldness and dulness which clog his way through business. When his heart is most in his work, when he expatiates on the attributes and prerogatives of his crown, the elucidation is that rather of a herald than of a king. He has an excellent knowledge of what his house, his station, his era mean; but when he begins to explain the meaning he draws himself aloof, as though he were a genealogian or an antiquarian, and studying his own history for some exploded and extinct particulars, as though he had no general and contemporary public. Let it, however, if we would be fair to him, again be noted on his behalf, how hard he tried to remedy his natural defects. He was an untiring sportsman; and he was as indefatigable in his exertions to keep up with the ideas and the projects, wherever new ones were started, in the wide world of politics. No English Sovereign for centuries, certainly no English Sovereign since the Reformation, with the exception of William III., was so profoundly and minutely versed in the affairs of foreign countries. Had James been a less well-informed politician he would have fought more wars and finished off more measures. His reign is full of openings. Midway between the enthusiasm of the sixteenth and the indifferentism of the eighteenth century, the seventeenth is in the whole range of English politics the central and most fruitful study. And in relation to the study of that century, and even of times reaching much beyond its limits, one can take the reign of James and find it introduce the large subject as if it were an author's preface. As von Ranke well puts it: 'It was James who struck the pitch for the dynasty of the Stewarts, he gathered into a knot the whole destiny of his house.'\*

Much weight has to be given, when one takes note of James's notions and statements concerning his throne and the centre of power in his realm, and then concerning Hereditary Sovereignty, the Divine Right of Kings, the institution of Episcopacy, to their bearing on his experiences of Scotland and on the circumstances of that country, as he had seen them alter. Whither, when James was born, was Scotland being steered? What but his birthright brought the two kingdoms together? over what a sea of jarring elements had he been set up to stretch the sceptre, to defend the faith, to keep the peace? We are apt not to observe at all considerations which James had, as his first associations and first principles, before him. Not only was there a

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\* Er hat den Ton für die Regierung der Stuarts angegeben, und den Knoten der Geschichte seiner Enkel geknüpft.—Bd. ii. s. 10.

moral to be drawn from the troubles of his boyhood and early manhood (out of which he had emerged), disorders did not cease in Scotland throughout his reign, and scarcely at any period in the history of their common language has the jealousy between the two nations found for itself such vehement expression.

James's migration into England had been followed, as might be looked for, by a large increase in the petty outbreaks and disturbances of the North. The animosity against the Scotch broke out in public and in private. Publicly the most violent language was, probably, that used in the particular English Parliament which met in April 1614, and which was dissolved chiefly because of the menaces which the King feared might be taken to extend even to himself. In that House of Commons, speeches, loading the Scotch with opprobrium, and coupling in ominously allusive phrase Scotch with Sicilian 'Vespers,' had been heard (cp. Pattison, 424, 30). In the way of private satire, Sir Anthony Welldon's 'perfect description of Scotland' cannot well ever have been surpassed as a piece of vituperation, rich as our literature is in similar specimens.

If, then, James had never surveyed the wider scene; if his mind had been quite abstracted from Europe and the other continents into which the European was making a new way; if, within his province as King, his eye had rested only on one dividing line, that narrow border which cuts Britain into two; might he not well have deemed the sole type and embodiment of the political consolidation of the island to be himself, the only pledge of the united action and combined glory of what he styled 'Great Britain' to lie in his own blood and his own title? The exercise of the prerogative to those who, like himself and Bacon, saw it on the ideal side, what was it but the one apparent means to found and mature an Imperial policy? Was not the pressure of a central authority permissible for organisation in the State and comprehension in the Church? How was he to escape, however, a thought of the situation of civilisation at large? Could there be a settlement of the divisions of Christendom? Such questions statesmen as yet could not bear to answer in the negative. Could sectarian fanaticism be robbed of what they, the statesmen, thought a deadly political poison and sting? Could that further evil, the growth of a reckless and mutinous military spirit, be got under restraint? Was any scheme practicable—so in its full import the enquiry would frame itself—for a European balance of power, in which the old and the new might live on together? If compromise had become impossible, terrible times were at hand. Cecil had pondered the dangerous symptoms. John of Barneveld, in a most

most troublesome corner of the field, had succumbed in the first local outbreak of the threatened plague. Henri Quatre and Sully had attempted to devise the remedy. A famous plan for the reconstruction of Europe, in which every important system of authority, constitution, and creed should exist in co-ordination and counterpoise, remained, long after both Henri Quatre and James I. had passed away, to task and puzzle and occupy the retirement and old age of Sully. After all, his fellows were really not less timorous, nor were they less visionary than James. Let us turn again for a few moments to his foreign policy, in the aspect it had for himself. And, first, let us notice a power toward which he stood in very curious relations—Rome. Clement VIII. was Pope when James was still young, in whom it was said that Julius II., Sixtus V., Pius V., each, in his peculiar force, had risen again,—a Pope for the world, and not only for Italy, whose policy was on a scale to be admired (there seem to us to be several points where it was directly imitated) by the Sovereign he once, notwithstanding the gulf between them, addressed. This Pope, 'the honest, the devout, the wise,' who would not bind himself to the faction either of Spain or of France; who followed sympathetically but impartially, and as himself arbiter of the Church Universal, the dialectical combat which had waxed fierce between the Orders of St. Ignatius and St. Dominic; this Pope, who hoped for Isaac Casaubon's adhesion and conversion, who absolved Henri Quatre; sent, as we said, word—it was before Elizabeth's death—to Scotland, that a principal place in his affections and his prayers was reserved for the son of Mary Stewart. With a tolerant Pope, James was disposed to toleration. When, shortly after his accession in England, the Puritans complained that 50,000 Englishmen had lately joined the Romish communion, James's rejoinder, with a shrug of the shoulders, was, that it was for them next, on their part, to attract an equal number of Spaniards and Italians. Clement was, however, succeeded by men of a different calibre. James's opinion, even after the Gunpowder Plot—it was his life-long opinion—continued in favour of toleration. He said, though certainly he chose a safe moment for saying it,—for it was when Paul V., whom he knew for an obstinate and immovable bigot, was Pontiff,—that, if the Pope would make one step toward a reconciliation of the churches, he himself would make four. He added, that he would be prepared to recognise traditional superiority in the Roman See, though his conviction was clear, and that quite independent of political inducements, that his own reformed confession was the purest and best. After Paul came

came Gregory XV. and Urban VIII., both men for whom, and James, there was no common ground. Ideas of amity and accommodation gave place at Rome to the intoxication of a holy war and of triumphant and wholesale convert-making. The congregation of the Propaganda took its enormous work in hand; the Capuchin and Jesuit missions had unexampled successes; St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier were canonised. A new vehemently Catholic literature was springing up, trained in classical schools and rich in beautiful and mystical emotion, in the native languages of Spain, France, and Italy; a renewed impulse was given to the life of male and female conventual societies; the Benedictines of St. Maur started on their scholarly labours; the courtly eloquence of the French pulpit began with Berulle.

The rooted, substantial, effective resistance, which this movement regularly encountered whenever it attempted to affect Britain, is a most, we take it to be the most, remarkable trait in the general history of the contrasts of the time in religious thought and in spiritual life. There was in England no regeneration of Catholicism. In England alone the failure of the Jesuits was not only complete but comic. There was raised up to restore the old faith beyond the Channel no St. Francis of Sales, no St. Teresa. There was no literary reaction in Britain. In England the authorised version of the Bible appeared; in Scotland two bulky books should be mentioned, antagonistic to each other, but each inspired by the spirit of the Reformation, each building up something toward the edifice of the days to come—each animated by a vigorous individualism, the works of Spottiswood and Calderwood. And the firm nucleus of the opposition to the Roman attack, the force and learning of the defence, ‘the rock in the broad ocean’ of controversy, lay with the divines of the Church of England and in King James’s own circle. From England went the replies to Bellarmine, Baronius, or du Perron. A valuable memoir on the Church of England, as James I. understood it, and as he and his friends wished to mould it, may be extracted from that excellent biography of Isaac Casaubon, which the accomplished Rector of Lincoln College has added to a difficult and incomplete department in the history of literature.

Casaubon had set out from Geneva; he had found himself at last at London. He had travelled through the whole field of letters, and opinions, and conduct. He began as humanist and grammarian; he soon grew into the first Grecian of his century. He was, by marriage, son of Henry Stephens (Henry II.); in character and attainments, and by affection, he was the twin scholar,

scholar, knowing himself the less gifted, and always most humble and reverent toward his elder, the twin scholar with Joseph Scaliger. But he ended among English episcopal seats and English polemical colleges, modernising Greek fathers for the British Solomon, studying old English chronicles with an acclimatised patriotism, pamphleteer and argument-dealer in chief to the Anglican establishment. How strong and how intense an attraction must those interests have had, which caught a Casaubon into their stream!

It was after the murder of Henri Quatre that Casaubon quitted Paris, where he had resided many years, and crossed into England. The assassination of his patron—*illa atra et nefasta dies*—was a new spur, driving Casaubon out of the company of the ancients and his own meditations into the fight. His faith dropped into the regular formula. 'I think it now,' he exclaims (Pattison, p. 349), 'a part of my religion to make public profession of belief (in the Royal supremacy).' Mr. Pattison is very happy and forcible in the sentences in which he sketches the Church of England as it presented itself to this 'stranger and sojourner' in it, Isaac Casaubon. 'To his surprise he found a whole national Church encamped on the ground on which he had believed himself to be an isolated adventurer' (p. 303).

To the passage, we next quote, we would draw particular attention:—

'The ministers of his (Casaubon's) own communion scouted antiquity. . . . Books fell in his way written on this side of the Channel in which he met with a line of argument very different. There were others besides himself who could respect the authority of the fathers, without surrendering their reason to the dicta of the Papal Church. The young Anglo-Catholic school which was then forming in England took precisely the ground which Casaubon had been led to take against Du Perron.

'The change of face which English theology effected in the reign of James I. is, to our generation, one of the best known facts in the history of our Church. But it is often taken for granted that this revolution was brought about by the ascendancy of one man, whose name is often used to denominate the school, as the Laudian School of Divines. Laud was the political leader, but in this capacity only the agent of a mode of thinking, which he did not invent. Anglo-Catholic theology is not a system of which any individual thinker can claim the invention. It arose necessarily or by natural development, out of the controversy with the Papal advocates, as soon as that controversy was brought out of the domain of pure reason into that of learning. That this peculiar compromise, or *via media*, between Romanism and Calvinism developed itself in England, and nowhere else in Christendom, is owing to causes which this is not the place to investigate.

investigate. But that it was a product not of English soil, but of theological learning wherever sufficient learning existed is evidenced by the history of Casaubon's mind, who now found himself, in 1610, an Anglican ready made, as the mere effect of reading the fathers to meet Du Perron's incessant attacks.'—Pages 299–300.

Casaubon was writing an account not only of the present but of the future when he explains to Saumaise: '*Haec gens nihil minus est quam barbara, amat et colit literas, praesertim autem sacras. Quod si me conjectura non fallit, totius reformationis pars integerrima est in Anglia.*'

It is not necessary to send our readers further than to Mr. Pattison's pages for traces of the impression produced in those days by the English national Church on foreigners who saw her on the spot—on such men as, beside Casaubon, Sully, George Calixtus, and Grotius. They will find also, in Mr. Pattison's volume, Casaubon's very favourable estimate of the King, whose command of the religious and literary situation, whose knowledge of languages, whose reading in divinity and criticism, whose powers as a conversationalist, whose intimate acquaintance with the classics, he celebrates. Casaubon was far removed from being an indiscriminate flatterer, and he is writing to de Thou, the historian, for whom nothing but a correct report would have value, when he says of James, 'I find him greater than his fame; he grows upon me daily' (p. 320).

In communion with and in support of the Church of England Casaubon made his last effort, spent the remnant that was left to him of time; from amongst the group of courtly theologians, sometimes with the King himself for collaborateur, his dying shaft was sent in against Rome. 'The most conspicuous Protestant writer of the day was here stating the case of the most powerful—of the only considerable—Protestant Sovereign' (p. 438). That case was on behalf of the Church of England as a purified Church, which declined the name of 'schismatic' as a description—as a Church desiring English freedom and Christian concord. Other establishments were to be urged to reform, and re-constitute themselves on a national and inclusive, on a sound historic basis. The unity and the peace of Christendom need not be broken, though it might be found impossible to keep terms with Rome. Rome might have to be put under restraint, or set aside. Since Clement's death, James had not hoped to make, in any direct way, an agreement or truce with Rome; she would have to make her peace last—peace would be forced upon her. But if Casaubon was astonished to find what he found in the Church of England, James, finding what he found in Casaubon, was convinced the more, that principles he believed in, of ecclesiastical

siastical government and settlement for England, were applicable to other States of Europe.

Let us turn from James's position towards Rome to his position towards Spain. It was, we take it, the cherished and constant motive of all James's foreign diplomacy to compass an understanding with Spain, with the ultimate intention of a political pacification and a religious settlement of Europe. The Spanish alliance would also seem desirable to him when he went upon narrower ground, when he considered himself as an insular or as a colonist King, when he looked at Ireland, or when he thought of America and Asia. A peace with Rome, as we said, King James did not seriously expect, at any rate from a Rome not compelled to be benignant. The peace with Spain he missed, as was the case with so many a stroke of his, only by a hair's breadth. And we may suppose that, had he not died when he did, the consistent plan of his reign would have risen again to the surface in the first moments of smoother political sailing.

Spain, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, still overshadowed the world. Was it because evening lights were setting in, or was it indeed because of an invincible vitality and a still shooting stature? Who, at that instant, looking about him for signs, could tell? A man might have his doubts concerning the Hapsburg-Burgundian line, the jurisdiction of the Inquisition, the exhaustive process, which was being attempted to garrison from Spain, and by a spiritual militia to convert, all nations. Yet a man could scarcely make himself sure that the grandeur of Spain was on the ebb, and that its life was being all forced into one or two artificial channels. Let us remind our readers that Cervantes lived on to 1616, Ribalta to 1628, Lope de Vega to 1635; that Zurbaran was born in 1598, Velasquez in 1599, Cano in 1601, Calderon in 1601, and Murillo in 1618.

Mr. Gardiner has been guided by a true historical instinct in treating with the utmost detail the history of Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage. This is, though it may surprise some of our readers to hear it, the central subject of the six volumes, to which, so far, Mr. Gardiner's history has been brought. The needle in the compass, which was to guide the voyage and destiny of Christian civilisation for centuries, kept vibrating and hovering in the neighbourhood of such small personal and amatory conjunctions. Without looking away to Imperial or Italian affairs, and remaining strictly in the West of Europe, how, in France and in England, did all the plots and possibilities of politics, the question of peace, the question of the concord of religions, seem, for years, to turn upon the bridals of Spanish Infantas? A Spanish connection might, after all, have grown popular with Englishmen.



Englishmen. With regard to the prolongation of the war with Spain, the case cannot better be stated than in Mr. Gardiner's words. He is writing of the very commencement of James's reign:—

'As far as England was concerned, with the exception of the disputed right to trade in the East and West Indies, *there was absolutely no reason whatever for continuing the war.* . . . Cecil looked upon the whole subject with the eye of a statesman. . . . He knew, as Elizabeth had known, that England could not bear many more years of war. . . . He was anxious to see a peace concluded, which would relieve England from the burden of an objectless war.'—*History of England, 1603–16, vol. i. pp. 66, 69.*

'The policy which was adopted; by James, under Salisbury's guidance, was on the whole, though open to objection as being occasionally deficient in boldness and in moral energy, the best and wisest course which it was possible for him to pursue. *Neither the pecuniary resources nor the military power of England would have been sufficient to enable him to do more than make desultory attacks upon the outskirts of the Spanish monarchy and perhaps to throw some little additional weight into the scale of the Dutch Republic.* It was better and wiser to adopt a policy which, while it husbanded the resources of the country by the economy which peace alone rendered possible, yet kept constantly on the watch against the designs of Spain, and was ever ready to meet its aggressive diplomacy by a firm union with those powers who were anxious, either from religious or political motives, to maintain their independence.'—*History of England, 1603–16, vol. i. p. 325.*

The existing animosity against Spain owed, in part, its strength to the consciousness of a real community of interests and to the remembrance of a former affectionate and unbroken alliance. To Spain England had of old been wont to look for the most congenial of confederates and the most marriageable of dynasties; for three of the last race, for three Tudors, bride or bridegroom had come out of Spain. Had not Philip II. himself stooped his lowest, when he craved the hand of Elizabeth—of Anne Boleyn's daughter? Quiet on the high seas and a lasting accommodation in the Low Countries would have followed on a Spanish match. With the Channel at peace, the trade of the world would be conducted by a friendly association of Spaniards, Hollanders, and English. And a Spanish Queen would greatly strengthen the House of Stewart. It might easily happen that, joined to the stout and hearty Stewart stock, the Hapsburg blood might take a new lease of life, and that the inheritance of her fathers might some day accrue to the posterity of an Infanta, who should be married into Britain. Such a marriage would also take the sting out of the commonly spread and received report that the Queen

of



of Scots had disinherited her son, and named the King of Spain heir to all her rights. Moreover, a Spanish marriage for Prince Charles, following on the Danish marriage of King James, would carry Britain into the centre and foreground of a naval and commercial league, which would embrace the whole Western coast of Europe, and might well seem the most constraining of imaginable pledges for the preservation of the whole Continent in tranquillity. Moreover, it was always a fundamental point with James, as it continued with all the Stewarts, to assert their liberty to wed beyond the Reformed Faith. Then, again, predisposing arguments, though from opposite directions, toward the marriage might be found in two other considerations, which, in spite of his unaffected love of toleration and charitable constructions, caused James a good deal of worry. The first consideration was the tendency, confined, though it was, to a comparatively very small and insignificant section of the Court and the highest aristocracy, to join the Catholic communion: his own light-minded Queen had coquetted with Romanism, though she died a sincere Protestant. The second consideration was the certainty, the proofs of which he held in his hands, that men in the most prominent offices, of the greatest intelligence and repute—not only a suspected Raleigh, but a Monson, a Northampton, a Salisbury—had been for some purpose or other (we do not judge the purpose to have been a treasonable one, for they were not fastidious about spoiling the Egyptians) in receipt of Spanish annuities and refreshers. Further, it was a valuable circumstance in James's eyes that England should be able to stand before not only Protestant but Catholic Europe on equal terms with Spain, the Defender of the Protestant Faith suitor on behalf of his son for the daughter or sister of the most Catholic King. Nor, we should add, will James's private theory concerning a Spanish or French marriage be fairly comprehended by us, unless we are careful to bear in mind that, in principle and in practice, he stuck absolutely, with stubborn and almost unkind consistency, to his rule, that the Royal womankind should exercise no authority or influence over State concerns. As they both had much reason to know, James was never for an instant swayed in his course either by his mother or his wife, excellent husband as he was, and as good a son as the mother allowed of. It would have been well for his successor, though Charles was justified in the indignant retort on Bristol, at Madrid: 'I wonder what you have ever found in me that you should conceive I should be so base and unworthy as for a wife to change my religion;' still more would it have been well for his later descendants if, following as they did in so many respects his precepts, this integral position

tion in the system of their ancestor had been remembered by them.

And to negotiate for such a match, even if it were to come to nothing, was quite in accordance with James's manner. He saw the cohesion and the expansion of the British empire pressing and pushing on of itself with a natural and tremendous impetus; his own business he took to be to keep the roads clear; to make a peace, or to get, if not a peace, a truce; to gain, by all means, time. So through the whole reign, from the very beginning to the very end, the Spanish Marriage project is on the cards.

Unwillingly—and yet liking to see this earnestness in others on behalf of a scheme of his own fostering—he let Charles and Buckingham start for Madrid. He was pleased, at any rate, to note that his son was beginning to understand and fall in with his own conceptions concerning the appropriate relations and aims of Great Britain. And thus he allowed the journey, though he felt his health and faculties giving way, and could ill miss the comfort of having son and confidant about him. That Charles should really have taken up the notion of such a match, —that his heir had made himself at home in his father's intentions for him,—consoled James in regard to the whole enterprise. So when he ordered the Prince back, he wrote: 'I confess it is my chiefest worldly joy that ye love her, but the necessity of my affairs enforceth me to tell you that you must prefer the obedience to a father to the love ye carry to a mistress.' As to the manner of the courtship, Charles was doing what he himself had done, what Darnley had done, what James V. of Scotland had done, in going abroad to woo. 'Here are baby Charles and Steenie who have a great mind to go by post into Spain to fetch home the Infanta.' 'What think you,' he said to Cottington, when the notion is fresh hatched, 'of the journey?' 'Dear venturous knights,' is his own paternal comment, 'worthy to be put in a new romanso.' 'But do you think,' months later to Williams, 'that this knight-errant pilgrimage will be lucky to win the Spanish lady and to convey her shortly into England?' Then, however, when the wedding looks quite probable, when he has to begin to build a Roman Catholic chapel for the Infanta, it is remarked in what an ill-humour he is, and he is overheard to exclaim, 'We are building a chapel to the devil.' For if it was to be at all, this marriage must be as part of a great political advance. Here the King and the Prince of Wales were quite at one. As James said for them both, when he had his son again, 'I like not to marry my son with a portion of my daughter's tears.'\*

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\* 'Spanish Marriage,' vol. ii. p. 423.

It may be noted how, afterwards in regard to the French match, father and son again acted in complete harmony.\* And when in Spain new difficulties arose and multiplied, he was against all love-sick loitering. 'Come speedily away. Alas! I now repent me sore that ever I suffered you to go. Ye shall be as heartily welcome as if ye had done all things ye went for.'

For while, as usual, we are at one with Mr. Gardiner in his criticism and account of events, we here, as not unfrequently, are compelled to disagree with him in his appreciation of persons. We trust he will pardon us the observation, but we sometimes cannot, try all we will, make him agree with himself. He is complete master of the facts; we are indebted in chief to him for our own knowledge of them; he deserves the greatest credit, and he has our sincerest gratitude for his most laborious, exact, and candidly-recorded researches: but surely his facts themselves make as evidence against the conclusions which he ultimately inclines to draw from them. He speaks of James as being 'in Sarmiento's net;' and again, of his 'dragging to the horror of patriots the English nation to unutterable shame.†' Why that is just the old, partial, prejudiced view, which we should have supposed had been finally dissipated by the agency of Mr. Gardiner's own narrative. With regard to Spain and to Europe, England's position, even if it be held that James had not made the most of it, was at the close quite as imposing and formidable as at the opening of the reign. Even though she had not drawn, in the opinion of some, all the interest out of her advantages she might at a risk have snatched, still it was impossible to deny that she had (of what other kingdom could the same for James's lifetime have been said?) added vastly to her accumulated capital. With regard to the particular form of alliance with Spain by a marriage, Spain first made and Spain clung longest to the proposition. With regard to Gondomar, his sole importance is that, always unpopular with the English people, he remained from first to last the thorough-going friend and genuine furtherer of the Spanish Marriage.

It was in the last months of Casaubon's life that Diego Sarmiento de Acuña, famous and familiar with Englishmen under his later title as 'the Count of Gondomar,' arrived in London. Here is Mr. Gardiner's description of this celebrated personage.

It would be absurd to speak of Sarmiento as a man of genius, or even as a deep and farsighted politician. He was altogether deficient in . . . the power of seeing things of pre-eminent importance as they

\* 'England under the Duke of Buckingham and Charles I,' vol. i. pp. 94, 95.

† 'Spanish Marriage,' vol. i. p. 36.

really are. During his long residence amongst the English people, and with his unrivalled opportunities for studying their character, he never could comprehend for a moment that English Protestantism had any deeper root than in the personal predilections of a King,' &c. ('Spanish Marriage,' vol. i. 9, and *passim*.)

Just so. That prepares us for the kind of statements Gondomar would make in his dispatches. But it does not prepare us to find Mr. Gardiner accepting Gondomar altogether on his own statement. It does not prepare us to find that, after all, Mr. Gardiner, having written thus concerning envoy and Sovereign, should finally consent to repeat that Gondomar was a man to have a James I. in leading-strings. When Salisbury pocketed his 6000 crowns per annum from Spain, because Spain forced them on him, and would obstinately hold him the worse enemy were he to decline the pension (the act was doubtless one for which in later days there could be neither excuse nor condonation), it was not himself that he thought a fool as he handled the money. Nor had Salisbury's master any reason to underrate his own wit and skill when, undertaking after Cecil's death the general supervision of Government, and amongst other branches of it the management of the Spanish business, he had in especial to deal with Gondomar. The Spaniard was just the kind of quarry James liked to be after. The King was far more than a match for the ambassador. Had it been otherwise, there was plenty of counter-check. Winwood, the most Protestant and anti-Spanish of statesmen, took the oaths as Secretary just about the time of Gondomar's arrival, and a bishop was lord-keeper while the marriage negotiations were at their height. Let Mr. Gardiner look again at the whole transaction in the light in which the following extract from von Ranke's characteristic of James would place it.

'On every side he saw himself involved in a struggle with hostile privileges and proud independent powers, from whose ascendancy both in Church and State, he was careful to keep himself free, while at the same time he did not proceed to extremities or come to an absolute rupture. He was naturally disposed, and was moreover led by circumstances, to make it a leading rule of conduct to adhere immovably to principles which he had once espoused, and never to lose sight of them; but, having done this, to appear vacillating and irresolute in matters of detail. His position abroad involved the same apparent contradiction. Placed in the midst of great rival powers, and never completely certain of the obedience of his subjects, he sought to ensure the future for himself by crafty and hesitating conduct. All the world complained that they could not depend on him, each party thought that he was blinded by the other. Those, however,

however, who knew him more intimately, assure us that we must not suppose that he did not apprehend the snares that were laid for him; that if only he were willing to use his eyes, he was as clear-sighted as Argus; that there was no prince in the world who had more insight into affairs or more cleverness in transacting them. They say that if he appeared to lack decision, this arose from his fine perception of the difficulties arising from the nature of things and their necessary consequences; that he was just as slow and circumspect in the execution as he was lively and expeditions in the discussion of measures; that he knew how to moderate his choleric temperament by an intentional reserve, and that even his absence from the capital and his residence in the country were made to second this systematic hesitation; that if a disputed point awaited decision, instead of attending a meeting with the Privy Councillors who were with him, he would take advantage of a fine day to fly his falcons, for he thought that something might happen in the meanwhile, or some news be brought in, and that the delay of an hour had often, ere now, been found profitable.'—Vol. i. pp. 475–6.

No man of his times, none of the great men who endeavoured to avert or to minimise the Thirty Years' War, undertook to occupy so impartial and, according to the political theories prevalent among us now, so judiciously chosen, yet at the same time so disagreeable and unremunerated a post of observation, so nice and hazardous a line of revision or interference, as James.

Mr. Gardiner has proved, over and over again, that the King was well-nigh the only man in England who understood the drift and import of the horrid storms, which abroad were thickly and rapidly overspreading the heavens. James, while the country at large applauded the Elector Palatine's acceptance of the Bohemian crown, had opposed, remonstrated, threatened, done his utmost to stem and weaken the wild tide of thoughtless enthusiasm. 'The Palatine is a godless man and a usurper. I shall be involved in a bad cause.'\* He foresaw, in the first place, the foreign disasters which ensued. When the news, which the Londoners refused to credit, reached him of the luckless battle on the White Hill, James showed no surprise. His first remark was, 'I have long expected this.'† The torch of war, which had been kindled, could in Germany scarcely be damped. Was it possible to narrow its flame and to prevent the conflagration from touching the outlying countries? To this question James seriously addressed himself.

The Palatinate was a keystone in the military system of Europe. A war in the Palatinate, a war on the Rhine, was

\* 'Spanish Marriage,' vol. i. p. 325.

† Ibid., p. 387.

fraught with infinite risks in regard to all Western and Protestant Europe. The United Provinces and France, as well as the Northern monarchies and Great Britain, all these were deeply interested. Expostulation, stratagem, as a last resort the sword, must be tried, rather than the Palatinate yielded. Happen, indeed, what might, the Palatinate must never be sacrificed; on that head James was all through calmly, but quite, determined. And had not just now all England been full of excitement and fervour on behalf of the Elector Palatine and his consort, their admired and beloved Princess Elizabeth? Yet was not James right in his foregatherings, in his doubts, how far England would really care to take the lead in a war in Germany? Above all, was he not right in staving off an English war, unless, after the most elaborate preparations, in Germany and against Spain at once? A war with Germany would put a terrible strain on his kingdom. From it England could never gain any of the ordinary rewards of hostilities to victorious nations. It was not like a war with Spain, a war on the ocean or in the colonies, which to the realm, and still more to the individual adventurer—then so large a shareholder in the national stock of daring and vigour—brought a rich and quick harvest of fame and treasure. This war could not, unless carried on—would not, for that matter, if so carried on—with a cold-blooded and professionally exercised barbarity, at which James shuddered with an unfeigned detestation, pay its expenses. The expenses must be provided beforehand and at home. It would be an otherwise incalculable, it was sure to be a long and severe, war. And, as in subsequent centuries, so in the seventeenth, Britain would be expected, beside her share in troops and officers, to furnish, among allies, the chief contribution of money and equipment. To justify James—the apprehensive and the decided side of his policy alike—one has but to skim the sessions of Parliament in 1621 and 1623. The country, as was said, had hitherto been full of outbursts of loyal affection to the cause of the King of Bohemia, and of poetical devotion to his Queen. England had, it may also be observed—in generals of her own, like Chichester, Vere, and Burroughes—gentlemen and disciplinarians, under whom she might with fair confidence and a good conscience have taken the field. The neutrality, the friendship of Spain—a master-stroke of James's—might be deemed secured. But to carry on war as Englishmen were accustomed—not after the fashion of Mansfeld and his licentious and ruffianly freebooters—would undoubtedly cost, as an experienced Council of War reported, 900,000*l.* per annum.

Meanwhile the measures taken abroad by the King during the early

early session of 1621 were excellent and prompt. Digby was dispatched to Vienna and Madrid; he was to demand patience and courtesy for Frederick, who was to retain his inherited domains and title, and to give up the Bohemian crown. In case these terms were rejected at both Courts, Digby's instructions were explicit enough:—'Our meaning briefly and plainly is that, in case herein satisfaction shall be denied us, you endeavour to fix the quarrel as well upon the King of Spain as upon the Emperor.' There was a mark beyond which even James's reluctance would not be stretched. 'But this we would have you do rather solidly than by any words of threatening or menace, and rather to give us a just and good ground, when we shall see occasion to enter into a war, than suddenly to embark us in it.\*' Digby's propositions were acceptable. They were equally well received at the Courts of Spain, Brussels, Vienna, and Dresden. And this mission would have altogether succeeded, but for Frederick's incurable folly, and Mansfeld's equally incurable levity. Frederick neglected advice, to which Elizabeth, Carleton, and Nethersole, implored him to listen; Mansfeld—in whose companionship, both Chichester and Vere, experienced and veteran English captains, despaired of humane warfare and prosperous events—followed his drunkard thirst for slaughter, burning, and waste. The shocking details of these unlicensed and criminal raids waged by that party, to which by religion, blood, and interest he belonged, threw James into the utmost distress and perplexity, though they confirmed in him the old purpose, to strive for peace. At this juncture of his life it was that James must have most bitterly felt his own defects, and the evils of the generation around him. What would he not have given for a great minister, his own and the nation's confidential friend! It was now that Bacon fell. 'All my lawyers are so bred and nursed in corruption'—it was not so bad as that—'that they cannot leave it.' Salisbury was dead, Bacon was lost, Digby had no gift of popularity.

By the autumn session of 1621 Digby † was back in England, in order that he might, in person, put before the Commons the

\* 'Spanish Marriage,' vol. ii. p. 91.

† Mr. Gardiner's sketch of Digby at the commencement of his career seems to us very happily caught and finely realised. We look forward with much interest to his further studies of this statesman's character and life. Already Mr. Gardiner's outlines, in which we have the youthful bearing and behaviour of the man, give much fresh force and meaning to Clarendon's words concerning the Earl of Bristol in his later years; 'a man of a grave aspect, of a presence that drew respect and of long experience in affairs of great importance, though a man of great parts and a wise man, yet he had been for the most single and by himself in business.'



duty of keeping steadily in sight the one primary and necessary plan, if there was to be a war: the occupation and possession of the Palatinate.

If James, in his final days, ever thought it worth while to indulge in self-congratulations on his power of reading troubles beforehand, he may well have done so when he thought over the occurrences of his last two Parliaments. James understood thoroughly—his learning, and the experience of a long life on the throne, had taught him the lesson—that the wars of the future, however styled, would be not religious, but political. James had disliked wars in general, and this war with the rest; if possible, he would still keep clear of it, or keep down its proportions. He loved his son-in-law as well as a father-in-law should and his daughter very dearly, but he knew Frederick, as history knows him, in his headstrong and empty conceit: he knew all his rashness and perversity.

The story of this autumn session is one of the strangest stories of cross-purposes that can be read. James and his subjects had alike the same objects at heart: to strengthen the cause of Protestantism and Constitutionalism, to further free institutions and the development of political life, to uphold liberty of conscience. And the House of Commons professed to look on the Elector Palatine, as Mr. Gardiner puts it, 'as an innocent martyr to the Protestant faith.'<sup>\*</sup> Was then the war in the Palatinate inevitable? Or was there still a chance to treat? These were the two points to which, it might have been thought, the discussion would have confined itself. But when the debates began the House would not hear of the war in the Palatinate, it clamoured for a war—with Spain. In the twinkling of an eye the dazzling wealth of the Indies drew away men's thoughts from the ruined villages and overthrown temples of the Reformation in Germany. One just heard the reflection that 'God was angry because the English had not kept the crown on the head of the King of Bohemia,'<sup>†</sup> and then the general cry was for what was called a 'war of diversion,' that is to say, a war against Spain in the Indies. So Digges, so Perrot, so Phelips, so Crew, so Coke.

There were in that crowd two statesmen very notable for us with the work of the coming times in our memories, each of whom took his own exceptional line of thought and intervention during these remarkable proceedings. The younger member for Yorkshire, Sir Thomas Wentworth, lamented the inability of the assembly to grasp the actual position of affairs and to chime

<sup>\*</sup> 'Spanish Marriage,' ii. 245.

<sup>†</sup> *Ibid.*, ii. 124.



in with Digby's matured policy. He moved, and attempted in vain to procure, the adjournment of the discussion. Two days later, in committee, Mr. John Pym, putting aside altogether, or carrying into an entirely new atmosphere, the question under consideration, and yet, in his abstract and statuesque Puritan eloquence, securing the rapt attention of his audience, proposed: 'That an oath of association for the defence of His Majesty's person, and for the execution of the laws made for the establishing of religion, should be taken by all loyal subjects; and that the King should be asked to issue a special commission for the suppression of recusancy.\*'

The House soon turned right away from a matter, which certainly required immediate attention. It had got gradually, but totally and most unmanageably, upon the engrossing topics of the state of religion, of the fear of the Pope, and of the progress of the Jesuits in Great Britain. It petitioned against Papists and Recusants. Day by day during its later sittings the Puritan fires grew warmer and warmer. Digges, when the king was obstinate, would say, 'let us rise not as in discontent, rather let us resort to our prayers.' And at last every other question disappeared before that of liberty of parliamentary speech. The King gave up hopes of the subsidy, tore out a protestation of the Commons from the Journals of the House, and was for days before and after he had dissolved Parliament in a passion of vexation.

'God knows,' said the King, 'we never meant to deny them any lawful privileges that ever that House enjoyed in our predecessors' times.' 'If we had known sooner,' said Phelps, four days before the last sitting, 'how far His Majesty had proceeded in the match of Spain, we should not, I think, have touched that string.' It is always a striking trait in James how, in spite of the manner in which he stood, and set himself often to stand, out of feeling with so much of the very soul and breath of England, he, nevertheless, contrived to retain, through all, as much, if not more, of such personal favour with the masses as he had at starting possessed. And throughout James's lifetime the Royal Family, on which rather than on himself the national love in appearance was bestowed, was extraordinarily popular; the scene, for example, at the return of the Prince of Wales out of Spain has seldom had a parallel.

It is quite impossible for us to enter into details concerning the Government of James at home. Had we space to dwell on it, it would be with a sense of wonder that we should see the

\* 'Spanish Marriage,' ii. 131.

wary, slow-paced but sure-footed old King wend his way through the mazes of Council and Parliament. He is never out of the toils, he is never brought to a standstill, he never lets go that thread of his own. We can only give one glimpse at him near the end. The strenuous efforts made by Britain and Spain to prevent the general outbreak of hostilities have, it is plain, failed. The War Spectre is closer than ever. James comes before Parliament prematurely aged and broken. He is to die next year. His address, true to his character and policy, has a special note of pathos.

'I shall entreat your good and sound advice, for the glory of God, the peace of the kingdom, and the weal of my children (there were left Elizabeth and Charles). I pray you judge me charitably as you will have me judge you; for I never made public nor private treaties, but I always made a direct reservation for the weal public and cause of religion, for the glory of God and the good of my subjects. *I only thought good sometimes to wink and connive at the execution of some penal statutes*, and not to go on so rigorously as at other times; but to dispense with any, to forbid or alter any, that concern religion, I neither promised nor yielded. I never did think it with my heart, nor speak it with my mouth. A king that governs evenly is not bound to carry a rigorous hand over his subjects upon all occasions, but may sometimes slacken the bridle, yet so as his hands be not off the reins.'

Again the project, the only seasonable one, to form a Protestant confederation in Germany was in Parliament disregarded; again the proposal of a renewed war with Spain was rapturously hailed. Even Eliot could press a suggestion, which, indeed, in Mr. Gardiner's words, 'if it had been translated into figures would have organized a tyranny too monstrous to be contemplated,' that for a war with Spain the necessary ships might be furnished by the help of 'those penalties the Papists have already incurred.' A petition embodying the sense of the House went up to the King. But, though Buckingham was foremost amongst those who supported it, James was never less disposed to assume the character of a Protestant crusader. He said he had a bad cold, and declined to receive the petition. His reply to it a couple of days later was: 'As Moses saw the Land of Promise from a high mountain, so would it be a great comfort for me that God would but so prolong my days as if I might not see the restitution, yet at least to be assured that it would be.' He did not want 'one furrow of land in England, Scotland, or Ireland, without restitution of the Palatinate.' And let them consider how serious was the emergency. 'I must not only deal,' from another Royal address, 'with my own people, but with

with my neighbours and allies to assist me in so great a business as the recovery of the Palatinate.' On the other hand, in the Commons, Seymour exclaimed: 'The Palatinate was the place intended by His Majesty. This we never thought of.' 'Are we poor,' cried Eliot, 'Spain is rich.' James's comment was: his plans 'must not be ordered by a multitude. For advice about the conduct of the future war he must be dependent not upon Parliament, but upon military men who would form a Council of War.' A little subsequently he writes to Conway—and surely this steadfastness of the King has its own nobility and courage—'Ye know my firm resolution not to make this a war of religion.' Never, in fact, in James's time was there a final breach with Spain made. And even Gondomar's re-appearance in London was hinted at to the end. But his practical measures in view of the complete rupture with Spain were admirable. He saw the Dutch Commissioners. He sent even now, however, a last message to Madrid, urging on Philip once more the wisdom of joint action for the restitution of the Palatinate. If all hopes of peace with Spain must go, it would not do to embark in the European war without a French alliance. 'The King is resolved not to break with Spain, nor to give them any occasion to break with him, until he be secure that France will join very close with him and other Catholic Princes and States which have the same interest,' otherwise 'it would be understood to be a war of religion.' If there must be war let England and France march together again, as in the 'Henri-Quatre' time. If there is no help for it but that this scoundrel Mansfeld must have a great command, let it be over a joint French and English army, 'for the recovery and recuperation of the Palatinate and the Valteline.' And the fury of war is all the while moving the North. Gustavus Adolphus lays his and Roe's\* grand plan before the Stewart. 'I am not so great and rich a Prince as to be able,' said James, 'to do so much, I am only the King of two poor little islands,' and he may have heaved a sigh because of Parliaments. But Denmark, France, Savoy, would do to begin with; others like the Swede might fall in farther on.

Mr. Gardiner with great truth remarks that the plan and policy of King James with reference to the 'Thirty Years' War, should he have to take action, are in effect the very same with those developed afterwards with such marvellous fortune by the rising French statesman with whom, in these his own last operations, James was joining hands, Cardinal Richelieu. The two

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\* One cannot be quite sure, perhaps, of the co-operation of Roe, but cf. Droysen's '*Gustav Adolf*,' ii. 67, 68.

understood each other thoroughly. With reference to the French marriage for Prince Charles, they came to an agreement that the Pope, who had in reality wrecked the Spanish match, should have no such power here. If, declared the Cardinal, demands from Rome offensive to James were not withdrawn in a month, the nuptials would take place without any dispensation at all of the Holy Father's.

Immersed, thus, in preliminaries for battles and for a wedding, James fell sick and expired, misliking much the military, slightly, it may be, even the festive, appointments of his latter days. But in the rule of his life and the realm, he had never weighed anchor, nor launched out upon the high flood further than he could fathom. He passed away from the world with something of the same weariness of it that Elizabeth had felt so strongly, yet, as a statesman with a family, with more of curiosity and care for what was to come after. He held to his last breath his policy in balance and his mind in suspense. In England he had tired of Buckingham, and he was meditating, probably with an experiment growing fast towards trial in his thoughts, on the rivalry between Buckingham and Bristol. In France he was watching with a newly roused sympathy the early difficulties of the famous Cardinal, who there, between Jesuits and Huguenots, was to have much the same struggle as his had been between Romanists and Puritans. James may, besides, have had his peculiar views and guesses as to who was destined to be the great captain in the enlarging war. His own Buckingham, never so boastful and blustering as now, nor so certain of a wide and brilliant future, and whom James would not have been sorry to have seen fully employed at a distance? Or the Dane? Or the Swede? Doubtless his contemplations were never disturbed by the deeds which were to be soon done in his island-sanctuary and oasis, and which would make the whole world ring. He never dreamt of his mother's fate as that which would befall his son, or that, though in the most different setting, his own policy was to be carried out, with the highest of hands, by a Puritan and a man of war, who was to succeed, as he, James Stewart, had never, never could have, succeeded, in subduing and uniting the three kingdoms, in dictating to and dissolving Parliaments, in reprimanding and in awing Europe; strangest of all, in the personal preaching and practising and enforcing of his (James's) own particular creed of Coalition and of Toleration among that potent little congregation of European nations, which, laid to the West and apart from, yet in sight of, the main continent, dwells together within the narrow seas.

The great events which were to take place in Britain and its  
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sister island were beyond James, beyond the previsions and the alternatives he had harboured; though some dangers he did, it appears, anticipate. 'Take him to you,' he had said, when Laud was promoted to St. David's, 'but, on my soul, you will repent it.' 'You are a fool,' he a few months before his death said to Buckingham, who was pestering for the impeachment of Middlesex; 'you are making a rod with which you will be scourged yourself.' The next moment the King turned to the Prince: 'You,' he exclaimed, 'will live to have your bellyful of impeachments.' His personal religious convictions remained as steady as his political maxims. As he had written, and as he had governed, so he died. He wished much to have Bishop Andrewes with him in his last hours, but that prelate was himself too ill to comply with the King's desire.

There will, we imagine, always be a twofold aspect in every attempted characterisation of James I. But that ungainly figure was, we repeat, the mask of a very considerable personality. Behind those rough and lazy features worked a big and a versatile brain, and a most observant and discriminating intellect. One has, on the one hand, to take into account the irony of Nature toward him, the pedantic externals of his manners and character, his habit of making small slips to save himself from grave falls. Here he reminds us of the lines of one of his own statesmen and poets. They were written in Elizabeth's time, or James might have suggested to Sir John Davies the quaint idea and phrasing with which his '*nosce te ipsum*' begins:—

'Why did my parents send me to the Schooles,  
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind?  
Since the desire to know first made men fools  
And did corrupt the root of all mankind;

So that themselves were first to do the ill,  
Ere they thereof the knowledge could attain;  
Like him that knew not poison's power to kill  
Until (by tasting it) himself was slain.'

One has, on the other hand, to regard the originality, the sagacity, the large-mindedness—above all, the permanence of the comprehensive and pacific policy he proclaimed and exemplified. And here the King might address, at large and to our own and later times, a claim for some such consideration as that for which the great philosopher, his Chancellor, on his own private behoof, had to plead: 'For my name and memory I leave it to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and to the next ages.'

For ourselves and for our readers we hold it to be of some slight

slight value, not only as an exertion of the mental but also of the moral powers, to make, as occasion comes, such attempts as the present, to replace (for the veriest accidents often cast such statues from their pedestals) the shattered fragments of effigies of deserving, though unpopular, monarchs and politicians back in their historic positions and in the lights and aspects in which the originals might have known themselves, and would have been content to rest. Moreover, in the case of James I., although he had fair justice allotted to him by his contemporaries, we may be, better than they, qualified to fix his proper and final attitude and elevation. In some measure, when compared with the earlier and later Stewarts, he conforms to their general type. He has his share of their 'nonchalance,' their uncertain temper, their irregular energy. There is this, besides, that, as he was the first to call himself King of Great Britain, so he was the first to create what is in the main still, both in the eyes of Englishmen and in the eyes of other nationalities, the policy of Great Britain.

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ART. II.—1. *History of Jamaica.* By W. J. Gardner. London, 1873.

2. *Report on the Jamaica Blue Book for 1872.* By Governor Sir J. P. Grant, K.C.B. (Colonial Blue Book, Part I., 1874).

SO vast is our Empire, so widely scattered the lands overshadowed by its flag, that to a large proportion even of the best educated among ourselves, let alone the comparatively uneducated, many of our noblest colonial possessions, the scenes in their day of the manliest British perseverance, the most daring enterprise, the most signal success, are nothing but mere geographical names, which convey to the mind of the hearer no idea beyond the necessity of hunting them out, should occasion require it, in such or such a plate of the general atlas. Who is there of us but has laughed with Walpole and Smollett, when the Newcastle of their pages naively inquires the situation of Annapolis, and expresses his wonder that Cape Breton should be an island? And yet many a duke, perhaps even a minister of more modern date, might be hard put to it if too suddenly questioned regarding the whereabouts of Montego Bay, or the extent of Dominica. "It is but a poor household," says Horace, "that does not contain many valuables unnoted by the master of the house;" and the mere inventory of the precious things included in that world-wide domain of which our Queen is Lady and Mistress.

Mistress, may well prove too long for an ordinary memory ; while a detailed acquaintance with every item recorded on the list would certainly exceed the patience of the most laborious, and the grasp of the most comprehensive intellect.

With some of our colonies, however, the public mind is, in a general way, tolerably familiar ; and the mention of them not only brings immediately with it a distinct idea of their geographical character and position, but moreover calls up before the fancy an entire picture, bearing a resemblance more or less accurate to the locality in question. Hindoostan, or at any rate that portion of it which has been for some generations past under British rule, is an instance in point. The muddy waters of the Hoogly, the cocoa-nut groves of Bombay, the surf of Madras, the architectural glories of Agra, the hump-backed bulls of Benares, the caverned wonders of Elephanta, rice-fields and bamboo clusters, tigers and mango-topes, slender Hindoos, bangle-ornamented women, and solar-hatted officials, all these and more shape themselves without effort in the imaginary landscape, and contribute, when India and Indian affairs are under discussion, to the definiteness of our ideas, and the intensity of our feelings. Perhaps the images are not always perfectly accurate, nor the feelings judicious ; still they exist ; and should they be at first in a measure erroneous, they subsequently have their use by supplying a groundwork for truer appreciations. It is absolute ignorance alone from which no result can follow, no interest can have rise.

What we have just said about India, holds good in a modified form for Jamaica. But at the name of the West Indian island, it is a vision of sugar-canes and rum-barrels, of creoles and negroes, of burning suns and diluvial rains, the whole projected in some imaginations on a pleasant background of cottages, chapels, and emancipation, in others on a less cheerful one of abandoned estates, ruined factories and Morant Bay, that rises to the view. Indeed a series of analogous landscapes, little differing from the Jamaican, represents to most of us the British West Indian islands, one and all ; nor is the panorama, however incomplete, absolutely unfaithful to nature.

Indeed where Jamaica is concerned, it might be well if the imaginary portrayal went no further. But such is not ordinarily the case. The slight outlines of reality have been again and again scrawled over and coloured in with the glaring tints and distorted forms of fiction ; romance-writers and emancipationists, Blackwood and Exeter Hall, have, each in turn, contributed their share to the work, till the popular Jamaican ideal bears for the most no truer resemblance to the Jamaica of fact, than



than a landscape viewed alternately through a prism and a smoked glass, would to the same surveyed by the naked eye.

For much of this prejudice is responsible; much also may be ascribed to ignorance, and to the low estimate formerly set by the British mind on almost everything beyond our own 'silver-streak' of sea, till the combined effects of long peace and of steam had transformed us from insulars to cosmopolitans. When old Sam Johnson, on hearing of the death of a wealthy Jamaica planter, a friend of his own too, if we remember rightly, growled out that 'the deceased would not, on exchanging this world for another, have found much of a difference either in the climate or the company,' he did but condense into a rough epigram what was indeed the current popular verdict of his generation, upon the fairest of West Indian islands, and the inhabitants thereof. A pestilential atmosphere, where stagnation alternated with hurricanes, and the deadly heat of the day gave place only to the deadlier dews of night; a land where yellow fever was the normal sanitary condition, and immorality the social: where the existence of the white colonist was summed up in indolence, sangaree, and flogging, and that of the black in field gangs, Obeah, and being flogged; add mosquitoes, chiggers, snakes, earthquakes, tornadoes, and all things evil, set in a sea-margin of sharks, reefs, and pirates; such, or nearly, was the Jamaica of the Lichfield Doctor and his compeers. Part, and not an inconsiderable one, of the above description, may be still read in Michael Scott's pages; part has almost passed away from memory with the windy declamations of Exeter Hall.

A much juster, though not a wholly unbiassed, estimate of Jamaica and its belongings, was given to the outer world by poor Monk Lewis in his sprightly *West Indian Journal*; and all the mighty changes, transformations we might almost call them, that have since that writer's day, come over the island of his sojourn, do not prevent its visitors from finding even now much to remind them of Byron's amiable friend. His judgment may have been sometimes at fault, his heart never; and the eyes of the heart, says the true Arab proverb, see often as far as those of the head; occasionally farther.

Passing over a few names of limited, because almost exclusively local, celebrity, our next authority on Jamaica is Mr. Bigelow, a New-Englander, and endowed with more than the customary amount of New-England prejudice and self-sufficiency. This gentleman visited the island in 1850, not long after the Hon. Mr. Stanley, now Lord Derby, had travelled through it; and in the following year he published a work which he was pleased to entitle '*Jamaica as it is*;' but which he might have  
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more correctly headed, 'a comparison of the wretchedness of Jamaica under British rule, with the advantages she might reap from American annexation.' Mr. Stanley's well-known letter of that period to Mr. Gladstone, undergoes the severest strictures of the New York critic; as do also, though with more justice, the inflated and injudicious lucubrations of Mr. Carlyle. What approval Mr. Bigelow and his theorizings found in the States we know not; but they certainly met with very little either in the British West Indies themselves, or, a contemporary notice in the 'Edinburgh Review' excepted, in the mother country. On the other hand, it may not be considered unworthy of remark that the Hon. Mr. Stanley's tour, and his opinions as expressed at the time in conversation, and subsequently embodied in writing, are still held in grateful remembrance and deserved esteem by the landowners of Jamaica.

The work now before us, though by no means free from great, not to say gross defects, is yet, as a whole, of a very different and much superior class of merit to that of Mr. Bigelow. Mr. W. T. Gardner writes, not as an outsider, but as a resident; and one who has with praiseworthy diligence closely studied not only the printed and published documents, but also the MSS. memoirs and archives of the colony. Manners and customs are sketched with the fresh minuteness of actual experience; the natural characteristics of the island, its incomparable beauty of scenery, its climate, its principal productions, its capabilities, its resources, are distinctly, if somewhat meagrely, described; and its entire history, from its first discovery by Columbus, down to the sixth year of Sir John Peter Grant's administration, is clearly and even agreeably detailed.

It is to be regretted that these considerable merits are balanced by faults hardly less considerable. Mr. Gardner, who is himself, as we are informed, a member of the London Missionary Society, has not only devoted to the so-called religious life and development, to the petty strifes and squabbles, the rivalries and jarrings of the too numerous sects that divide the Jamaican population, a part of his book out of all proportion with the proprieties of general literature, but has too often done so with the tone and in the spirit not of a historian but of a partisan. Worse still, when on this field he occasionally so far forgets courtesy and good taste as to permit himself personal allusions strongly savouring of sacerdotal spite; and more than once merits the rebuke given centuries ago by the Highest Authority to those who distribute Divine judgments according to their own passions or fancies. The Church of England and her ministers fare, as might have been anticipated, particularly badly at Mr. Gardner's hands; while

while Dissenters and their propagandists of every denomination, but more especially the Baptist missionaries and their flocks, find in him a constant apologist, and even panegyrist at times. On the contrary, in his severe, though by no means unmerited censures of the too well known "native Baptists," we trace the orthodox antipathy of the licensed for the unlicensed practitioner; an antipathy so far fortunate in this instance, that it renders him an almost impartial narrator where Morant Bay and the ill-starred Mr. Gordon are concerned.

Nor is religion, or rather sectarianism, the only topic on which the reverend author over-readily exchanges the characteristics of an annalist for those of a pamphleteer. Himself an emancipationist of the somewhat sensational type, he is apt to dwell with undue prolixity on the acts of injustice and cruelty that, as is well known, not rarely disgraced the slave-holding community; and while he takes pleasure in deepening the shades of a picture already dark enough of itself, he projects, by way of contrast, lights too brilliant, alas! for truth on his portrait of the liberated African. Here, again, Monk Lewis was a juster limner; and his shrewd, though kindly likeness of the negro in his day of bondage, and by anticipation of what the same would be when 'lord of himself, that heritage of woe,' receive more confirmation from actual experience than the rose-coloured representations of Mr. Gardner and his school.

Slavery, as an institution, has long ago received its condemnation; and no inferiority of the emancipated race, however persistent, no consequence, however unfavourable, no loss, however great, can reverse or even modify that verdict. It is founded on primary justice, on absolute right, on the laws of human nature itself. Nor—we hasten to anticipate a misconception of our meaning that might possibly occur—do we hold that after events, rightly taken, have pronounced unfavourably on the result of the great experiment of 1833. That the negroes have not only by their general conduct falsified the lugubrious vaticinations of those who foresaw in emancipation merely a prelude to the excesses of Haiti, but have, on the contrary, given unmistakable evidence of a notable and constantly increasing amelioration in every respect, moral and intellectual no less than physical, are facts that prejudice itself can no longer controvert or assail. And if the man and brother has not yet realized, nor even seems likely over-soon to realize the utopian visions of his enthusiastic patrons, he has shown himself many degrees further removed from the good-for-nothing, pumpkin-eating ideal of Mr. Carlyle. But the greatest gainers have been in truth the whites themselves.

It is strange how even thinking minds, in the consideration of these matters, often forget that the evils of slavery weigh scarce less heavily, and in the long-run more perniciously, on the slaveholders than on the slaves themselves; and that the prosperity, the existence even, of the former in our West Indian Colonies, was not less at stake in the parliamentary struggle of 1833, than those of the latter. Yet of this the present condition of Jamaica, as contrasted with its past, affords the clearest proof.

Insular history has this advantage, that it presents us with the working out of social and political problems, free to a great extent from the disturbing influences that complicate similar processes in continental, and therefore of necessity, conterminal, states. Hence it comes that among European annals those of England are unquestionably the most instructive; and thus it has been in the New World with Jamaica, the island which of all others has exhibited the greatest vicissitudes within, while maintaining a peculiarly independent attitude towards its neighbours without. A battle-field of the most sharply defined interests, a theatre of the most triumphant success and the most disastrous failure; now depressed, now flourishing; now the most autonomic among British Colonies, and now the most subject, Jamaica supplies lessons nowhere else so distinctly to be read as in her chronicles, and claims our attention with better right than many larger and wealthier colonies of the Empire.

The 3rd of May, 1655, was a fortunate day for Jamaica. When the weather-stained sails of the fleet, sent on its war-errand by the far-reaching policy of the great Protector, appeared against the morning sky, above the southern sea horizon of what was then San Jago, the island had been already for a century and a half under Spanish dominion. But except exterminating the native Caribs, that is an inoffensive and unarmed people from whom they themselves had met a friendly and hospitable reception, stocking the woods with half-wild cattle, horses, and swine, and founding, or rather indicating, the future island-capital to which they left their name, the Spaniards had done little or nothing for their possession. Rather, they had done worse than nothing; since by the fugitive slaves and vagabonds, afterwards known as Maroons, with whom they had peopled the mountain districts, and the habits of brigandage and murder that they had implanted among these their successors by example and precept, they had rendered Jamaica on the whole less adapted to become a centre of civilization, labour, and commerce, than they had found it. So weak indeed was their rule,

so feeble their grasp, that not even the divided counsels of the half-hearted Penn and the incapable Venables, could enable the lords of the land to prolong their struggle against their famished and fever-stricken invaders; and a week sufficed for hauling down the Spanish flag and hoisting the British ensign in its place over St. Jago de la Vega. Only on the extreme north of the island, amid the sheltering gorges of Ocho Rias and the crags of Rio Nuevo, did the Dons, reinforced from the mother country and Cuba, keep up a five years' resistance, till the skill of D'Oyley and the bravery of his troops dislodged them for ever from the coast. But departing, they left their savage pupils, the Maroons, behind them, to be for long years a thorn in the side of the settlers, and in our own day a discredit and an evil name, though enlisted in the cause of order.

Jamaica was now an English possession, and no time was lost in rendering it an English colony in the fullest sense of the word. To the energy of Cromwell were due more than 2000 settlers, most of them labouring men, sent out to subdue and replenish the soil; to the very dissimilar administration of Charles II. Jamaica owed a still more important reinforcement of men, even now influential through their descendants; men whom too prominent a share in the reign of the saints had rendered specially obnoxious to the reign of courtiers and courtesans. Barbadoes, the lesser Antilles, Surinam, New England itself, furnished others; and by 1662 the census could already return above 4000 white residents in Jamaica. A few years later the number was almost doubled; it then remained nearly stationary for half a century; and now, after two hundred years and more, it barely exceeds 11,000 in all.

So scant an increase during so long a period appears almost equivalent to a falling off. Has such been really the case? To answer aright we must consider the causes at work in the island.

Of these the chief was undoubtedly the rapid rise, and soon the almost universal prevalence of sugar cultivation. The first settlers indeed, enchanted by the immense, the seemingly unlimited, fertility of the soil, had turned their attention to a variety of valuable products, such as cocoa, indigo, dyewoods, tobacco, and even cotton; while the mild and balmy climate, joined to their own ignorance of the deadly power of a vertical sun, however delusively cool the breeze, encouraged them in the belief that outdoor labour was not less practicable for Englishmen in Jamaica than at home. And truly, in a land where the highest thermometric range, even on the heated coast level, rarely exceeds 90°, and where amid the uplands of the interior, that is throughout

throughout three-fourths of the island, the medium temperature ranges from  $70^{\circ}$  downward to  $55^{\circ}$ , and even lower, a European might well be excused for thinking himself capable of any exertion to which he had been accustomed in his native country. So Cromwell's emigrants and their comrades tried the experiment, and the fatal results that speedily thinned their ranks established a prejudice, hardly effaced in our day, against the real, though relative, healthiness of the place. True, sanitary conditions were often not so much ignored as defied by the selection of the first plantation grounds amid spots where excess of moisture promised abundance, but concealed fever and death; common sense was defied also by neglected cleanliness, ill-constructed dwellings, and too often by the wild excesses of debauched and desperate men. But the reversal of all these evil conditions would not, as is now admitted, have granted immunity to European labour under a West-Indian sun; and the experiments of Scotch and Irish immigration scarce thirty years since, of Mr. Myers and his German labourers in the favoured western districts, and of but too many others throughout the island, though made with every precaution that prudence could suggest, have met with nothing but a sad uniformity of failure. The lesson is neither far to seek nor to learn. Europeans, Teutons as well as Celts, Englishmen as Spaniards, emigrants from the bleak coast-line of the German Ocean, no less than from the olive-clad shores of the blue Mediterranean, may all enjoy health and fulness of days in Jamaica, equal to any they could have hoped for in Yorkshire or Italy, on condition that they screen themselves behind the comparative ease and comfort of an upper class; but they must look elsewhere than among their own ranks for mechanics, day-workmen, and field-labourers above all.

Energy and perseverance, even British, must yield to nature and fact: and the settlers soon found themselves compelled to restrict their share of the task before them within the limits allotted by tropical laws, and to make over the remainder to a race better adapted than their own to the climatic conditions around.

It were waste of time to speculate what might have happened had an indigenous population been ready to hand. Certainly the 'Indians'—to call them by the convenient but inexact designation of ordinary use—have not, where they have survived, shown themselves particularly adapted for occupying a grade, however low, in the scale of civilized labour and life. In Jamaica Spanish cruelty had never allowed them so much as a chance. But negro importation was already in vogue; and from the coast of Guinea across to the Caribbean Archipelago, the

the Atlantic is well nigh at its narrowest. In 1658 the sum total of African slaves in Jamaica had been only 1400, against four times the number of whites; in 1670 it had swelled to 8000; twenty years later it exceeded 40,000, and at the close of the last century had attained the enormous reckoning of 256,000.

This multiplication of negro slaves was correlative with the increase of sugar cultivation, of which indeed it was at once the effect and the cause. The cane, that blessing and curse of the West Indies, a blessing in itself, a curse in the folly of those to whom it was given, existed, and was cultivated in Jamaica prior to British occupation; but the improvement in its quality by the introduction of choice varieties, brought over first from Barbadoes and afterwards from Bourbon, gave the plant tenfold value and importance. Its cultivation requires hard labour, and prolonged endurance of heat, but comparatively little science or skill; nor did the extraction of the juice and the separation of the sugar, after the fashion in which these processes were for more than a century carried on throughout the 'estates,' tax so much the intelligence as the muscles and the constitution of those employed. Later improvements, and the introduction of steam power and complicated machinery, have considerably modified all this. But for a long, too long, a period, the cane-field and the sugar-factory were as much at the level of negro labour and intellect, as negro labour and intellect were of theirs. Each seemed made for the other. Meanwhile the West-African slave-trade was alike easy and remunerative; nor in 1750 were there many Englishmen outside the precincts of Strawberry Hill who shared the humane, we had almost said the human, sentiments expressed that very year by Horace Walpole, in a letter to Sir H. Mann, on that ghastly traffic.

With everything to encourage, nothing to thwart it, what wonder if sugar cultivation in short space almost monopolized the soil, annihilated most rival productions, dwarfed others into insignificance, inundated Jamaica with negroes, and transformed the European colonists from farmers into 'estate-owners,' from cultivators into taskmasters for the century and a half of its triumph? Meantime, under the fostering wing of high protective duties, and with no competition worth mentioning in the trade market, for the supply from other quarters of the globe was proportionately insignificant, or was fettered by incidents of war and custom-house regulations, while beetroot, the enemy of the future, was as yet a mere harmless esculent, the cane proved a veritable gold-mine, and something more, to Jamaica. The yearly exports of the island, among which sugar and rum figured  
for



for at least three-fourths of the total value, reckoned at less than half a million sterling on the opening of the eighteenth century, had long before its close risen to a million and a half; ultimately they reached, and for several years maintained, an average exceeding three millions. If the New World in general was an Eldorado, Jamaica realized for its white owners Sir Guyon's Garden of Proserpina and Bower of Bliss in one. But prosperity has its price; and the price in this instance was one that made the bargain over-dear, indeed well-nigh fatal, to the purchasers. It was in fact none other than the deterioration, moral and intellectual alike, of standard among the planters, and the mismanagement, followed by the almost unexampled ruin, of the estates themselves.

Paradoxical though it may seem, experience proves that it is not the upper class of a population which in the long-run imparts its tone and characteristics to the lower, but the lower to the upper. From the lower classes, where caste limitations do not prohibitively interfere, the upper ranks are gradually and healthily recruited; while, where the barriers interposed by custom or race between the two orders are insurmountable, the ever-deepening degradation of the inferior layer reacts by inducing, first stagnation and then positive degeneration and debasement of the higher. Very early the operation of this social law made itself felt in Jamaica—surrounded by an atmosphere of slaves, that is of men and women who, after leading a life of savages in their own country, had been violently dragged thence, to be plunged on arriving at their new home into a yet lower depth of existence, that namely of brute beasts and chattels, for whom morality was illegal and the exercise of intelligence or will a crime that could not be too jealously repressed nor too severely punished. Honourable exceptions there were, we know; estates where negroes were governed like human beings, and Europeans acted 'as ever in the Great Taskmaster's eye;' but these bright cases were few and far between. It could not be but that many of the masters, of the mistresses even, became gradually, unconsciously, irresistibly fashioned, heart and mind, manner and ways, into the image and likeness of those they despised, and became themselves worthy of the slaves over whom they ruled.

A second evil, not less than the first, and its natural consequence, was that a large proportion among the estate-owners, those whose nobler feelings and better-nurtured minds instinctively revolted against the scenes around and beneath them of negroes treated like brutes by Europeans, and Europeans brutalised by their treatment of negroes, abandoned the island, left their magnificent estates to the doubtful mercies of 'attorneys'

and overseers, of book-keepers and drivers, crossed the seas, and remained as absentees at home, enforcedly content with the curtailed remittances of some agent, careless, the most often, of his employer's interests, and not rarely disloyal to them. Now, indeed, in our own time, when the past is past, when Jamaican society is in every respect a reproduction of English, only without its formality, Jamaican life English without its monotony, and Jamaican pursuits English, but without their feverish urgency, absenteeism is not inexcusable merely, it is incomprehensible. He who has once visited this loveliest spot of God's fair earth, this paradise of beauty, this island worthy to be queen among those of the blest, may well stand amazed that anyone owning were it but a single acre of its soil could consent, whatever the motive, to dwell elsewhere, to leave it though only for a season. Yet so it was, and we may gather some idea of the magnitude not of the evil only, but of the yet greater evils that caused it, when we remember that throughout the wealthier classes, and especially the landowners of the island, (precisely those, in a word, the best qualified by position, education, and social accomplishments to have remedied, or at least mitigated, the evils of the time,) absenteeism was for a century and more, the rule, residence the rare exception.

Hope, however, remained in the high character and English virtues of not a few among the colonists, and especially among the descendants of the seventeenth-century settlers, the men who had done battle where small quarter was asked or given with Dutchmen and buccaniers, with French and Spaniards; they, too, who had resisted to the face the would-be despots of Stuart patronage, the Carlises of Charles II. and the Albemarles of his foolish successor. '*Quo semel est imbuta recens,*' says Horace; we all know the rest and its application. Some of the best, the most generous blood of England had been poured into Jamaica from the first, and had perpetuated itself by descent and by influence to later times. Nor was the custom, a laudable one, and which we trust will never be given up, of sending out for Governors of the island men decorated with the highest rank and belonging to the noblest families in the mother country, without its effect both on the quality of fresh immigrants or on the tone and *status* of those already there. No British colony perhaps, no West Indian certainly, has ever numbered more and truer gentlemen among its planters and landowners than Jamaica; none assuredly numbers more in our own day; none more worthily deserves the best that England can lend of her coronets to represent her Crown.

Yet the system itself of the colony was bad, the superstructure vicious,

vicious, and the dry-rot of slavery ate slowly but surely into every timber till the hour of collapse came, when crash on crash the building fell, and great was the fall thereof.

After the gallant struggles, already alluded to, of 1680 and 1688 for constitutional and religious freedom and self-government, followed long, and, but for the reflected splendours of Rodney and Nelson, inglorious years, during which the officers of Council, the Assembly, and even the Governors themselves gradually sank deeper and deeper into a bottomless slough of jobbery and sinecures. Law had little to do where the immense majority of the population was, theoretically in most things and practically in all, without the pale, as the small European minority was, in nine cases out of ten, above the reach of the law, and the office of Government chiefly resolved itself into repressing Maroon depredations and putting down servile revolts.\*

And thus, as matters went on, the habit of self-government, Parliamentary tact, and legislative discretion, the honourable heirlooms of the early colonists, all were lost; and when in 1823 the first serious intimations of the anti-slavery movement, already powerful at home, reached Jamaica, they drew forth from the representatives of the ruling island caste a series of resolutions and acts, the injustice of which was only equalled by their imbecility. Fortunately for the Jamaicans themselves, their skill at self-organisation had pretty well disappeared along with their legislative intelligence; and menaces of separation and revolt remained empty monuments of folly rather than crime. Among the blacks, however, who were dimly aware of the struggle and of its cause, the counter-exasperation thus excited was more pernicious, because more enduring, and furnished but a sorry preparation for coming liberty and the exercise of civil rights.

Followed emancipation, begun in 1833, completed in 1838; and with it brought a complication of difficulties hardly conceivable, as certainly not conceived at the time, by the home statesmen who enforced it. A population outnumbering by twenty to one their former, and, as they not unnaturally deemed, their vanquished masters—a population but one degree removed from savagery, grossly ignorant, blind, and led by the blind

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\* Not less than twenty-seven of these are recorded in a century and a half of Jamaican history, being an average of rather more than one in every six years. The expense of putting down one alone of these, that of 1760, was 100,000*l.*; the rising of 1832 was represented at a cost of 161,596*l.*, exclusive of the value of property destroyed, estimated at 1,154,583*l.*; besides a loan of 500,000*l.*, granted by the Imperial Parliament to assist the almost ruined planters. It is difficult to reconcile these facts with the theories, still occasionally advanced by some, regarding the contentment of negroes in a servile condition; or again, that slave-labour is, from an economical point of view, preferable to free.

fanatics of agitation and dissent—a labouring population for whom the very name of labour was associated with degradation, injustice, and cruelty—an impulsive population, and trained from generation to no impulses but those of the brute—now found themselves lords of the position, able to dictate their own terms, follow their own pleasure, and enforce their own will. More yet, between them and the whites stood numerous and comparatively wealthy, the so-called ‘coloured’ class, a class now the most hope-giving of the island, but then turbulent and untrained, powerless to cement and construct, powerful to disintegrate and pull down. Individual exceptions there were; but such are ever of little help in the evil day. Impoverished, disheartened, almost despairing, the white colonists were unable to devise remedies for the ills present and impending, yet obstinately refused those suggested at home. It was a dark hour for Jamaica, to be followed by a darker still.

The questionable merit of having precipitated the inevitable crisis belongs to Mr. Bright and the ministry of 1846. Every student of history, Lord Macaulay’s schoolboy included, knows how much the financial difficulties of France in the latter part of the eighteenth century contributed to the revolutionary convulsion at its close; and the equalisation of sugar duties in 1846, and those who carried it, are in no small measure responsible for Morant Bay and the events of 1865. The triumph of free-trade,—a triumph which, in this instance, we do not hesitate to say, was gained over our own subjects, over our own best interests, nay, over justice and common sense themselves,—followed, it should be remembered, on a long period of false security, of extravagance, of absenteeism, of mismanagement, of indebtedness among the estate-owners themselves. A cry of ruin, unhappily too real, arose on every side; the backbone of the island was broken; and all colours, all classes, from the highest to the lowest, were involved, more or less directly, in the common distress. Like the drowning crew of the ill-fated ‘Medusa,’ each one turned on his neighbour; and the Spanish Town Assembly, never over-orderly in its proceedings, became by its daily scenes of faction, recrimination, and confusion, not a remedy but an aggravation of the evils outside. Agitators, democrats, fanatics, all the vile things that have their element in troubled waters, now came forth to the surface; the folly of the well-intentioned, that worst of follies, seconded their endeavours, and when the outbreak of 1865 brought matters to a climax, the wonder was not that the mischief came, but that it had not come sooner; not that the conflagration burst forth, but that it did not spread wider over the land.

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With the history of the Morant Bay riots, with the conduct of Governor Eyre, or Major-General O'Connor, with the guilt and punishment of Gordon, with all the lamentable accessories of the revolt and its suppression, we have nothing to do; except it be to endorse the well-grounded sentence passed by the Storks Commission, for approval or blame. Yet it is but justice to say that had some fortunate accident removed Governor Eyre from the scene at the end of the first week, or even the first ten days after the outbreak, his monument might have been inscribed, and justly so, with the proud title of him who had saved Jamaica, not indeed from "becoming a second Haiti,"—that was a catastrophe impossible under any circumstances, as whoever considers the antecedents of the two islands must be well aware,—but from infinite horrors, from pillage, murder, savage retaliation, and all the abominations of a servile though unsuccessful war. But the great lesson, *πλείον ἥμισυ παντός*,\* though uttered more than two thousand years ago, has yet been learnt by few; and of those few Governor Eyre was not one.

Scared at the confusion without, more scared it might well be at the consciousness of incapacity within, Assembly, Council, and executive Committee all spontaneously voted their own dissolution; and Jamaica, of her own accord, renounced the prerogatives of self-government, for which she had once so gallantly striven, so long exercised. The Imperial Government ratified the abdication; and in so doing assumed on itself the entire rule, and with it the entire responsibility of the island.

Was it well done? On the whole, and all the circumstances of the case considered, we think that the decision was on both sides a wise one. It was an extreme remedy, applied to an extreme evil. That it was also meant as a temporary remedy, and one subject to future revision and modification, is no less certain. No politician, indeed, possessed of the most ordinary common sense, would advocate popular elections, extended franchise, self-government in a word, for the Jamaica of our day. For though, to the credit of the island be it said, there are few West Indian Colonies where the prejudices of colour, and the barriers of caste, are less regarded, where merit, under whatever skin, is better appreciated, and education, whatever the descent, more readily claims and obtains the social privileges that are its due; yet much remains to be done, a road long, though open, to be traversed, before the political rights, which if exercised by one class must be exercised by all, can be wisely or even safely brought in to act. On the other hand, a large, an important, a

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\* 'Half is more than the whole.'—Hesiod.

noble, a rising colony, with no voice of its own in its taxation, expenditure, administration, or law, is an anomaly in British annals, an exception to our rule of empire. How this exception may gradually be eliminated, and the anomalous condition of things brought back to the normal, whether by judiciously strengthening the hands of the local magistracies, and decentralising in some measure the, now perhaps over-centralised, administration, or by some form of indirect local election, after the old Prussian system, thus introducing a more representative element among the non-official members of Council, or by other expedients, best suggested by experience and time, remains to be seen. For the present, the medical and the educational departments excepted, the former of which seems somewhat wanting in efficiency as the latter in direction, there is little to cavil at in the present order of things; much to praise.

‘Nothing succeeds so well as success,’ says the French proverb; and the success of the administration inaugurated in 1866 by Sir H. Storks, and carried out into permanence by Sir John Peter Grant, is not a problem for inquiry, but an evident and acknowledged fact. A colony of which the population has in ten years multiplied by nearly a sixth, while the financial balance-sheet shows the former yearly deficit of an average £46,000 replaced by an actual surplus of almost equal amount, cannot but be acknowledged as rising, if not yet at the actual height of its possible, or even of its historical, prosperity. Further statistics are not wanting to corroborate the advantageous change. During six years the imports of the island have augmented by a full half, the exports by more than a third; even sugar, though no longer the precious West Indian staple of old times, begins to reassume importance; while the other scarce less valuable island products prove by their steady increase the progress of cultivation in every county and parish. The Savings-Bank deposits, sure tests of well-doing, stability, and public confidence among the poorer classes, only 56,740*l.* in the year 1866, numbered 142,240*l.* in 1872, and have since then gone on augmenting; while offences against property, the never-failing offspring of disorder and want, have, in spite of bad seasons and unusual drought, diminished year after year. Who desires further details, may advantageously consult the Colonial Blue Book, which, like those of the Foreign Office, contains a thousand full and trustworthy replies to endless questions daily asked at home, within Parliament and without; questions often left unanswered, or answered wrong, because so few care to look for information at its legitimate sources; and prefer the sweeping mis-statements of party, of interest, of prejudice, of downright ignorance itself,

to the plain unvarnished tale of official impartiality. That ordinary individuals should fall into an error of this kind, is less strange; that public officers, nay even Government itself, should occasionally do the same, and consequently go astray on those very topics where everything lies ready mapped out for the mere trouble of looking at it, is 'strange, passing strange' indeed.

To the traveller, whether statistician or not, the signs of prosperity—all the more gratifying to behold because, though recent, it is well-based and evidently progressive—are apparent everywhere throughout the island, from St. Thomas in the south-east to furthest Hanover and north-west point. We will not linger about Kingston, once, if old accounts, Mr. Bigelow's included, be true, one of the slovenliest, dirtiest, unhealthiest towns in the West Indies, now on the contrary one of the best arranged, best cared for, most thriving among them. We leave to others the praises of the New Victoria Market, the just pride of Sir J. P. Grant, and the like of which we ourselves had not expected to see at a distance from France and her model '*Halles*;' of the handsome and costly landing-place, and quay; of the churches, theatres, and other buildings, creditable to the public spirit, if not always to the architectural good taste, of the inhabitants; of the spacious tree-shaded walks, and gardens gorgeous with clustering flowers; nor must we loiter among the crowded streets, the busy shops and stores, the noisy wharves, the harbour dense with boats and shipping, and whatever else betokens commercial activity, and prosperous business. These things are, we should add, common in their proportionate measure and degree, to most other seaboard towns of Jamaica, to Falmouth, Montego Bay, Lucia, Black River, Old Harbour, and the rest. Nor will the traveller-guest, either in the capital or the provincial ports, fail to be welcomed by the same easy hospitality and social cheeriness that have always characterised the mercantile no less than the other classes of Jamaican society. These particular topics lie, however, somewhat beside of our actual scope. Great as is the commercial importance of Jamaica, brisk and rising its trade, yet agriculture rather than manufacture, produce more than traffic, are and will always be the main props of her wealth; nor is it so much among the town populations as in the rural districts that the solution of her many problems must ultimately be found. Nor, when all is said, are we quite sure that the recent transfer of the centre of Government from Spanish Town to Kingston, that is from an atmosphere of estates, plantations, and 'penns,' to one of stores and counting-houses, was exactly a wise one, or, in every respect, a gain. Not even the convenient proximity of mail steamers on the one side,



side, and of the cool St. Catherine heights on the other, can, to our mind, make up for the park-like slopes, the green hills and dales, the spreading groves, and the Rhine-like scenery of Rio Cobre and St. Thomas in the vale. Nor, truth compels us to say, can the mixed and busy character of a port like Kingston, however favourable to intelligence and smartness, quite admit of the dignified 'repose that stamps the caste' of the landed proprietor and old-established resident, or the quiet, composed, and courteous refinement that,—with no disparagement to others be it said,—even yet pre-eminently grace the society and the beauty of Spanish Town. Had the gallant Rodney been still alive on the 15th February, 1873, we much question whether the removal of his person from the neighbourhood of the Spanish Town ball-room might not have been harder to effect than that of his statue. But we are treading on dangerous ground, '*ignes suppositos cineri doloso*;' and we hasten accordingly from 'the glare and revelry of streets,' to 'the boundless contiguity of shade,' enough to have realised Cowper's every wish, beyond; and the calmer, yet not less useful tenour of the country life beneath its ever-green shelter.

A narrow, but solidly-constructed, carriage-road leads us along, sometimes winding as we go between the abrupt, cone-shaped, thicket-topped hills so frequent in Jamaica; sometimes among waist-deep pastures of luxuriant guinea-grass, the sight of which might rouse pleasurable emotion even in the broad breast of a Herefordshire grazier; then by brimming pools set in emerald-green meadows and sparkling streams rushing down the slopes; then we pass along the rocky ledge of a precipitous torrent-gully, overarched high in air by interlacing foliage, where the transparent green of the cotton-tree is variegated by the denser leaves of cedar and sandbox, and the graceful stems and feathery tufts of palm, cocoanut, or palmetto pierce an opening amid the horizontal boughs and blackish tints of the lofty umbrella-tree; till we emerge on an expanse of open ground, long since cleared of bush and underwood, and where tufted acres upon acres of vigorous cane-growth announce the 'estate.' For in Jamaica sugar-growing properties alone claim this title; all others are 'plantations' or 'penns,' as the case may be. We pass through the outer gate; the very negligence that has left it half open and swinging tells of security without suspicion and plenty above jealousy of pilferers. Next a long avenue of trees, varied in kind, but all ornamental, American, Indian, African, or Japanese even, marks our approach to what is and has been for generations past the abode of English habits, English taste, and English comfort. The large, irregular, verandah-girt dwelling itself,

itself, often not a quarter of a mile distant from the sugar-factory, with all its hamlet-like adjuncts of trash-houses, stables, back-yards, sheds, negro cottages, and the like, shows indeed now-a-days few tokens of the rollicking, lavish, too frequently spendthrift profusion of bygone times; nor need the visitant of our generation hope or fear to witness beneath its high-pitched roof anything resembling the uproarious orgies, Bacchic or other, of which Tom Cringle supplies so many a spirited description, or perhaps a caricature. But in the well-kept 'smooth shaven-green' of the lawn outside, in the patterned colours of the flower-beds, in the jet of the little garden fountain, in the flower-entwined verandah, no less than in the polished massive woodwork, dark cedar alternating with yellow fustic, of floor and ceiling, in the panelled walls, in the plate-garnished sideboard, in the solid but handsome furniture, in every detail of the accessories of domestic life, we read prosperity allied with sobriety, wealth with taste. It is English life, adapted, indeed, to the tropics, but English still, and that pleasantest of all, county English. English, too, in the best sense of the adjective, is the activity without, in the sugar-works and distilleries, where the improvements of more efficacious and more economical machinery, superseding the unintelligent clumsiness of slaves and the supercilious wastefulness of slave-owners, have diminished the number of hands employed, while increasing the quantity of and improving the quality of the work done. Ride out among the fields through the yellowing cane, watch the heavily-piled waggons that bring it into the mill; survey the planting and the cutting, the newly-set 'piece,' like green stars ranged in rows on the marly soil, and that other dense mass of stalk and leaf which negro cutlasses are already busy at cutting down, and you will see plenty of good argument for satisfaction both of master and men; while you look, if so disposed, but look in vain, for evidence of the indolence and discontent with which the free negro task-labourer is so often credited, for the best of all reasons, that of indolence there is really little, and of discontent none at all. And if from secular habit, and in an exceptionally dry season, the 'groans of the planter' first uttered, or at any rate published in 1670, may still be heard rising amid the estates of two centuries later, you will soon discover that, like the groans of Cowper's farmer at tithing-time, they are chiefly uttered in vindication of the Briton's privilege to grumble, then often most despairingly when he is really best off. And in fact nearly thirty-seven thousand hogsheads of sugar and twenty thousand puncheons of rum annually exported from the island sufficiently prove that, in spite of reduced prices and raised wages,

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of competition and free-trade, the cane is yet, and rightly so, a favourite, and even a principal article of Jamaican cultivation. That it is no longer an exclusive one need not arouse regret.

Canon Kingsley, whose 'At Last,' amid much that is one-sided, sensational, and erroneous, contains a great deal of interesting information, and occasionally of sound reflection, rightly ascribes a large share in the financial decline of the West Indies, the decline that began with the pacification of Europe in 1815, and was brought to a climax by the meddlesome rashness of Lord John Russell and Earl Grey in 1846, to the almost exclusive attention paid by the planters to the production of sugar; and in this judgment he is right. He is in great measure right, too, when he lays at the same door the gradual deterioration of tone among the upper classes and of labour among the lower; nor is he wholly wrong when he accuses the canefield of having kept back from its due increase the European element in these regions. And certainly Jamaica was no more meant—we ask Professor Tyndall and Co.'s pardon for the teleological expression—to bring forth cane alone, than England corn, or France vines. This was the fatal error of the eighteenth century planters, who, to an especial facility of production, and a high market value at the time, sacrificed all else—soil, labour, intelligence, skill—all that made up the real and abiding capital of the island, for one immediate, but insecure gain—put, in common parlance, all their eggs in one basket; and when that basket was as ruinously upset as ever was Alnaschar's sat down bewildered and helpless, because untrained themselves to anything else, and surrounded by the untrained of their own making, Alnaschar like, to wring their hands and cry.

It is otherwise now; and a wider wisdom has taught, or is fast teaching, the West Indian colonist to resume, but with the modifications suggested by fuller experience and exacter knowledge, the work of his first fathers, and to seek in variety of produce a sure guarantee against failure or stagnation; while by the same act he keeps in exercise both his own wits and those of his labourers; and thus lays the foundation of enduring prosperity for himself and them on the two firm corner-stones of nature and intelligence, not on the shifting sands of artificial regulations and price-tariffs.

Look up now at those rapid slopes, rising thousands of feet in height, crossed by rocky ledges tier above tier, once abandoned as unfit for cane-growth, or compelled, it might be, to render a scanty and precarious, because an unsuitable crop. Bear in mind that certain soils, certain altitudes, certain levels, are essential to the full success of the cane, while mountain sides rarely

rarely furnish the quality or the depth of earth required, nor, above a moderate altitude, the proper temperature; and remember that Jamaica, however wide its well-watered plains and noble savannahs, especially near the sea-coast, is essentially and to its own great good fortune a mountainous island. But look again: far up among the slopes stretch broad irregular patches of dark green bush, studded in spring time with white star-like flowers, thick sprinkled in summer with red-brown berries, amid the glistening leaves, there large-boughed trees, planted up and down as if at random, or rather, where the rocky soil permits, shelter the unripe coffee-berry from the too rapid heat of the sun, particularly in the low-lying plantations nearer the plain; higher up no shade beyond that supplied by the plant itself is needed for the fruit. Introduced in 1728, coffee has been ever since a favourite article of Jamaican cultivation, and one of the few that even the tyrant sugar did not temporarily banish from the island; subsequently it managed to hold its own through the worst times of depression, and now the bush scarcely yields precedence to the cane itself. It has the advantage, too, of being less absolutely dependent on a favourable season. Again, fewer hands, lighter labour, and much less outlay of expense are required in the coffee plantations, on the drying flats, and in the cleaning sheds than are demanded by the cane-field and the sugar-factory; and hence this variety of agriculture is better adapted than the other to small proprietors and limited means. Seldom, indeed, does the abode of the coffee-planter rival the 'estate' in size or comfort, yet the small houses perched among the hills have their own peculiar beauty, as their climatic advantages; and though the production of coffee alone will hardly make a man wealthy, yet, taken in conjunction with other crops, it is a valuable and trustworthy auxiliary.

Passing on, we come next to a hilly patch of broken ground, and a soil comparatively poor; and here aromatic groves of pimento trees, requiring of their owner little labour except that of gathering and drying the fruit, supply a profitable, though a somewhat uncertain crop. Of much greater intrinsic value, and in the early times of Jamaica so highly esteemed that its plantations amounted in 1670 to forty-seven—a large number, if the comparatively narrow extent of soil then cultivated in the island be taken into account—the cacao-bush is beginning to re-assert its place among the rest, and will undoubtedly one day assume a distinguished rank among Jamaican products. Indigo, too, once not unsuccessfully grown, will probably reappear; it might, indeed, advantageously occupy many a spot now covered by useless and unhealthy swamp. Nor is the time, we may reasonably

sonably hope, far distant when cloves and cinnamon, spice and nutmeg, will prove on a large scale, as they have proved already on a small, that Jamaica is not inferior in spice-bearing capabilities to Ceylon, Malacca, or any island of the Pacific Sea. For the introduction of these growths, as well as that of many another vegetable treasure, we may thank Castleton Gardens, that little paradise of nature and science, and its creator, Dr. Hooker, whose claims to the gratitude of the island have been worthily stated, yet not over-stated, by its late Governor. A more valuable gift than any yet mentioned has within the last few years been conferred on Jamaica by the cinchona-plant, 200 acres of which now flourish among the glorious scenery of the Blue Mountains. Lastly—for though at the sacrifice of omitting much, space compels us to contract our catalogue—tobacco, like indigo, an early, like it, subsequently an unjustly-neglected favourite, is now rapidly extending its green carpet over miles of valley; the quality is said to rival that of Cuba itself. But—we speak under correction—in some details of its cultivation, and particularly in what regards re-plantation and manure, we cannot but think that the Cubans themselves, of whom there are here many industrious immigrants, and Jamaicans too, might take a few useful lessons in the Syrian tobacco-fields of Latakiah and Jobeyl.

Want of space compels us also to pass over almost in silence another mine of Jamaican wealth, the pasture lands, and in particular those of Cornwall, loveliest of all lovely districts, the kine of Knockalva, and the grazing farms of St. James. Nor must we linger in print, as who would not gladly do in reality? amid the pleasant life and sociable hospitality of the 'Pens' or 'Penns,' similar in all essential respects to those of the 'Estates,' but with the additional advantages of upland situation, cool breezes, and a scenery that exceeds in beauty the fairest landscapes of Upper Tuscany itself. We turn from them with regret, though the objects to which we now set our face are pleasant too, and have in them much, not of present well-being only, but of large and justly-grounded hope.

For, as quitting Estates and Penns, we drive rapidly along the smooth-kept road by hill and dale, stream and forest, little white-washed cottages, wattled huts, and plank-built shanties peep out on either side from beneath the emerald cotton-tree shade, and the dense clusters of creaking bamboo. Each stands in its garden, some small, others of considerable extent, planted in most admired confusion with yams, sweet-potatoes, bananas, plantains, maize, coffee-bushes, and the hundred other green things, pleasant to the sight and good for food, that Canon Kingsley loves to enumerate. Not rarely, a small cane-piece, an acre of ginger, or an orchard

orchard of guava-trees, indicates the enterprise of the black proprietor; for though he and his family are so far supplied with life's necessities from the ground they own as to leave them hardly anything except clothing to seek from outside, the main portion of the produce finds its way to the Saturday market of the nearest town or village, while not a little reaches the more ambitious stores of Kingston and the seaboard, and swells the yearly-increasing export list of the island. Enter the cottage—often untidy without, it is neat and comfortable within—and if the respectful yet cheerful welcome you are sure to find cannot enable you to put up for half an hour with a little crowding and its consequences, remember that it is not in Jamaica alone that the abodes of the labouring classes are ill adapted for hypercritical and fastidious, not to say prejudiced, visitors; for the negro working man or woman may, for tidiness of dwelling and cleanliness of person and belongings, stand a not disadvantageous comparison with their brothers or sisters of the like class in any quarter of the globe, say the contrary who will; while in agriculture and its adjuncts the black is a born expert, capable, with moderate training and education, of rivalling most field-labourers or gardeners, and excelling many.

But the civilising influences of good government are too recent a boon to have yet produced their full effect on our Jamaican Cudjoe; and his education is imperfect and awry, because in the hands of those who, in right understanding, should of all others be most carefully excluded from the week-day training and school. And here we cannot but remark, though parenthetically, that it is neither of the catechist nor the Greek professor, neither of the denominational school-bench nor the expensive collegiate sinecure, that Jamaica stands in need. Good middle-class schools—schools to form the workman and the artisan, schools where industry is learnt by exercise, skill by practice, and honesty and duty by right knowledge of the world we live in, and the authentic lessons of history and nations, not read through sectarian spectacles, but in the plain light of human fact—these are what Jamaica urgently requires, but unfortunately has not obtained as yet. We shall recur to this topic farther on; meanwhile, for what regards direct religious teaching as such among the black inhabitants of Jamaica and elsewhere, excess is much more to be apprehended than defect in this matter. We neglect, as undeserving of serious remark, the vague gossip of some writers about the prevalence of Obeah, the revival of heathen practices, and the like; sensational accusations, with even less foundation in fact than such can generally claim. Heterodox Jamaica exists, no doubt, as does heterodox London, and the anomalous monstrosities

sities of Free Love and the like are not confined to the United States; but no right-judging mind would form an opinion of Cockneys or Americans at large from the pages of Mr. Hepworth Dixon or the Rev. C. M. Davies either. In a word, pathology is not physiology; it is by the normal, not the abnormal, the average, not the exceptional, elements, that the true character of society, black, white, or brown, is determined. The negro of West Indian reality is in truth—and no very great encomium perhaps—as good and as believing a Christian as the ordinary European; and his most pressing need is that of sound training to the duties and work of this world, training and duties that have little or nothing in common with dogmatic speculations, denominational bias, and the unhealthy enthusiasms of emotional practices and beliefs.

But we have wandered far, and it is time for us to return to the wayside and the black population scattered along it throughout the hill country and upland districts of Jamaica. An indefinable mixture of slovenliness and arrangement, of carelessness and comfort, marks the negro cottage, garden, and ground; just as their owner himself is a composition in tolerably equal parts, of imagination, impulsiveness, and cool common sense, of shrewdness and childishness, of quick perception and unreflecting negligence, of energetic diligence one hour and mere indolence the next; of that profitable vice, acquisitiveness; and that unprofitable virtue, content. Meanwhile he thrives and multiplies, replenishes the island, and, if an increase of 46,333 souls on a population of 346,374 during a single decade of years, be correct evidence, promises soon to fill it: much to the advantage, not of himself only, but of his white employers, who now too often find themselves short of hands for the necessary work of their plantations and estates.

The handsome, shapely figures,—we can hardly say as much for the typical faces, though they, too, are the most part pleasing in expression, if not in feature,—of negro girls, each one with a pail of brimming water balanced on her head, or it may be a heavy bundle of firewood carried in the same fashion, as jauntily as if it were the merest feather-weight, pass us with many a ‘good morning’ on their way; the broad faces of little fat blackies grin through the openings of the cactus fence; the men are at work in the fields, or absent on hire, or, not seldom, enjoying the African’s own paradise of sun, a pipe, and nothing to do. Nor does this last condition, if not habitual, necessarily imply laziness; for work, of whatever description, under the tropics must needs be moderate if meant to be enduring, even for the children of the tropics; a law that extends more or less

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over all races and all colours inhabiting these regions, but not always remembered or understood by hasty critics from colder climes.

These 'small-spade' plots of land and gardens, the free negro's development of the old 'provision ground' of the apprentice or slave, are already an important feature, and as years go on will become more and more so, of Jamaica. Whole estates, the cultivation of which had been despairingly abandoned by their proprietors during the first financial embarrassment towards the close of the eighteenth century, or the more perplexing difficulties that followed on mismanaged emancipation in 1838, or the yet worse crisis of 1846, and the evil days succeeding, summed up in the winter of 1865, have now been divided out into small but remunerative land-plots such as these, freehold or tenant; and encroach every year farther and farther on the unreclaimed soil or 'bush.' For the negro, left to follow his natural bent, is, in truth and act, what the Irishman is in agitation and blarney, a lover of the soil; and his ambition to acquire for himself an acre of ground, with his tenacity to retain it, render him for the matter of that a very Ahab and Naboth in one. 'Squatters!' the prejudiced or misinformed visitor-critic will contemptuously exclaim. No more squatters, my dear sir, than yourself, if you have the good fortune of being a landed proprietor at home; no more squatters than the most respectable squire, farmer, or tenant in Norfolk or Dorset. That black cultivator you thus hastily designate by the nickname you have learnt by rote, has, if a freeholder, paid in full the just price of the land he occupies; if a tenant, he pays the rent; he pays his regular taxes, too; contributes, with excessive liberality very likely, to this Baptist school, that Sectarian chapel; they for him represent religion, public spirit, and public good; and if his ideas are not of the correctest in these particulars, the fault is not so much his as that of his teachers, and of those also who had the opportunity but neglected to teach him. His style of field-labour is, we admit, none of the trimmest, nor his system of cultivation the most economical; but such as they are, they redeem the soil from inutility, and open the way for ulterior improvement. 'By doing smith's work one becomes a smith,' says the old Latin proverb: and the skill that the slave-gang and whip were inapt to teach, cannot fail of being gradually and progressively acquired by those who now till the land after their own fashion, however rude, and on their own score.

Now carry back the mind,—it is no over-distant stretch of imagination and thought,—to the time when nine-tenths, or rather nineteen-twentieths, of cultivated England were nothing else

else but an aggregate of small estates or farms, mostly the former. Even in the latter half of the seventeenth century 'not less than a hundred and sixty thousand proprietors,' says Lord Macaulay, 'who, with their families, must have made up more than a seventh of the whole population, derived their substance from little freehold estates,' and little indeed the dimensions of those estates must have been, since 'the average income of these small landholders,' continues that prince of historians, 'was estimated at between sixty and seventy pounds a year.' Yet it was in those very days of small, we had well-nigh said microscopical, freeholds, that our ancestors laid the foundations of our great land-owning interest, of the gigantic estates, the noble properties that by their stability, by the wealth they give, by the influence, social and political, that they confer, constitute with us at home a firm, if not the firmest, prop and mainstay of English conservatism and English order, to the despair of the restless empiric, the disguised communist, and the splenetic agitator. For it was by the gradual coalition of these same lesser freeholds, fostered, though not forced on, by judicious legislation, and brought about by the natural laws that govern the distribution of wealth, that the greater, and from them again the greatest, properties were built up. And even so it is in the small negro ground-plots, the five-acre, two-acre, one-acre pieces, scattered among the green hills and forests, or clustering together into wood-embosomed hamlets, that Jamaica possesses; so wisdom continue to guide her legislation, and firm government guarantee the security of order, the true germs of rich manor-lands and wide estates, the pledges of prosperity and sure progress to those who own and to those who cultivate them. This is true welfare; the more enduring because founded, not on the artificial basis of forced labour and high tariffs, but on the gradual operation of natural causes, of social development and intellectual advance. And in this course of things the greater landowner will of necessity gradually overshadow and absorb the lesser, the stronger the weaker; capital will attract capital; industry and skill gather to themselves what falls from the hands of incompetence and sloth; till Jamaica becomes in its measure what the agricultural districts of England are now; and the wealth of the West-Indian eighteenth century without its insecurity, returns again, not to pass away.

Yet here, even in this garden-culture, these small freeholds, this varied produce, in the frequency of newly-constructed huts and cottages, in the groups of children, healthy and boisterous, that play around them, we see what is for the moment one of the greatest difficulties of Jamaica; and what also will, at no distant date,

date, if unforeseen misadventure or strange mismanagement interfere not, be itself the solution of that very difficulty. All know the stereotyped complaint, the 'groans' echoed in more than one periodical, from more than one platform, set to music—sometimes in the modulated falsetto of Kingsley, sometimes in the howling barytone of Carlyle. That the negro is a lazy, pumpkin-eating, good-for-nothing rascal; that he will not work for hire, will not work for himself, will not work at all; that, with the option between labour with wages on the one hand, and poverty with pilfering on the other, he invariably chooses the latter and rejects the former; that the 'secure possession of land'—we quote from print—'only develops him into a lazy, reckless, naked savage,' or at best, 'a mere grower of food for himself;' that his vices, for a correct exposé of which we are referred to 'clergymen and policemen,' are such as will in a short time lead to his absolute extinction; in fine, that ever since emancipation, say some of our declamators, since acquired ease, say others, he has been retroceding, degenerating, dwindling; every year more lazy, more vicious, more ragged, more useless, more bestial; all this has been said, and is believed. Hence, to continue, the canes remain uncut, the coffee-berries unpicked, the fields uncleared; unless with the author of 'At Last' for supporter on the right hand, and him of 'Ginx's Baby' on the left, the great Hindoo Avatar, the Coolie, appear to save the West Indies from utter wreck; perhaps the Chinaman.

With a vast proportion of misrepresentation and prejudice, these complaints do yet contain a certain amount of truth. Doubtless the negro, like most other human beings, prefers working for himself on his own ground, to working on another's ground and for another; and where interests compete will often prefer a fancied one in his own name to a more real, but less manifestly personal advantage in that of another. Doubtless, too, the sudden multiplication, creation rather, of small estates has withdrawn, and still withdraws, scores and scores of labourers from the cultivation of large ones, and that too often in the most inconvenient manner; since the black owner of an acre or two of cane, however ready to earn an extra shilling at other times by day-labour, will in crop season turn a deaf ear to the offers of hire, and retreat to his own little plot of ground and the few dozen of yellowing plants he calls his own; justifying thus, in many instances, if not necessitating, that costliest of all costly supplements, the vicarious Coolie. Doubtless, too, the sudden acquirement not of personal freedom only, but of personal property, large in proportion to his ideas or require-

ments, has in many, too many, instances tended to divert the negro from useful labour, and has encouraged him in selfish, and, by its consequences, suicidal indolence. Collateral influences also, the perilous self-esteem inspired by the flattering declamations of foolish or interested teachers; the traditional hatred of toil, and of the cane-field above all, intimately connected in his mind, if not absolutely identified, with slavery and degradation; the very recoil of nature that follows on the abrupt cessation of a long and hated task: all these have combined to urge the emancipated black in the wrong direction; and our astonishment should be not that he has strayed so much, but that on the whole he has strayed so little. Yet we have been ourselves assured by many of the largest estate owners, men of long experience, and deservedly esteemed, not for their wealth and position only, but for their practical tact, solid judgment, and high public character, that they, for their own part, had never found negro hands fail them when required; never been compelled to apply for coolie help in cane-piece or factory. Nay, more, they have not hesitated, though with no personal allusion, to affirm that, in Jamaica at least, a contrary state of things, where it occurs, must oftenest be ascribed to the fault of the employers or their subordinates, to an irregular or deficient scale of wages-payment, to arbitrary fines, harsh treatment, and the like local or individual, not general, causes.

Yet all allowances made, it is positive that negro labour at the present day not only barely meets, or falls somewhat short of the exigencies of existing cultivation, but is absolutely inadequate to the one, and, but for this, practicable enlargement of its limits. Certain, too, that the number of large estates and plantations might, the capabilities of the island considered, be advantageously doubled, trebled even; and no less certain that the sudden and excessive multiplication of small freeholds is a very serious retarding cause, if not indeed the principal one. But what does all this, rightly understood, indicate, except that Jamaica is, in this respect, passing through a necessary, though a transitory stage, one through which England herself has already passed, and during which her own landed interest, and with it her noblest institutions, her most precious prerogatives, laid the deep foundations and solid underwork of present prosperity and greatness? Hence we, for our part, unhesitatingly subscribe to the opinion expressed by one well competent to pronounce on these subjects, Mr. Herbert Ussher, Vice-Governor of Tobago, who in a report, embodied by Governor Rawson in the same Blue Book the title of which heads this article, says that he 'observes with satisfaction,' in the colony of his charge, 'a  
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small but increasing class of independent negro householders, living in good tenements, and cultivating provision grounds; and, in spite of their 'great laziness produced by their present easy mode of life,' hopes 'that this class will continue to increase,' as certain to 'contribute sensibly to the agricultural prosperity of the island;' in a word, looks confidently forward to the progressive diminution of the accidental evils, and the ultimate permanence of the real benefits arising from this state of things.

No prophet indeed is needed to predict the result. However fertile Jamaica may be, Cuba alone excepted no West Indian island more so, however great the extent of its tilled and of its yet untilled soil, it is after all an island; nor, when allowance has been made for the inaccessible heights of the Blue Mountains, the rocky waste lands of the Pedro and some other districts to the centre and north, and the coast-swamps, occasionally reaching up for several miles to the interior on the south and west, can the most liberal computation assign, out of the four millions of acres that make up the Jamaican total, more than a million at most to the still unredeemed possibilities of agricultural improvement. Already the prices of land, twenty years ago almost nominal, are rising fast; and the negroes, eager purchasers in this market, tend by their ever-increasing enclosures to narrow the limits of what remains, and to raise the standard of its value. Year by year competition will grow keener, and in the struggle ensuing the poorer will, sooner or later, be bought out by the richer; the idle and the unsteady ousted by the diligent and persevering; property will coalesce, and capital, European or creole, cement into masses the now countless subdivisions of atomic freeholds. Meanwhile, as the '*petite culture*' diminishes by absorption, the lacklands of the colony will go on increasing; necessity will drive them to seek in wages and hire the subsistence they can no longer find in property of their own; and thus the number of day-labourers will be multiplied and filled up by the very same cause that had at first reduced and drained it.

Add to this that the negro, here synonymous with the labouring population, which in slavery-times could only be kept from extinction by constant fresh importations, averaging 5000 Africans a year, so fearfully did the death-rate exceed that of birth, is now, the census assures us, advancing at an annual increase of almost as many negro-creole, or island-born children, and has already attained a total of 400,000 souls. Nor should we omit from our consideration the constant stream of emigrants flowing into Jamaica from Haiti, from Cuba, and even from the

more distant regions of the Caribbean Archipelago and the adjoining main; a tide that cannot fail to rise in proportion with the rising fortunes of the island, and the growing demand for labour. In fine, let but matters hold on their actual course, and we need not doubt ourselves to see the day when Jamaica will be hardly less crowded than Barbadoes is now, and when she will have busier gangs to show in her cane-fields, and readier hands at her sugar-works than ever were seen in the palmiest days of forced labour and negro slavery.

It is a remarkable fact, that while the imaginative author of 'At Last,' and others of his fashion, fill whole pages with pathetic declamations about the decrease and dying out of the creole-negro race in the West Indies, the unimpassioned statistics of the Blue Book now before us, pp. 67, 97, 105, 111, 119, and elsewhere, exhibit on the contrary a rapid increase of the identical black creole population, not in Jamaica alone, but for almost every one of our West Indian possessions; while the only apparent exceptions, two in number, Barbadoes to wit, and the Leeward Islands, are readily explained by an unusual amount of adult emigration, occasioned by two consecutive years of disastrous drought.

Much in the same way the vaguely allusive calumnies, for they are nothing else, by which the emancipated negro is charged with a growing and almost preternatural propensity to every kind of vice and crime, the worst the most, meet a conclusive refutation from the same impartial authority already cited. One island report after another, the criminal statistics have scarce anything on their lists, except cases of petty larceny, that is, the stealing of a few bananas, or the unlawful abstraction of a barn-door fowl; and we would heartily wish that many not manufacturing only, but agricultural districts nearer home, furnished materials for no worse verdict on the white labouring classes than the official pages before us do on the black.

There is—and on this point we cannot insist too strongly—no need of special or protective, still less of class legislation to foster or compel labour in Jamaica. The problem is already working itself out by itself, and interference of the kind implied can only complicate and retard, perhaps altogether vitiate its solution. Forced labour, under whatever name disguised, apprenticeship or other, always odious, becomes doubly so when applied to a special caste or race of men; and the attempt, so rashly counselled by some to introduce it, would only by the reaction of certain failure involve the colony in hopeless ruin. Scarce less odious, less foolish, are the laws by which the terms and duration of agreement between workmen and their employers

employers are fixed and limited beforehand ; above all, where differences of blood and colour tend inevitably to render irritating the very semblance of constraint, and exaggerate every difficulty of class and position. And hence the injudicious interference of artificial regulations, however seemingly well intentioned, and, to use the cant phrase, 'paternal,' like those yet existing, the remnants of a best-forgotten past, in some West Indian colonies, the Danish for example, can only, as the result has already proved in those same Danish islands, blight instead of fostering, stunt, not promote development ; besides giving rise to deep ill-feeling, mistrust, and eventual resistance ; the sure consequences of class legislation, whatever its pretext.

Something, however, remains to be done before the multitude of Jamaican negroes apply themselves to work 'with a will,' as honest men, who understand their own advantage and that of others should ; and the sooner it is done in the interests of agriculture and of public morality alike, the better. And very simple that 'something' is. Good, sound, practical education to direct ; just, and not over-expensive law to control ; with strict enforcement of the acts already existing against vagrancy and squatting ; this and nothing more is needed. Acting in conjunction with the normal tendencies of human society, and the general laws that govern the distribution of labour and wealth, these measures will amply suffice to keep the surplus population, black, white, or coloured, from stagnating in idleness or running over into crime, and effectually compel it into the fertilising channels of day labour and well-earned wages. All this is already in the power of the Jamaican Government to do ; and if to put it in full practice requires energy, resolution, and somewhat of the rare courage that can disregard alike the clamour of fools and, it may be, the coldness of friends, what then ? the prize is worth the effort.

Coolies are, in the long run, too expensive, and not seldom too troublesome for importation on anything like a sufficient scale. The coolie, if indeed he be as his rapt admirer Canon Kingsley affirms, 'nature's gentleman'—in which case nature must be, we would venture to suggest, still at her 'prentice hand' with a vengeance—has for certain at any rate the gentlemanlike quality of being a very costly article, and is, like some other gentlemen, better to look at than to deal with. That his class 'does not give much more trouble to Government than other classes do,' is the highest commendation that Sir J. P. Grant, a discreet and by no means an unfavourable judge in this cause, can bestow on him ; while to his presence the numerous cases of cutting and wounding, an offence rare in those West Indian islands where coolies



coolies are not in vogue, but of frequent mention in the Jamaican criminal registers, must in great measure be ascribed. The introduction of the Chinese element is, for more reasons than one, a very questionable expedient; while European labour, German, Irish, Scotch, or English, has proved, and always must prove in the tropics, even though amid the wooded heights and the fresh cool breezes of Jamaica, a disheartening failure. In freedom now, as once in bondage; as a fellow-citizen and subject no less than when a slave, the negro is and must continue to be the main prop of outdoor labour in Jamaica; nor will his masters and employers, if moderately judicious themselves find him, we warrant, either averse from or insufficient to the task.

Enough for the present of the negro. We have risked proximity on his account, partly because in him must foremost be sought the solution of the Jamaica riddle, the great labour problem; partly also because he in particular, of all members of the human race, seems the most rarely privileged to have the plain unvarnished truth said or written about him. By some bedaubed with excessive praise, by others bespattered with no less excessive abuse, it were difficult to decide at whose hands he fares the worst, of his unwise flatterers or his prejudiced revilers, of an Exeter Hall platform, or an Eyre-defence committee. Dear old Monk Lewis, for to him we must revert once more, was much nearer the truth than either of these, when he laughed a good-natured laugh alternately with and at his black friend; admitted him to be a perplexing creature, improvident, versatile, childish, negligent, by fits lazy too; yet did justice to his willingness, gratitude, docility, quickness, endurance, and the other good qualities abundant in the race. What negro-employer indeed will not confirm the judgment passed by the typical Cubina's master? when he says, 'Naturalists and physicians, philosophers and philanthropists, may argue and decide as they please; but certainly, as far as mere observation admits of my judging, there does seem to be a very great difference between the brain of a black person and a white one. I should think that Voltaire would call a negro's reason, *une raison très-particulière*. Somehow or other they never can manage to do anything *quite* as it should be done,' and so forth; with illustrations to which any West Indian resident's journal might offer any number of parallels at the present day. And what estate-proprietor, of tolerable tact and conduct, but will also readily add with the Cornwall planter, 'To do the negroes mere justice, I must say that I could not have wished to find a more tractable set of people on almost every occasion. Some lazy and obstinate persons, of course, there must inevitably be in so great a number, but

but in general I found them excellently disposed,' with more to the same effect?

'What other negroes may be, I will not pretend to guess; but I am certain that there cannot be more tractable or better disposed persons, take them for all in all, than my negroes of Cornwall.' The planter of our own day, of years to come, need, we are well assured, so he himself duly fulfil his own duties as master and employer, pronounce no dissimilar verdict on his own negroes, whether in Cornwall, in Middlesex, or in Surrey; and will find in the comfort and satisfaction ensuing an additional motive of fondness for his Jamaican estate. More fortunate too than Monk Lewis implies himself always to have been, he will, if his own conduct be not unworthy, 'meet in his dealings with white persons in Jamaica'—we speak of planters and proprietors as they are now, not 'half,' but as full, or certainly a fuller measure of 'gratitude, affection, and goodwill,' and in their society will learn that the title of a Jamaican landowner is not merely an advantageous, but an honourable, a justly proud one too.

But though estates may flourish, cultivation extend, and field labour abound, there remains another and an important constituent of solid prosperity, the absence of which is already felt in Jamaica, and will be felt much more severely before long—we mean mechanical skill. That almost every article of the most ordinary mechanism is imported into, not made in, the island; that when the simplest every-day contrivance, a carriage-spring, for instance, a wheel, a lathe, an engine-rod gets out of order, it is next to impossible, often absolutely so, to have it properly repaired on the spot, or even in Kingston; that the machinery long general throughout the sugar factories and rum distilleries, and still employed in many, is of the simplest, clumsiest, and consequently of the least economical description; these are facts, and many more might be added to the list known, complained of, and admitted by all. The reason of this deficiency is simple enough—field work and trade, the plantation and the counting-house, have drawn to themselves all the energy of the colony, and have left no surplus for supplementary, though scarce less indispensable, pursuits.

This is a serious evil. The advantages of improved machinery, daily better appreciated by planters and others, are also daily enlarging the circle of its employment: central sugar factories, a form of enterprise attended with many difficulties, but under proper management, with more than counterbalancing advantages, cannot fail to follow before long; railroads will run, not as at present, from Kingston to Spanish Town or Old Harbour

bour only, but will extend their network over the entire length and breadth of the island; manufactures of various kinds, mines even, demanding much and complicated working apparatus, have already begun, though somewhat spasmodically, to give sign of development; irrigation works, bridges, canals, roads, public constructions of every kind make daily progress, and by inevitable consequence mechanics, artisans, skilled workmen, practical engineers—the whole progeny, as Dean Goulburn would say, of Tubal-cain—will speedily be at the highest premium of urgent demand.

Whence, then, are they to be supplied? Not from England, Germany, or any land of the ‘pale faces;’ this the tropical climate, in the long run at least, forbids. Hard daily toil, even though carried on under shelter in these latitudes, soon deprives the transplanted European workman of the energy and promptitude requisite to the successful completion of his task, or drives him to the fatal supplement of drink. Nor is it, as a rule, from among the negroes that the artisan class need expect its recruits; the cane-field, the plantation, the provision-ground, and the pasture-land, not the workshop or the engine-room are the African’s heritage. It is to the coloured population that Jamaica must mainly, if not exclusively, turn for the skilled workman of her future, and in this class she will find every aptitude, physical and intellectual alike, every needful quality for the task in hand. Less physically adapted than the negro to rough and out-of-doors work, the coloured man, thanks to the tropical admixture in his blood, endures in-doors manual labour to a degree impossible for the pure-blooded European, while the intelligence and perseverance that he derives from his white parentage supplies a fortunate corrective to the irreflective carelessness and habitual negligence of his light-hearted, but often light-headed, nigritian ancestors. Already the best carpenters, smiths, joiners, painters, in a word, artisans generally of the West Indies are furnished by the coloured population, and, untutored yet, give sufficient evidence in their style of work of the perfection they might, with proper training and encouragement, speedily attain. Nor is there any reason why mechanicians and engineers should not be added to the list. Superior in neatness of hand to his European half-brother, the coloured man is not rarely his equal in intelligence, and his present inferiority is the result not of natural but of educational deficiencies. For him in particular, even more than for the negro, should be supplied those means of learning, that training which have been so long overlooked or mis-directed in Jamaica; those industrial schools of which the Orphanage of Stone Edge now alone offers a faint and ill-drawn outline,

outline, for him, above all, should be established the middle-class places of instruction, the mechanics' institutes, the national schools that might so advantageously replace the many unprofitable denominational and sectarian institutions now spread broadcast over the island. True, this is not the work of vestries, ministers, and clergy, but neither is education their proper province; nor while churches, meeting-houses, and Sunday schools—all excellent things in their way—subsist, need it be feared lest religious instruction should be the worse off because confined within these, its proper limits. For the present the scholars in the educational field are indeed plenteous, but the masters are less than few.

We had heard it so often, and so confidently asserted by men of science and men without, that the coloured classes are unprolific, that their numbers are diminishing, that they must soon die out, and so forth, that we had almost come ourselves to take it for an established fact, and were in consequence agreeably astonished to discover that the Jamaican census of 1871 compared with that of 1861 gives for this very identical class of population an even greater proportional increase than it does for the black. We then turned to the statistics of other West Indian colonies, to see whether this state of things was not a peculiarity of Jamaica, and due to special or local causes, but found it on the contrary normal and progressive everywhere. But to restrict ourselves to our present subject, Jamaica, all will allow that an increase from eighty to a hundred thousand during a single decade of years, is a remarkable no less than a satisfactory fact. It is one, too, that to a thinking mind confirms, and even exaggerates the importance of what has just been stated about the urgent necessity of a sound and popular education for the rising generation of the mixed race. For though we do not ourselves, except in a very modified sense, share the opinion of those who allot the future destinies of Jamaica, or mayhap of the West Indies in general to the supremacy of a coloured caste, still it is certain beyond controversy that this class will form a very important element in the growing prosperity of the island, and will ultimately exercise no inconsiderable influence both on its society and administration.

Already partly owing to their own individual merit, partly to the liberal spirit which has always, except in unfortunate moments of extreme excitement, distinguished Jamaica, furnishing an honourable contrast to the narrow-mindedness too common in some other West Indian colonies, the Danish for example,

example,\* many coloured men hold important offices, many coloured women claim the fullest social recognition in the best society of the island. Year by year the numbers of such will increase, and for those who have the means in their hands to neglect any longer that which is the chief requisite for qualifying the members of this class worthily to fill the stations open before them, would be not only ungenerous but unwise. That requisite is, we repeat it, well grounded, well directed, and not over-expensive education.

That the recently founded Spanish Town College was a mistake, and a costly one too, all already admit. The education which it was intended to, but does not, supply, can be far more thoroughly, and hardly, if at all, more expensively procured in England; nor ought the hardihood of body and the enlargement of mind best ensured by a few years spent in an English public school under an English sky, to be omitted from the calculations of those who desire that their children should emulate or excel their British forefathers in the West. Indeed both boys and girls of white, and even where means and constitution allow, of coloured parentage, will, in nine cases out of ten, be more advantaged by a course of English schooling and surroundings than they would be by superior tuition, were such attainable, in the island of their birth, and they will be all the better Jamaican men and women for having been for a season English school-boys and school-girls. But for those, and they are the large majority, whose household circumstances or bodily health do not allow a temporary transplantation to our northern climate, Jamaica may and ought, in her own best interest, to provide education amply sufficient for the middle classes to which they belong, as also for the lower.

It is a matter of regret rather than of wonder that during a decade which has witnessed so notable an increase of the black and the mixed races, the number of white residents should have actually decreased. But indeed what Englishman would have cared to forego the advantages of home in order to put himself under a mis-government like that which by the testimony of all parties, all colours, all classes, preceded the outbreak of 1865?

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\* Whoever has witnessed the narrow-minded arrogance and unsympathising hauteur of the generality of Danes towards all who are not of their own race, and more especially towards their own black or coloured fellow-citizens in their West Indian colonies, will have no difficulty in understanding the causes of the intense unpopularity that has so greatly contributed to Danish expulsion from Sweden, Norway, the Baltic provinces, Schleswig-Holstein: and has rendered precarious their hold even on Iceland. A matter not unworthy of remark for English politicians at the present day.

or who, surfeited with the real or reported horrors of that unhappy winter, and sick alike of the very names of Underhill and O'Connor, of Gordon and Governor Eyre, would have chosen to cast his lot in an island of which the very name seemed identified with misrule, confusion, and massacre? Who, indeed, having the means of leaving it would not in that dark hour have hastened to do so?

Excusable, but erroneous. The devastating storm was in truth but a passing, nay, a beneficial shower; the pangs were not those of death, but of birth. Tenacious of vitality, the old, the noble colony revived, and reviving, entered on a new phase of higher and more vigorous life. Yet great indeed, greater perhaps than public opinion has awarded, at least outside Jamaica, is the credit due to the wisdom and tact of Sir J. P. Grant's administration, by which tranquillity was so completely and so speedily restored, confidence re-established, and prosperity begun. Not a bare decade but a whole century of years seems already to separate the Jamaica of 1865 from that of 1875.

Repelled for a short time from the shores of Jamaica, the tide of English immigration has already begun to flow towards them again, and in its quality even more than in its quantity bears with it the assurance of better days than for a century past the island has known. Not a rush of mere adventurers, drawn hither by hope of gain or licence from among the roughs and Bohemians, the dubious or unsettled of home society; but colonists belonging to a very different class, and one specially adapted to confer on the institutions of their new abode the stability so much needed, so seldom found in the regions of the tropical west. Young men of good family name, themselves the pupils of our best foundation schools, not a few students whose names have honourably figured on the muster-rolls of our great universities, are now to be frequently met with among the book-keepers and overseers of plantations and estates, bringing with them not only the tutored intelligence so needful to the right management of labourers and land, but also the yet more valuable qualifications of liberal feelings united with conservative principles, the proper characteristics of English landlords and English gentlemen. In these, and such as these, our best colonial hopes are founded. Whatever form of administration may, as the suns go on, ultimately be established in Jamaica, whether the Colonial Office permanently retain the reins of power that it has now gathered up so absolutely into its own hands, or whether it allow local, and in some degree representative management to assume, or at least to share the responsibility of government, thus much is certain, that for long years

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to come the English colonists not only must be, but ought to be, the supreme leaders in Jamaica; equal indeed before the law to those around them, but holding the superiority and headship in everything else. This, however, they can only do by fulfilling the true conditions of superior merit; and those conditions, abroad as at home, are rarely found except as the heirloom of good birth, or the result of a liberal and comprehensive education, or both. With the decrepit misrule of Cuba on one side, and the restless instability of Haiti on the other, with democratic propagandism rampant on the northern main, and republican anarchy festering on the south, common sense forbids that the tranquillity, that is the prosperity, of Jamaica should be entrusted to any hands but conservative, to any guardianship except the English. As co-operators in the work, the coloured and negro classes cannot be prized too highly; but neither of them, their warmest advocates must allow, have as yet attained the steadiness and foresight indispensable for those confided with the chief management of affairs; nor is the attainment of such qualities the work of a few years or of a superficial, often an erroneous, training. What may be a century hence we leave to theoretic enthusiasts and platform prophets, of whom there is no lack on either side of the Atlantic, to predict as fancy or party-bias may dictate; our observations only pretend to the ordinary range of mortal vision, and within that range we think them correct enough.

Here we must pause. Much has, our reader will easily understand, been left wholly unsaid in the short limits of an article like this—much, too, but imperfectly said or merely hinted at regarding the past or present, the changing fortunes and the actual condition of this truly interesting island. Gladly would we have told at worthier length the efforts and improvements of the last ten years, the public works already completed, and those near in progress to completion; the measures by which law and justice have been brought within easy reach of the poorest and remotest inhabitants of the colony; the diminution of discontent and crime, and the increase of comfort, wealth, and prosperity. Much also remains to be said regarding the infinitely varied products of the soil; much of trade; much of novel and inchoate industries; much of financial resources, surplus budgets, reduced taxes, and augmented revenue. But for these and their kindred topics we must refer our readers to the sources already cited or alluded to; among which, for picturesque fidelity Monk Lewis, for diffuse copiousness Mr. Gardner, and for statistical precision the official statements, as is natural, bear the palm. Prejudice and party bias apart, the conclusion is not difficult to arrive at; and



and it is a conclusion at which the great English soul of him who, two centuries and more bygone, added this exquisite gem to the world-clasping circle of England's imperial Crown, might worthily rejoice.

But for the unrivalled loveliness of this Paradise of the West, its magic scenery, its forests, its mountains, its rivers, its green meadows, its fruit-bearing fields and groves, its gay gardens, its unnumbered beauties, he who desires to know them aright must consult, not written description, but actual reality—not reports, but presence. So, too, for him who would learn the good things of the land, the advantages and the profits, the pleasures and the gains of a Jamaican estate, its courtesies and amusements, the simplicity and refinement, the heartiness and healthiness, of its ways and life. For these, too, the shortcomings of description must be made up by experience, and experience alone. An English landowner is the envy of Europe; he need not be envied by his brother-planter on the hillsides and amid the cane-fields of Jamaica.

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ART. III.—*Virgilio nel Medio Evo.* Per Domenico Comparetti, Professore nella R. Università di Pisa. 1872.

'**T**HOU hast a devil!' was the exclamation with which the physician Harvey—probably one of the most devoted students of Virgil that ever lived—was wont, on closing his favourite volume, to express the boundless fascination it never failed to exercise over him. The qualities which charmed our great medical discoverer form, indeed, no part of Signor Comparetti's theme. But his readers will often be reminded of the whimsical phrase we have quoted as they recognise the indestructible vitality of Virgil's literary character among the vicissitudes of the Roman decadence, or survey the still more extraordinary phases of his later medieval reputation. The history of both forms, in truth, a phenomenon perhaps unique in the history of literature. Most of the ancient writers have been preserved to our own times on the strength of merits, as to the nature of which there was never any difference of opinion. But it has been the singular fortune of Virgil to owe the vastness of his fame at various periods to qualities entirely unlike those for which he was admired either by his contemporaries or by ourselves. The height of the pedestal assigned to him by each generation varied little, but each composed it of different materials. A popular expositor of the national religion

religion\* and history, a poet of style, taste, and feeling, a text-writer for schools, a grammarian, a rhetorician, a pagan seer, a prophet of the new religion, a philosopher of universal culture, the guide of the great Christian poet through the realms of his spiritual travel—such were the characters with which he was successively invested by the educated class. But great as were these alterations in their point of view, greater still was the change which his personal history underwent among the vulgar. By these his literary genius was wholly lost sight of, and a character took his place as completely alien from the original as any metamorphosis in Ovid. Like an ancient statue converted into a mediæval saint, and loaded with *ex-voto* offerings, through the uncouth acknowledgments of miraculous power he had suffered obliteration of all that beauty which had given the original impulse to veneration.

This remarkable series of transmutations has been traced by Signor Comparetti with a fulness of research which leaves nothing to be desired either from the literary or the legendary point of view. In respect to the former, indeed, to which his first volume is devoted, he goes far beyond the apparent limits of his title, and has followed out the history of Virgil's reputation as a writer, from the very date of the publication of the '*Æneid*' down to the twelfth century. On this portion of his work he is inclined to lay great stress, partly as a portion of literary history never previously executed, and partly as containing the materials necessary for any complete explanation of the peculiar position occupied by Virgil in the '*Divina Commedia*' of Dante. His second volume is wholly taken up with the Virgilian Legends. As regards the comparative novelty of the two sections of the work, it is no doubt the fact that the legendary matter has been touched upon by Bayle in his article on the poet, and more carefully treated both by Dunlop, in his '*History of Fiction*,' and in several French and German monographs; but it is equally true that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find elsewhere as complete and lucid a survey of the history of the chief grammarians, rhetoricians and commentators of the first five centuries as Signor Comparetti has put together. All scholars will certainly appreciate the interest with which he has invested a naturally dry and tedious subject; and we should have been glad, if possible, to devote to this part of the book a space in our article corresponding with its evident importance in its author's eyes,

\* The aspect of the '*Æneid*' as a religious poem has been carefully traced by M. Boissier in his recent work, '*La Religion Romaine d'Auguste aux Antonins*.' Paris, 1874.

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and, we may add, with the interest it has aroused in ourselves. But our limits forbid our attempting to represent it except by such a bare and repulsive abridgment as would, we fear, defeat its own purpose, and we have accordingly decided to try and awake the sympathy of our readers in Signor Comparetti's work by dwelling on that portion of it which we think likely to prove most generally attractive. We shall only think ourselves bound to refer to the earlier chapters in the first place, so far as may be necessary to elucidate the position of Virgil in regard to Dante; and next to trace, so far as is now possible, the roots of that popular belief which ultimately blossomed out into the rank undergrowth of the Virgilian Legends.

There are many reasons why Virgil should have been chosen as the guide of Dante, the most obvious of which is, of course, that he had written the sixth book of the '*Æneid*.' Homer, indeed, might have been thought entitled to a similar position, for a similar reason; but independently of the sympathy felt by Dante for the poetry of Virgil, and the doubt whether he knew Greek enough for an equal appreciation of Homer, the degree to which Virgil entered into the question of rewards and punishments, and the deeply religious colouring which pervades this portion of his poem, would be enough to determine Dante's choice in favour of the Augustan poet, even were there not many other reasons to which separate weight must be attached. Besides Virgil's own religious character as a religious pagan, great stress must be laid upon the tendency to associate him with the faith of Christendom, which took its rise in his authorship of the famous Fourth Eclogue, and of which many interesting proofs are to be gathered from various sources, reaching from the Augustan era almost to the close of the Middle Ages. To the Christians who thought that Virgil and the Sibyl had been permitted by Providence to have some indistinct foreshadowings of the coming Messiah, they must have appeared in some such light as the wise men of the East appear to an ordinary literal reader of the New Testament at the present day, as standing in an exceptional position, neither wholly heathen nor wholly Christian, but forming links between the Gentile world and the new dispensation. There was a legend which first appears in a Byzantine writer of the eighth century, that the Sibyl, when consulted by Augustus about the divine honours decreed to him by the senate, showed him the heavens opening above their heads, and a vision of the enthroned Virgin, with the Saviour in her arms; and it is said that the Church of *Ara Coeli*, in the Roman Capitol, was founded to commemorate this miraculous appearance. Those who believed such a story would find no difficulty in supposing that any occult information

information possessed by the Sibyl would be the property of Virgil also; and there is no doubt that both were credited with a knowledge of the miraculous star.

Nor did Virgil's authorship of the fourth Eclogue fail to increase in his case that feeling of compassion for the misfortune of having been, as it were, born too soon, which was aroused for many ancient writers, whose moral merits would have drawn them within the circle of the new religion, had they flourished at a more propitious epoch. It was believed at a very early period that St. Paul had visited Virgil's tomb at Naples; and the following lines, embodying the feeling just referred to, were sung in the mass of the Apostle's church at Mantua down to the end of the fifteenth century:—

‘Ad Maronis mausoleum  
Ductus, fundit super eum:  
Pisæ rorem lacrymæ:  
Quem te, inquit, reddidissem,  
Si te vivum invenissem,  
Poetarum maxime!’

The reputation of Virgil had been linked to Christianity on its literary side, in the fourth and fifth centuries, through the fashion of composing centos from his works on Biblical themes—albeit all the really distinctive points of our religion were in these unavoidably omitted. These fruits of a misdirected ingenuity—which appear to have employed the same class of minds as now distinguish themselves in acrostics—are deservedly forgotten, but were at one time so popular that Pope Gelasius was obliged to warn the faithful that they had no canonical authority.

The fourth Eclogue was variously treated, but always continued to occupy the attention of Christendom. It was embodied in a Greek translation in the discourse of Constantine *Ad Sanctos*. Whether the Emperor really spoke it in Greek or not, the fact of the story, and the alterations which were made in the translation with the manifest object of bringing it into still greater harmony with Biblical ideas, testify to the general adhesion of the Christians of that day to this belief.

Lactantius agreed that the Eclogue had a Christian signification, but considered it as referring to the millennium. St. Augustine admitted it as a genuine prophecy, dwelling particularly on the remission of sins apparently predicted in the thirteenth and fourteenth lines. St. Jerome ridiculed the entire notion; but it flourished nevertheless, for St. Paul had referred to heathen poets, and though the supposed Sibylline books were forgeries after the facts, this could not be said of the Eclogue,  
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the date of which was unchallenged. Hence the story took its place, not only in popular credence, but among preachers and learned men, and Virgil henceforth is also among the prophets. Verses of the Eclogue were said to have converted Statius and others; nor was art behindhand in giving currency to the legend. Mr. Street found Virgil sculptured in the stalls of the Cathedral of Zamora among the worthies of the Old Testament; he may be seen in a picture by Vasari at Rimini; a line from the Eclogue is placed over the head of the Cumæan Sibyls in Raffaëlle's picture in the church of S. M. della Pace at Rome; and we learn from Mrs. Jameson \* that there is an early picture of the Nativity in which David and the Prophets are singing and dancing round, and Virgil leads the concert with a fiddle. Christian poets, Sedulius for example, imitate and sometimes copy the inscriptions of Virgil in painting Hell or Paradise; and his verses are to be found in the burial-places of the catacombs along with the cross and monogram of Christ.†

In the poem 'L'Intelligenza,' attributed to Dino Compagni, and probably written about 1282, in the description of the 'Palazzo di Madonna,' a certain painting is mentioned as representing the Sibyl Femonœ, 'who repeated the responses of Apollo:—

'Che delle dieu sibille fu quella  
E Virgilio il su dir versificollo  
Di Cristo disse la prima novella  
E del die di giudigio, e profetollo.'

And Sannazarius, in his poem 'De Partu Virginis,' does not hesitate to put the whole of the fourth Eclogue into the mouth of the shepherds at the Nativity.

To pass from these general considerations, which might have operated upon any writer who had conceived the idea of such a poem as the 'Divina Commedia,' we may advert to others which were peculiarly calculated to influence such a mind as a study of Dante's other works reveals to us. In three chapters which form a valuable contribution to general literary history, but which we have no space minutely to analyse, Signor Comparetti sketches some of the more striking characteristics of the period immediately preceding Dante. No one, we think, who reads them will fail to gain clearer notions than he ever had before of the peculiar light in which Virgil must have appeared to the great Florentine, and of the reasons which we may almost say necessitated the position of the former in the 'Divina Commedia.' It will be seen that this resulted from no

\* 'History of Our Lord,' vol. i. p. 251. Place and painter not mentioned.

† See Boissier, 'La Religion Romaine,' vol. i. p. 352.

mere individual preference of a favourite author, but was dictated by a variety of reasons, arising out of the precedent conditions of thought, education, and general culture surrounding the writer of that great poem. The renown of Virgil as the prophet of the Saviour, as the describer of another world of reward and punishment, as the unquestioned authority on all the departments of scholastic education, as the bard of that empire the renewal of which was the dream of his disciple,—made him altogether the most conspicuous figure that could fill the vision of a literary genius, whether for imitation or rivalry. On the other hand, a mind like that of Dante, which had really absorbed into itself all the science and philosophy with which Virgil had been credited, and was conscious of the vast powers which were destined to revolutionise the literature of Italy, must have felt that no prosecution of its grand scheme was open to it of which Virgil should not form an integral part. That he should be passed over as one whose day was gone by and whom it was time to supersede was impossible; but he might be associated with the work of a younger generation in thought, literature, and politics, and in the spiritual sphere might look over the borders of that paradise which it had not been given to him to enter.

This conception was executed partly with the freedom of Dante's individual genius, partly under the limitations imposed by the conditions of his age and country. In many respects he was a pure medievalist, looking upon universal history, for instance, exclusively from the Jewish standpoint as regarded ancient, from the Christian as regarded modern times; Jerusalem was the centre of one world, Rome of the other, and the history of both met in one point, the birth of Christ. We lay stress on the fact that the supposed foundation of Rome was contemporary with the reign of David.\* Dante believed to a great extent in the theological, allegorical, and scholastic value of the ancient writers, and though his knowledge was more extensive it was essentially of the same kind as that of his day. His scholarship is not first-rate in Latin, and it is difficult to believe that he knew Greek, though the fact of his having obtained a theological degree at Paris has sometimes been supposed to prove this. But, though he had not emancipated himself from all the prejudices with which a man of the thirteenth century took up an author like Virgil, he had realised one great fact

\* 'E tutto questo fu in uno temporale che David nacque e nacque Roma : cive che Enea venne di Troia in Italia che fu origine della nobilissima città romana, come testimoniano le scritture.'—*Convito*, vol. iv. p. 5.

which had in his time come to be almost forgotten, viz., that Virgil, Statius, Lucan, and others were *poets*. Casting off the common prejudices against their paganism, he felt their power and sweetness as he might have done at the present day. Where he uses ancient facts or traditions, it is in no spirit of servile imitation, but as one who has completely assimilated his material, and can deal with it like its original owners, even to the extent of enlarging its mythological phraseology.

It is in accordance with this mastery of the ancient writers that in his mind Italy is but the continuation of Rome, not the new and distinct nation we have in modern times been educated to consider it. His view of the ancient Latin world was not an abstract and literary, but a practical one, as of a power which was not dead, but as alive as when 'Euryalus and Nisus and Turnus, and the virgin Camilla died in its behalf.' His sympathy with Virgil was fellow-feeling for one who was not so much an ancient author as his own countryman, the poet of the empire whose centre of gravity was still in Rome. Roman, Latin, and Italian were to him all one, and he does honour to the poet whom all honour, who 'showed' what 'our tongue could do,' and who taught him the 'beautiful style' which has gained him honour from others. Dante's Virgil, therefore, is not the real Virgil of the Augustan age, but the ideal Virgil of the thirteenth century. Still Dante's conception of him is no mere repetition of medieval notions, nor does it appear to be indebted either to any of the old allegorists like Fulgentius, or to any of the biographers, except, perhaps, to Donatus, and to him only for facts. Whatever conception was in Dante's mind, it was clearly seized and consistently followed out. A poet of less judgment would not so firmly have distinguished the provinces which are respectively assigned to Dante, to Statius, and to Beatrice, but would probably have softened off the summary return of Virgil to Limbo which is now implied. All through, however, we feel that keen sympathy of the poet for the poet, which makes Dante linger longest in such company, and with his master yield, in the Purgatorio, to the fascination of Casella's song. This sympathy, combined with Virgil's Italian origin, may answer a question sometimes asked, why Dante should not have chosen as a guide 'il gran maestro di color che sanno?'—surely the supreme representative of medieval and every other learning. It is enough to say that the master alluded to was a philosopher, and not a poet.

The Dantesque Virgil is, as Signor Comparetti remarks, a measure of the degree to which Dante adhered to or deserted the ideas of his age. He does not, indeed, restore the exact



type of the Augustan poet, but consciously ennobles and completes it. That some of the singular legends of which we shall have to speak were then current is manifest from a curious legend in a poem by his friend Cino da Pistoia.\* But these he must designedly have passed by, for if he had believed Virgil to be a magician he would, instead of adopting him as a guide, have been obliged to place him in the fourth Bolgia, where, in fact, he does place the mythic foundress of Virgil's own city—the sorceress Manto. And the imputation of epicureanism which was made against Virgil in his own time, and is not extinct even at the present day,† he either did not know or wished to discountenance, for the only allusion he makes to the Epicureans is that they denied the existence of a future state.

There is a curious and obscure passage in the ninth book of the '*Inferno*,' which, if we are to take it in its obvious meaning as a record through Dante of one of Virgil's spiritual experiences, would undoubtedly furnish strong reason for the choice of the latter as a guide. We refer to the lines in which, in answer to Dante's inquiry whether souls from Limbo are ever permitted to descend into the lower circles, Virgil reassures him by declaring that he has once already visited the circle of Judas, in obedience to the spells of Erichtho.

Signor Comparetti quotes this passage, but only for the purpose of warning us against the commentators who have seen in it a reference to Virgil's necromantic reputation. In this he may be right. But it is noteworthy that Virgil says nothing of any obstacles on his previous journey, whereas when he is in Dante's company the Furies offer a resistance so fierce that the interposition of an angel is required to clear the way. In other words, he would appear to have been unopposed when obeying the commands of a Pagan sorceress, but violently withstood when acting under the orders of a Christian saint. The reference made by some commentators to the passage in Lucan, where Erichtho conjures up the spirit of a dead soldier to predict the event of the war, introduces a needless difficulty into the passage; for at the period Lucan refers to, Virgil must have been still alive, whereas it is clear that at the time, whenever it was, that Dante refers to,

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\* 'O sommo vate, quanto mal facesti  
A venir qui: non t'era me' morire  
A Piettola cola dove nascesti?  
Quando la mosca per l'altre fuggire  
In tal loco ponesti,  
Ove ogni vespa doverria venire  
A punger quei che su ne' boschi stanno.'

† See Teuffel's '*Roman Literature*,' section on Virgil.

he was dead. There is no occasion to mix up the two events. If Dante had really meant to connect Virgil with the story narrated by Lucan, he would not have failed to make clear so interesting an historical reference; or if, as we think is the case, he had no such intention, there is no difficulty in supposing that Erichtho outlived Virgil, and exercised her arts upon his spirit in the usual way.

The absence of any reference by Dante to the obvious discrepancy between the spiritual worlds of Virgil and of himself is mentioned by Signor Comparetti as if it were an instance of discreet silence upon an inconsistency which could not be satisfactorily got over. We think that the difficulty, if any, disappears when we remember that Virgil's previous theory as to a future life must be considered as having merged after death in the corrected views, implied by his function in Dante's poem. Nor is there anything inconsistent with this enlargement of vision in the fact that many of his dicta as to particular persons are implicitly received by Dante, such, for instance, as the position of Ripheus in Paradise, and of Cato as a venerated judge, instead of a punished suicide. Dante might be content to take Virgil's word as to ancient personages, about whom the latter had the best means of knowing, without accepting it as to matters on which only a Christian would be well informed. In accordance with this idea, the Christianity of Virgil is in the '*Divina Commedia*' much more developed than the common medieval belief, though it still came far short of that which is ascribed to Statius. The latter was believed to have owed his conversion to the fourth Eclogue, and is thus a sort of 'emanation' of Virgil; nevertheless, he takes his place on arriving at the entrance of Paradise. Granting the assumptions which must be made by any writer who uses a celebrated personage under conditions so singular as those which govern the employment of Virgil in the '*Divina Commedia*,' there is nothing in the conception contradictory to what is known of him from his works, or from the scanty particulars of his life. The extent of knowledge attributed to him, though it is an idea doubtless derived from medieval sources, will scarcely be thought out of keeping by anyone who has been led to appreciate '*per il lungo studio e il grande amore*' the stores of learning which are woven into the texture of the '*Æneid*.' And the personal character of the poet is touched by Dante with a fineness of discrimination and a plenitude of shading which have charmed all readers, and form a striking contrast to the barrenness or perverseness of most of the attempts which have been made to bring real and important people upon a fictitious scene.

Such

Such was the fortune of the Virgilian tradition when it fell into the hands of genius. How it fared when taken up by a man of mere literary talent may be judged from another work of the thirteenth century, in which we emerge from the scholastic and educational atmosphere into the regions of popular fiction. This is the poem, called '*Dolopathos*,' written in Latin by John, a monk of the abbey of Attasylva or Hauteseille, in Lorraine, and afterwards turned into French verse by a certain Herbers, the latter being the only version now extant. The story is briefly as follows:—

*Dolopathos*, King of Sicily in the time of Augustus, has a son, *Lucinianus*, whom he sends to Rome to be instructed by Virgil. The wife of *Dolopathos* dying, he marries again, and soon after recalls his son. Virgil, by astrology, discovers that the youth is menaced with a great misfortune, only to be averted by his keeping entire silence till his tutor tells him he may speak. On arriving in Sicily he seems incurably dumb, but the new queen is, at her own request, allowed to attempt a cure. She at once makes love to the youth, who behaves with the reserve to be expected from a pupil of Virgil; while the lady, fearing he may reveal her conduct, accuses him to the King of a similar offence. *Lucinianus* is on the point of being condemned to death, when a wise man appears, and by telling a story obtains a day's delay. Other sages follow, till, on the seventh day, Virgil arrives, tells a story in like manner, and then orders the prince to speak. He reveals all, and the queen is burnt alive.

In this story we recognise the framework of the tale of the Seven Wise Men, the relationships of which to Oriental as well as to other European stories form an interesting, though complicated, chapter in the history of fiction. They are traced in the works of Ellis and Dunlop, and more recently Signor Comparetti has devoted to them a monograph, '*Researches on the Book of Sindibad*.' But the '*Dolopathos*,' though manifestly derived from the same origin, is distinguished by the introduction of Virgil as the protagonist of the story, and this not in the light of a magician (which would have transferred it from the category of literary to that of popular tradition), but of a sage of profound though still human wisdom.

Jean de Hauteseille, far from being a mere retailer of popular legends, is acquainted with Virgil's works, and takes pains to place his narrative in an appropriate setting. The wife whom Augustus gives to *Dolopathos* is the daughter of Agrippa; *Dolopathos* himself is, like so many other distinguished people, 'of Trojan origin.' The author quotes St. Augustine, and winds up his story in a religious fashion. On the other hand, the geography

graphy and chronology of Jean are somewhat confused; while he talks of bishops, monks, and abbots, in pagan times, he makes Augustus Emperor of Romagna and King of Lombardy, and Dolopathos a feudal prince. Moreover, Virgil himself is of a romantic type, an exaggerated copy of the portrait with which we are already familiar. He is the most learned of all 'clerks,' and greatest of all men in poetry. Kings and emperors bow before him. He wears a sleeveless furred mantle, and a fur cap, and is seated on a chair, while his pupils, the children 'of many a high baron,' sit on the ground. These he instructs in the seven arts, which he has reduced into the compass of a little book, which may be held in the closed hand. The author, though he mentions astrological divination, believes in it only as a thing permitted by God, in accordance with which view the fourth Eclogue is used to convert Licinianus to Christianity after his father's death.

Before passing from the 'Dolopathos' to the purely popular legends about Virgil, we may mention some works or passages in medieval literature, which Signor Comparetti either omits or notices too briefly. To the latter category belongs the 'Æneid' of Heinrich Von Veldecke, written towards the end of the twelfth century, and adapted not directly from Virgil, but from 'Le Roman d'Énée,' a French poem existing in the Paris library, but as yet unedited. Its deviations from the original are considerable. In mentioning the siege of Troy, the death of Hector is scarcely noticed; the parting with Andromache is curtly told, but there is a long description of the furniture of Dido's chamber, and the love-scenes generally take up far more space than they do in Virgil. It was a celebrated poem in its day, but its publication was delayed to the Horatian limit in a manner quite unintended by its author, from whom, immediately on its completion, it was borrowed by the Count Von Schwartzburg, and only returned, after nine years, through the influence of Hermann, Landgrave of Thuringia.

The celebrity of the 'Æneid' is reflected in some of our old English ballads, notably the one 'In Praise of Inconstancy,' sung at a certain 'Feast of Brougham Castle;' to the composer of this the conduct of Æneas did not appear in the heinous light that it has done to modern critics:—

'Dido wept, but what of this?  
The gods would have itt soe;  
Aeneas nothing did amisse  
Ffor he was fforete to go.'

But a less cynical view is expressed in the ballad of 'The Wanderynge

derynge Prince of Troy,' which follows Virgil up to Dido's death, after which we hear of the faithless Trojan at 'an isle in Grecia,' where he receives a letter from her sister describing the tragic scene. Then comes Dido's ghost, pale and reproachful, to warn him of his approaching doom. He sues for mercy, but suffers the punishment provided for heroes who love and sail away:—

'And thus as one being in a trance  
A multitude of ugly ffeinds  
About this woful prince did dance;—  
He had no help of any ffeinds:—  
His body then they tooke away  
And no man knew his dying day.\*'

We are tempted to quote a passage or two from the 'Epistola Obscurorum Virorum,' to show the vestiges of the feeling against the classical authors as profane which continued to exist in the sixteenth century:—

'Afterwards at Mantua we heard firing, because the army then lay before Brescia. And my fellow traveller said, "Virgil was born here." I answered, "What do I care for that heathen? We want to go to the Carmelites and see Baptista of Mantua who is twice as good as Virgil, as I have heard ten times from Ortwin, and have said to him, you have censured Donatus once for all when he says Virgil is the most learned of all poets, and you said, 'I wish Donatus was here, I should like to tell him to his face that he lies, for Baptista the Mantuan is above Virgil.'" And when we came to the Carmelite convent we were told that Baptista of Mantua was dead; then, said I, 'May he rest in peace.'

Ortwin, however, had himself lectured on Virgil, as we learn from the letter of 'Antoninus N., Licentiate in medicine;' with what intelligence, may be gathered from the fact that the pupil, to illustrate the words 'intentique ora tenebant,' and as he says 'to keep the peace,' had painted on the margin of his copy a man with a padlock on his mouth. That the study of Virgil must at this time have declined may be gathered from other passages in the letters:—

'I understand,' writes Magister Unkenbunck to Ortwin, 'that you have few hearers, and that you complain that Buschius and Cæsarius (two professors of the reformed learning) draw away your scholars, though they do not know how to interpret the poets allegorically, as you do, and to adduce Holy Scripture. I believe the devil is in these poets (i.e., the reforming professors), they are destroying the Universities . . . Freshmen want now to hear Virgil and Pliny, and other new authors . . . Once it was an out of the way thing

\* 'Percy Ballads,' vol. iii.

to study poetry. And when a student stated in confession that he had secretly been lectured on Virgil by a graduate, the priest imposed on him a great penance, to fast every sixth holiday, or say the seven penitential psalms daily.'

Though Signor Comparetti is technically right in placing 'Dolopathos' in the category of literature rather than of popular fiction, we at once feel that we have descended a long way below the level of Dante; nor do the extracts we have just given reveal a state of intellect to which even coarser food would be unpalatable. We are thus brought to the VIRGILIAN LEGENDS, which exhibit the poet in a light that will be new to many even of those who can read him in the original, unless they happen to be students of old romances. We have in the 'Dolopathos' already travelled far from our usual ideas of the Augustan poet; how, then, are we to recognise him in an enchanter who creates talismans at pleasure, sails through the air in magic ships, whisks princesses from Rome to Babylon in a flash of lightning, sends a familiar spirit to rob an emperor of his supper? Horace describes to us his unaffected astonishment at the poet 'who, like a magician, can take him at will to Thebes or Athens,' but it would have surprised him to learn that his friend Virgil would one day be credited with such a power in literal truth. Nevertheless, there are one or two points in the real Virgil which, we have no doubt, had their influence in determining his subsequent legendary character. There was the Eclogue called the 'Pharmaceutria,' which, judging from Virgil's usual care in details, would naturally be believed to be written with as intimate a knowledge of the subject as is shown by Goethe in the passage on the technicalities of alchemy in 'Faust'; there was the prophetic Eclogue, on which enough has been said; and there was the dying wish of the poet that his books should be burnt, an injunction which those who know the habits of wizards are aware is a no uncommon incident in their last communications with the world. A posthumous reputation for magical powers is, of course, common enough in all countries and ages. Not to mention well-known instances—such as that of Petrarch—Warton\* tells us that Horace in the neighbourhood of Palestrina was in his time still regarded as a wizard. And the peasants near Cerbaldo still consider Boccaccio as a magician, and tell various stories about his spirit.† There is, therefore, nothing to cause wonder if a yet more celebrated name should have gathered round it some such accretions. The tomb of Virgil long continued to be one of the *mirabilia* of Naples.

\* 'Hist. Eng. Poetry,' vol. iii. p. 62, note. † Giusti, 'Proverbi Toscani,' p. 413.  
Statius

Statius used to pay it divine honours; it was doubtless a place of pilgrimage long after all authentic particulars about its tenant had died away; but these the curiosity of visitors would not cease to demand, nor would the race of *custodes* leave such curiosity ungratified. Such stories might well be passed over by educated inhabitants of the city who had no interest in causing them to be believed or in reducing them to a written form. But a medieval traveller would seize on them with avidity. His narrative in an age like that of the thirteenth century would be greedily received. Succeeding travellers would be on the watch for these marvels. The trade of all who could minister to such a pursuit would doubtless be a profitable one. And thus would be laid the foundations of many stories requiring nothing but recognition by accredited writers to take a firm hold on popular imagination, not only within the limits of their birthplace, but in foreign countries.

Signor Comparetti places the starting-point of Virgil's legendary reputation wholly among these obscure Neapolitan superstitions. Perhaps he hardly allows weight enough to that aspect of Virgil's character, to which we have attempted to draw attention in introducing his relation to Dante—that of a transitional personage, like the Sibyls and the Magi, between Paganism and Christianity. It required no great strain to view the poet also as a *magus* who exercised his powers for a good end. And we may observe that it is for good ends exclusively that the earlier Neapolitan legends represent him to have used his gifts. Nor would the skill in astrological science implied in the foreknowledge of the miraculous star and in the general character of a *magus* be without its influence in preparing the ground for that dissemination of supernatural attributes which forms the hotbed of the popular legend.

Signor Comparetti's arrangement of his materials is partly geographical, partly dependent on the various characters in which the poet appears in each cycle of legends. This method enables him doubtless to compare with more scientific precision the affinities of each story in other times and countries; but, in aiming at this object, he has been led not only into some repetition, but into too great a sacrifice of chronological order. We think he might have found means of reconciling the claims of both methods; for ourselves we shall take the liberty of presenting such points as we have gathered from him in an order somewhat different from his own, and of adhering more closely to the sequence of time. We shall thus be enabled to trace the growth of the legend of Virgil as a magician from the middle of the twelfth to the middle of the sixteenth century, and to note the elements



elements brought into it from various sources, whether from the Neapolitan populace, Oriental tales, the productions of *trouvères*, or the old biographies. We shall see how the legend itself, after burying the real Virgil under a mass of foreign matter, ran through a career of its own, at the end of which its own identity was as completely lost as that of its original hero had been, without preserving any elements which in that age of the world could give it a fresh lease of existence.

The first writer who mentions the subject is John of Salisbury, the most learned writer of his age, a pupil of Abelard and other schoolmen at Paris, secretary to Thomas-à-Becket, whose fate he is said to have narrowly escaped, a frequent traveller in Italy, and ultimately Bishop of Chartres; he, in his '*Polycraticon de Nugis Curialium et Vestigiis Philosophorum*,' a prose work written in 1156 to expose the follies of the age and recommend the cultivation of sound philosophy, tells the following story:—While Marcellus was chasing birds, Virgil asked him whether he would prefer to have a bird which would enable him to capture all other birds, or a fly that would destroy all other flies. After advising with Augustus, Marcellus chose the latter, and accordingly became possessed of a fly having the desired efficacy. What this fly was made of John of Salisbury does not tell us, but we learn it from the author of the '*Apocalypsis Goliæ Episcopi*,' who says, 'I see Virgil making brazen flies.' Whether Virgil's little poem of the '*Gnat*' had any share in suggesting this legend we will not undertake to say; nothing, perhaps, is too absurd for such a purpose: on the other hand, the motives of the legend and that of the poem are essentially different from each other, and such talismans are found to occur in the fictions of other countries.

A decided growth of the legend is exhibited in the letters of Conrad of Querfurt, Chancellor of the Emperor Henry VI. of Germany, his representative at Naples and in Sicily, and afterwards Bishop of Hildesheim; in fact, this writer may be said to have developed it into a serious literary shape. In truth, no fitter person could have been found for the purpose. He may not have been equal to the invention of a myth, but his condition of mind during his Italian journey enables us to understand how myths are propagated. He believed himself to have seen in Southern Italy Olympus, Parnassus, and the fountain of Hippocrene, besides Scylla and Charybdis, and the labyrinth of the Minotaur, for which last no doubt he mistook the remains of the Greek theatre at Taormina. Part of his business at Naples was to dismantle the walls of the town, which he supposed had been founded by Virgil, and he says he found within them the  
very

very talisman which Virgil had made to prevent such work as he was then engaged in. This was a model of the city enclosed in a narrow-necked bottle, supposed to be a palladium guaranteeing the place against all enemies; and though its inefficacy was thus singularly demonstrated, its failure was accounted for by a slight crack then found in it. He mentions other wonders made by Virgil; a bronze horse which kept live horses from going lame; a market where meat always remained fresh; a vault under Nola gate where all the serpents were imprisoned; a statue of an archer pointing an arrow at Vesuvius which restrained that mountain from committing eruptions, but which, owing to a mischievous person having shot off the arrow, lost its efficacy; and a set of baths at Pozzuoli bearing inscriptions of all the maladies they would cure. He describes the bones of Virgil as placed in a castle of the sea, and says that, if exposed to the air, they caused a storm; 'and this,' he says, 'I have seen and tried.'

Many of these stories are repeated by Alexander Neckam, foster-ber of Richard Cœur de Lion, in his treatise '*De Naturæ Rerum*,' and it was once thought that he had learned them at Naples, an idea which Signor Comparetti, in common with Mr. Wright, is inclined to disbelieve. It is certainly the fact that Neckam adds some fresh features to the legends, whence derived is perhaps of little consequence. From him we first hear of an impenetrable wall of air which surrounded the garden at Monte Vergine; and of a golden leech, by throwing which into a well Virgil cleared Naples of a plague of leeches. These homœopathic talismans are also recounted by the monk Elinandus, the author of a Latin chronicle which comes down to 1204, in which he also describes a bell-tower built by Virgil which rocked in time to the bells when they were rung. Elinandus had been a *trouvère* before his retirement to the cloister, and we may be assured that the theme of Virgil as a wizard lost nothing when it came into his hands. In the '*Parcival*' of Wolfram von Eschenbach, written in 1203-1215, and founded on Arthurian legends, in imitation of the French *trouvères* of the period, Virgil is mentioned as the ancestor of the magician Klinschor, who, in spite of his name, was said to have been born in the Terra di Lavoro—an idea repeated by many other German poets of the thirteenth century.

The abundant references to comparative fiction supplied by Signor Comparetti point at the real origin of most of these tales. Their application to Virgil may have been first made in Naples, but the close parallels to them which are found elsewhere, particularly in the East, and which can be proved to be of much older date, show that this is only another case of that

*endosmosis*

*endosmosis* of romantic fiction which has been going on all over the world for many ages. Of such stories one class has been shown to be usually attached to some actual monument or relic, the existence of which is matter of history. Thus at Constantinople there were monuments to which Apollonius of Tyana was supposed to have given enchanted virtues. The bronze tripod in the Hippodrome there was long regarded as a talisman. The city had once been visited by a plague of serpents, which Apollonius drove away by the figure of an eagle with a serpent in its claws erected on a column. On the destruction of this effigy the legend was transferred to the remains of the tripod. There were also Byzantine legends of bronze flies, gnats, scorpions, &c., which had the power to exorcise their living representatives, as was the case at Naples; and Signor Comparetti has found an instance of a similar legend at Paris.

Virgil's magical benefits to Naples are more fully narrated in the farrago of stories, called '*Otia Imperialia*,' written by Gervase of Tilbury, to amuse Otho IV. This author tells us that on each side of the Nola gate of Naples was a stone head, one with a laughing, the other with a crying face. The former brought good, the latter ill luck to those who passed under each respectively. Gervase, with whom travelling matters had gone more smoothly than usual on his arrival at Naples, was persuaded by his host to believe that this was owing to his having been forced by an accidental circumstance to enter on the lucky side. There are some other trifling differences in the legend which it would be hardly worth while to enumerate.

In reference to Virgil's tomb, Gervase tells a story which seems to show that that laughing-stock of the continent, the eccentric English traveller, is a personage of very respectable antiquity. One of our countrymen, he says, of vast literary and scientific attainments, asked and obtained from King Roger of Sicily permission to possess himself of the bones of Virgil. The Neapolitans, thinking him engaged in a wild goose chase, offered no opposition, till he found in the centre of the mountain the poet's sepulchre, with the body entire, and beneath the head a book, entitled '*Aes Notoria*.' He took away the volume, but the populace would not allow him to have the bones; they placed them in a sack and removed them to the Castel di Mare, where they were shown behind an iron grating. These facts Gervase of Tilbury says he learnt from the Cardinal Giovanni of Naples, and that he himself had tried some of the receipts from Virgil's book.

Many of the Neapolitan legends are described afresh in the '*Image du Monde*,' an encyclopædic French poem, written in  
1245.

1245. The marvels attributed to Virgil are not worth repeating, with the exception of the brazen head he is said to have made, which, by its ambiguous response, caused his death. The advice given by it 'to take care of his head,' was referred by him to the mechanical and not to the living head, until the sunstroke, which proved fatal to him, showed that his oracular contrivance was but a juggling fiend. St. Paul is clumsily mixed up in this version of the legend. He visits the tomb of Virgil, which is in a castle by the sea, and, after expressing his regret that he had not had the opportunity of converting him, makes the most of the situation by attempting to appropriate his books of sorcery, but is prevented by statues with steel clubs, and an archer with a bow always bent, who break the magic lamps and reduce the tomb to darkness.

Signor Comparetti remarks that all heroes of medieval legends were sure sooner or later to be connected with love adventures, whether there was any reason in their history or not, and Virgil is no exception to the rule. The '*Image du Monde*' contains the first specimen of this tendency, and how purely adventitious it is, is shown by the fact, that only the latter half of the story is there given to us, while for the former portion, which is necessary to make it intelligible, we have to consult a subsequent work of a different country. It is in the '*Weltbuch*' or '*Universal Chronicle*' of Jaus Enenkel, of Vienna, a rhyming poem in High German, written in 1250, that we find both the Roman and Neapolitan exploits of Virgil interwoven into one history. According to this, Virgil, while digging in his garden, found a glass bottle containing the devil, whom he releases on his promising to teach him magical art. This promise is kept, and the first use Virgil makes of his powers is to form a figure of a woman which can in no respect whatever be distinguished from life. Not content with this Pygmalion-like performance, he makes unlawful love to a married lady of Rome, who, at the suggestions of her husband, entraps him by a pretended assignation, and, having drawn him half-way up to her window in a basket, exposes him there to the derision of the public. In revenge for this trick he extinguishes all the fires in the town, and on being implored by the starving inhabitants to rekindle them, declares that this shall only be done by the lady herself, who must stand unclothed in public for the purpose,—a condition to which the husband, who suffers not less than his fellow-citizens, compels her to submit. The remainder of this story, which takes Virgil to Naples, has been anticipated.

Now that we have the tale of Virgil and the lady in a complete form, the difference of character in the two parts of the story

story becomes tolerably evident. In the first Virgil's character is not that of a magician, but only of a wise man, who against the wiles of women is, like the rest of his sex, no conjuror. Hippocrates in the French Fabliaux suffers the same fate, and Aristotle is similarly persuaded by Alexander's mistress to let her ride on his back round the garden, and is seen in that predicament by his pupils. As to the second story, it occurs separately both in the '*Image du Monde*,' as we have seen, and in a poem by the *trouvère* Giraud de Calanson of about the same period. There is no doubt that it is of Eastern origin, and it has been traced to a narrative of the Mongol Khans of Turkestan.

Virgil in his ridiculous situation was one of the most favourite stories in the Middle Ages, but we must refer to Signor Comparetti for a tolerably long list of writers who mention it. Among other proofs of its popularity was a festival at Metz, where among the illustrious personages who figure in the procession was Virgil hanging in the basket; and it is even found carved among the stall-work in churches. Curiously enough, it has been mixed up with the topography of Rome, for the '*Mirabilia Urbis Romæ*,' the pilgrim's guide-book of the thirteenth century, derives Viminal from the words *Vado ad Napulum*, adding, that 'this is the spot whence Virgil when taken by the Romans invisibly escaped to Naples.' This, no doubt, is the sequel of the basket adventure, and points to the imprisonment of Virgil by the Emperor for his reprisals on the lady. The manner of Virgil's escape is variously told. In another text of the '*Mirabilia*,' also of the thirteenth century, it is effected by his disappearance through a basin of water; in later legends by his drawing a ship either on the wall or on the ground, in which he places himself, and which rises through the air. In the German version of the '*Mirabilia*,' the Torre dei Frangipani, once built upon the Arch of Titus, is supposed to be the lady's house, and is called the Torre di Virgilio. Inhabitants of Rome to this day, though ignorant of the Torre di Frangipani, are well acquainted with its other name. In 1587, probably in consequence of the demolition of the mediæval tower, the name of Virgil was transferred to the Meta Sudans.

In the '*Roman de Cleomadés*,' written by Adenés li Rois in 1261 or 1290, the Neapolitan legend is amplified into two castles in the sea, each founded on an egg; one, says the poet, was destroyed, but the other is standing. In this romance we find a new point as to the baths of Pozzuoli and their inscriptions, which are said to have been defaced by some local physicians as bad for trade. Here also is the first mention of the

the mirror made by Virgil at Rome which showed if treason to the state was brewing in any quarter; also of a public fire, with the copper statue of an archer who, owing to some mischievous person's interference, shot off his arrow and put it out; and four statues of the seasons, who tossed a ball from hand to hand to show what time of year it was.

We must return to Naples to notice a phase of the legend which makes its first appearance in literature at the period at which we have now arrived. Padre Giordano, the abbot of the monastery of Monte Vergine, in the 'Life' he compiled from much older sources of San Guglielmo of Vercelli, founder of that congregation, says that the mountain was so called from its containing the magic garden of Virgil. This belongs to an abode at which he had established himself in order to consult the oracle of Cybele there about the interpretation of the Sibylline verses, a study he soon abandoned, and having removed to Naples, spent the rest of his life in composing the 'Æneid.' The magic character of the garden seems to have continued up to the time of Padre Giordano, for the monks sometimes came upon it in their walks, but never could succeed in gathering any plants there, nor could discover by what path they arrived there or left it. There can be little doubt that this story is really of much older date than the end of the thirteenth century, and probably was current at least as early as 1132. At that time flourished a certain Giovanni Nusco, the original author of that 'Life of San Guglielmo' which was used by Padre Giordano, and in which Monte Vergine is called *Monte Virgiliano*. There was nothing surprising in the pagan being altered into the Christian title: still the former is retained in a bull of Pope Celestine III. of 1197, where the place is called 'Monasterium Sacrosanctæ Virginis Mariæ de Monte Virgilii.' Signor Comparetti very fairly agrees that there is nothing at all unlikely in Virgil's having had some property in this neighbourhood, and cites the old story told by Gellius, that in Georgic II. 225, the poet changed *Nola* into *Ora*, because the people of the former town refused to supply him with water. Some other Virgilian stories, as we have seen, are associated with the Nola gate of Naples, and it is not far from Nola, that is, near Avella on the slope of Monte Vergine, that the magic garden is placed. The whole myth is probably referable to some herb-garden of the Middle Ages. We find in the thirteenth century a curious proof of Virgil's reputation in the existence of a Latin treatise called 'The Philosophy of Virgil of Cordova.' It contains nothing of Virgil but the name, and has no relation to any of the legends we have noticed. But it is full of claims to abstruse Arabic science  
 ' which

'which some people,' says the author, 'call negromancy, but we call refulgency;' and he pretends to have been taught by spirits summoned for the purpose. Here also we have, with some slight augmentation, the tale of the spirits shut up in a bottle; and a strange jumble to the effect that when Alexander the Great came to Jerusalem, his master, Aristotle, found out where the books of Solomon were concealed, and thence learned all his wisdom.

A further development of the original legend is found in a poem hitherto unpublished, but which Signor Comparetti prints entire from a MS. in the Turin Library. It is composed out of two others already known, 'Vespasian; or, the Vengeance of Jesus against the Hebrews,' and the 'Gesta dei Lorenesi,' joined together by a third, on the 'Acts of San Severino,' and preceded by an introduction containing the whole of the 'Old Testament History.' Its connection with Virgil is through a bad emperor of uncertain date, called *Noïrous li Arabis*, probably suggested by Nero, but here described as a devil-worshipper and a Mahometan, who having built himself a splendid palace, asks Virgil how long it will last. 'Till a virgin has a child,' answered Virgil. 'Then it will never fall, for what you speak of will never happen.' 'Yes it will.' Thirty years after Christ is born, and the palace falls to pieces. 'Why did you not tell me that a virgin would have a child? You knew it;' says Noïrous. Virgil, upon this, begins to expound the Christian faith, and the result is a challenge to a dispute with the Emperor, the loser to have his head cut off. Virgil accepts, but desires first to see 'Hippocrates' and other learned friends. From these he learns everything concerning the advent of Christ, and returns fully armed for the dispute. Noïrous submits at once, and confesses that he is one of the rebel angels changed into a demon, and suffered to assume an earthly form. Virgil begins to tell in many hundred verses the whole Scripture history from the creation. The issue of the challenge is lost sight of, but there is a final scene in Hell from which it is to be gathered that Noïrous was worsted in the dispute.

Two German poems, also written in the beginning of the fourteenth century, illustrate the legendary relation of Virgil to Christianity combined with the notion of him as a magician. These are 'Reinfrid von Braunschweig,' and the 'Wartburg krieg, or Poetical Contest of the Wartburg.' On the Magnetic Mountain, which is mentioned in other medieval legends, lives a Babylonish prince, necromancer and astrologer, who knew of the advent of Christ 2000 years before it took place, and wishes to prevent it. Virgil hearing of this takes ship and sails for the mountain, where, thanks to a spirit shut up in the form of a fly



within a ruby ring, he gains possession of the necromancer's books and treasures; meanwhile the 2000 years are accomplished, and Christ is born.

The French romance of the 'Renard Countrefait,' written about 1319, still unpublished, but described in the *Mélanges Littéraires* of Du Ménil, as well as by Signor Comparetti, after recounting the Neapolitan and Roman stories without any material variation from the versions we have given, describes some underground conduits at Naples by which Virgil sent Greek wine to Rome. His amatory mishap is said to have been occasioned—

'Tout par défaut de bien gloser  
Combien qu'il fut de grans sens duits.'

Heinrich von Müglin, who lived about 1350, tells the compact of Virgil with the devil in a manner recalling that of the Reinfrid of 1311, but with few particulars of interest. It is chiefly remarkable for the first introduction of the name of Venice into the legend. From that city 'many noble gentlemen set out to seek their fortune, and take with them Virgil as a secretary, and two griffins apparently to help to draw the ship.' After travelling a year and a day in search of the Agelstein (loadstone) they discover it, but their griffins having escaped, they are detained by the attraction of the mountain. In this perplexity Virgil manages to discover the devil's servant (Knecht) shut up in a glass vessel, who, on condition of release, enables him to find some one with a letter in his nose and a book under his arm. During the hour of the siesta he takes both and brings them to the devil. On the letter being read aloud the book swells, bursts open, and lets loose 80,000 devils. They demand a task, and Virgil tells them to make a road through the wood. This they do, and the poet, returning to his masters, is promised a rich reward, and conducts them back safely to Venice; what additional power he has gained for doing this the narrative does not make clear to us.

A German writer, whose name appears to be unknown, describes the legend as it is connected with the marble mask, now known as the *Bocca della Verità*. He says Virgil made a stone image to test women suspected of infidelity to their husbands, who were obliged to place two fingers in its mouth, which bit them if the suspicion was well founded. An empress of Rome had illicit relations with a certain knight, in consequence of which a horn grows out of the emperor's forehead. The emperor is advised by a wise man to try the empress by means of the stone head. She agrees to the test, but arranges with

with her lover that he shall dress himself like an idiot, and at the spot shall roughly embrace her before her husband. This plan is carried out, and she swears she has never been in the arms of any man except her lawful spouse and the madman whose conduct all have witnessed. She places her hand in the mouth of the image and withdraws it unhurt, upon which the statue breaks of itself into a thousand pieces.

Signor Comparetti points out that many of the Virgilian legends make their first appearance outside Italy, and the reader may have remarked that almost all the writers we have hitherto enumerated have been French, English, Spanish, or German. The story of the basket, though it was repeated to satiety by the medieval romancers, is not found in any native author (hitherto known) till the epoch at which we have now arrived—the end of the fourteenth century—when it occurs in a novel by Sercambi, whose works remained in MS. until only a few years since. Similarly the earliest attempts at weaving all the legends into a connected narrative are, as we have seen, of foreign origin, and the ‘Cronica di Partenope,’ written in prose by Bartolommeo Caracciolo in 1382, is the first Italian work of this class. He mentions the Neapolitan legends with which we are already familiar with various additions, for instance, that the magic garden on Monte Vergine could be easily found by those who sought it for medicinal purposes, but concealed itself from any one whose object was pillage or destruction; that Virgil had carved in stone the figure of a fish, which caused the ‘mare senza pesce’ (still one of the proverbial *opprobria* of Naples) to teem with fish; that the unlucky head on the Nola gate was that of a woman; that the doctors of Salerno who defaced the baths were consequently drowned; that the Englishman who desired Virgil’s bones had intended to distil them and drink the water, in order to acquire ‘lo ingegno et sapere di Virgilio;’ and he gives also the incantation of the egg whence the Castel dell’ Ovo took its name. In the latter story Caracciolo, who is very careful to tell only what he considers true, says nothing about the town being balanced on an egg, but only of the consecration of one as a talisman; he adds, however, that it was a hen’s first egg. Another of his additions is that of the invention attributed to Virgil of the ‘joco ad carbonara,’ a kind of military game played with so much energy that the performers had to be defended by vizors and leathern helmets. The author says it continued to be played down to 1380, at which time the missiles employed were certainly not of a strictly military character. He also tells us of four heads ‘of people dead long ago,’ which gave reports of all that was going on in the four quarters of the world,

world, doubtless a loan from the Roman story. Virgil is also stated to have acquired his science by having repaired in company with a pupil, named Philomelo, to a grotto in Monte Barbaro, which contained the tomb of Chiron, 'a philosopher,' under whose head he found a book which instructed him in necromancy and other sciences.

We have already referred to the 'History of the Seven Wise Men,' in speaking of the 'Dolopathos.'

In the 'Process of the Seven Sages,' written in 1330, the English form of the 'History,' the ninth tale, 'Cressus the Riche Man,' is devoted to the 'nigramancie' of Virgil at Rome. Here we have the story of the statue, which on being meddled with, shoots at and extinguishes the fire; the two images that play at ball; the image with the mirror; and the trick by which Cressus is induced to connive at its destruction.

The same story, more circumstantially told, forms the twenty-seventh tale of the 'Gesta Romanorum,' the original Latin version of which was written probably about 1340. It is almost identical with the tale told by William of Malmesbury two centuries earlier, to illustrate the ingenuity and occasional ill-success of Gerbert or Sylvester II., Pope in 1003, in the discovery of treasures. But neither William of Malmesbury nor Berchorius (if he was the author of the 'Gesta') mention Virgil in this place. The story, therefore, was current before any writer now extant thought of connecting it with Virgil. Gower, who lived before the 'Gesta' were written, and also long after, follows intermediate writers in joining Cressus and Virgil.

'When Rome stood in noble plite,  
Virgile which was the parfite,  
A mirror made of his clergie,  
And set it in the townes eie,' &c.

Signor Comparetti has not of course neglected the 'Gesta Romanorum,' but appears to have discovered in it no direct reference to his subject, except in the story of another mirror, whereby Virgil reveals to a husband at a distance the infidelity of his wife, and the witchcraft she is employing for his destruction. There is, however, in the English MSS. of the Latin 'Gesta' another story possibly not existing in the continental editions which we think he would have referred to had he seen it. It shows Virgil in a decidedly magical aspect, and is, moreover, interesting as forming part of the tale, which is one of the sources of the 'Merchant of Venice.' A cavalier in love with a lady buys with half his possessions one night's admission to her chamber. On his arrival he falls fast asleep, and does not wake till

till the following morning, when he is straightway dismissed. Seeking to repair his disappointment, an equal bribe procures a second assignation with a similar result. By travelling to a foreign country, where also lives the 'philosopher Virgilius,' he obtains from a merchant a fresh supply of money on condition of having his flesh cut from his bones if payment is not made by the stipulated day. Feeling his last stake is now played, he consults Virgil both as to the validity of his bargain and the success of his love affair. As to the former the philosopher cannot help him, the law of that country being stringent as to the performance of voluntary contracts. As to the latter, he informs him that the lady has a talisman concealed in her chamber, which must be removed if he wishes to prevail. The lover has no need to regret having sought Virgil's advice, but in his successful love forgets the fatal day. His creditor is inexorable, but his mistress plays the part of Shakespeare's Portia, and all ends happily, and with a reputable marriage.\*

At the beginning of the fifteenth century appeared a poem in Italian *terzine*, by Buonamente Aliprando, of Mantua, which after carrying Virgil's adventures down to his escape in the magic ship, introduces a new chapter of some interest. The voyagers in the ship are set down somewhere in the country. Virgil loses his way, and begs at a cottage for food and shelter. Of the former there is none, but Virgil with some unripe grapes and a cask of water produces a quantity of wine. He then sends a spirit to fetch a supply of meat from the Emperor's supper-table at Rome. Its disappearance astonishes the servants there, but Augustus only remarks that this is one of Virgil's tricks. Meanwhile Virgil with his hosts sups royally, and the next day leaving with them the cask which will always produce wine as long as they abstain from looking inside it, takes his departure for Naples. Here being asked to leave some memorial of his powers, he sends his pupil Milino (*i.e.* Merlin) to Rome for his book of magic, telling him to take care and not read it, a command which of course is disobeyed. A multitude of spirits instantly appear, who ask Milino what he wants. In mortal fear he bids them pave the road from Rome to Naples. Virgil on obtaining his book builds the Castel dell' Ovo, makes a perpetual fountain of oil, and to drive away the flies encloses one in glass, besides producing many other works 'of great novelty.' Here the chronicler returns to authentic history, whither we need not follow him.

\* See Wright's 'Latin Stories;' Halliwell's 'Shakespeare.' The Latin text is to be found in Harl. MS. 2270, cap. 48, and 5259; the English in Harl. MS. 7333. We believe neither of these versions has ever been printed entire.

An old Neapolitan writer, Scoppa, who wrote in 1507, speaks of having seen the heads on the gate of Nola, though he gives an entirely different origin to the legend. He speaks also of the bronze horse, which, however, the farriers had spoilt, because it injured their trade; of the bronze head, and of the statue which was supposed to keep the wind away from the city. He had seen and touched the model of Naples within a glass bottle, for which a later form of the legend substituted an egg similarly enclosed and placed in an iron case. The castle itself formerly called 'Castel di Mare' has been known since the beginning of the fourteenth century as the Castel dell' Uovo. In the Statutes of the Order of the Holy Spirit, founded in 1352, it is called *Castellum Ovi Incantati*.

The latest phrases of the Virgilian legend show the tendency already exemplified by the 'Cronaca di Partenope' to compile a complete biography out of all the scattered materials which had been deposited round Virgil's character in the course of centuries, and to fill up the gaps by connecting links, such as an age of romance would find no difficulty in devising. This is especially remarkable in a poem called "Le Myreur des Histoires," written at Liège by Jean d'Outremeuse in the fourteenth century. The author, while arranging his work on a chronological basis so as to give it an air of being a true narrative, has, so far as Virgil is concerned, carefully avoided any indebtedness to the biography by Donatus, or to any other history, and has confined himself to purely legendary sources of information. Virgil is not disconnected with Italy, but is described as the son of a King Gorgilius in Libya, and as an accomplished magician whose entertainments are enlivened by supernatural tricks.

As a lover he no longer takes the initiative, but is wooed by Febilla, the daughter of Julius Cæsar, who frankly offers herself to him upon his own terms. After their intrigue has lasted some time she tries to induce him to marry her. On his steady refusal, she pretends that her father has discovered everything; and on Virgil laughing this plot to scorn, she attempts the trick of the basket. This he sees through, but pretends to fall in with it, and sends in his place a phantom, which on Cæsar drawing his sword to kill the supposed Virgil, vanishes in a thick smoke. He then leaves Rome, taking all the fire with him, but restores it at the supplication of the people. He induces all the women to assemble in a temple, where by magic he causes them to tell their secrets. On Cæsar's death they try to put both him and Octavius to death, but only succeed in killing two dogs. Then he leaves Rome for ever, again extinguishing the fires, which this time can only be rekindled as described in the older legends.

legends. Febilla performs her part, but dies of grief and shame.

Virgil's character as a prophet of Christ is worked up by Jean d'Outremeuse into that of a kind of missionary who explains all the articles of the creed, and makes numerous conversions. When the brazen head predicts his death, he dismisses all his necromantic familiars, and, seated on a chair on which his own hands have carved the whole New Testament history, makes an end like any chrisom child. His body remains with all the semblance of life till the visit of the Apostle Paul, at whose touch it crumbles into dust.

The narrative of Jean d'Outremeuse had little, if any, effect on the further development of the legend. Buried in a voluminous chronicle of no great popularity, its influence produced no imitations, and no one adopted its innovations on the established story. Far different was the fortune of the '*Lyfe of Virgilius*,'\* a book (for its date is believed to be little, if at all earlier than the invention of printing) which, originating probably in France, speedily attained a wide circulation in Dutch, German, and English translations. Of the old editions of the English version only one copy is known to exist, and the reprint of 1812 is also scarce; but it has since been reproduced in Thoms's '*Early English Prose Romances*.' Signor Comparetti gives the French version in his appendix.

Here Virgil is described as the son of a knight of the Ardennes not long after the foundation of Rome. While studying at Toledo he finds that his mother has been deprived of her property, and uses his magical arts to force restitution from the emperor. The adventure of the basket and its consequences are told in its original form. But in the '*Faicts Merveilleux*' Virgil has a wife, and makes a statue, the sight of which ensures the virtue of all women. At the request of the other women of Rome, his wife makes repeated attempts to destroy this statue, disgusted at which he retires from the struggle against feminine vice. Hearing of the Sultan of Babylon's beautiful daughter, he travels to her by magic, and brings her to Rome as often as he wishes. A soporific being administered to him while in her chamber at Babylon, he is captured and condemned to be burnt alive. By magic he causes the Soldan and all present to believe themselves in the midst of an inundation, and to go through the movements of swimming to save themselves. Before their eyes he escapes

\* This Boke treateth of the Lyfe of Virgilius, and of his Deth, and many Marvayles that he dyd in hys Lyfe Tyme by Whychecraft and Nygramancie thorough the Helpe of the Devils of Hell. Anwarpe by me Johun Doesboreke. N. d. [1510], 4to. black letter.

with the lady, and founds Naples as part of her dowry. His new city excites the cupidity of the emperor, who besieges it, but is beaten off by Virgil's magical devices, and partly also by the help of a Spaniard, who afterwards becomes the lady's husband. In Naples, Virgil established a school of necromancy, and continued to work other marvels up to the close of his life. His death, in the French version, takes place by his disappearance while sailing in the bay in a violent storm. But the English, Dutch, and German versions, finish his career in a much more impressive manner. Feeling himself grow old he orders his body to be cut in pieces, placed in a vessel, and salted. This is done, and the process of restoration begins to take place. But the emperor, who had missed Virgil, comes to inquire for him, and by entering the room unwittingly breaks the spell. Then is seen the phantom of a naked infant, which runs three times round the vessel crying, 'Cursed be the hour that ye came hither.' It disappears, and Virgil does not revive.

The very last appearance of the legend is in Spain, and bears the name of the '*Romance of Virgilius*.\*' It was probably written about 1550. Signor Comparetti thinks it derived from the one just described. We cannot agree with him, for there is not a trace of resemblance, and but for the occurrence of the name of Virgil no one would think of connecting the Spanish story with any other cycle of legends. Virgil has been imprisoned by the King for offering violence to a certain Donna Isabella, a lady of the court, and is kept seven years in durance. One day at dinner the King inquires for him, and is reminded of his present plight. They go to him in prison and ask him what he is doing. 'I comb my hair and beard,' he says, 'and here they will grow white.' The King ends by taking him back to dinner, giving him new clothes, and bestowing on him the hand of the not unwilling Donna Isabella. They are married by an archbishop, and 'walk away hand in hand into a garden'—perhaps to meditate on a fifth Georgic.†

After this respectable, though unrecognisable, euthanasia, the

\* See Depping's '*Romances Antiques*,' vol. i. *ad fin*.

† Signor Comparetti has not noticed the resemblance which exists between one point in this story and one of the Rabbinical legends of Moses. When Moses went to Midian, Jethro, fearing he might prove an inconvenient guest, threw him into prison, where he remained for seven years. 'One day Zipporah went before her father, and reminded him of the man whom he had cast into a dungeon so many years before; Jethro was amazed, and he said, 'I had forgotten him these seven years; he must be dead; he has had no food.' But on the prison being opened Moses was alive. 'Then he brought him forth, and cut his hair, and pared his nails, and gave him a change of raiment, and set him in his garden, and placed meat before him.'—'*Targum of Palestine*,' quoted by S. Baring-Gould, *Legends of Old Testament Characters*, vol. i. p. 88.



legend of Virgil undergoes no further modification. Signor Comparetti has collected some allusions from subsequent writers, amongst whom Paracelsus is the most celebrated, which show the later reputation of the poet to have depended on his supposed astrological accomplishments. Here and there were preserved magic mirrors believed to have belonged to him. One such was at Florence in the seventeenth century; Evelyn mentions having seen another at Paris, which perhaps was the one afterwards broken by Mabillon.

What amount, if any, of oral tradition may have continued on this subject at Naples since the time of Scoppa, no writer has recorded. That some traces of the kind were remaining at the beginning of the present century is shown by a passage which Signor Comparetti quotes from a German traveller, to whom an old fisherman, while seated on the ruins called the 'Scuola di Virgilio,' narrated many of the well-known legends, and described Virgil as fond of being abroad in a storm with the lightning playing round his head. To the last his influence was believed to have been of a protecting and beneficent character. A recent search for Virgilian traditions produced no noticeable result, except a love song from a contadina near Lecce, in which the lover wishes he had 'the art of Virgil,' that he might bring the sea to the door of his mistress, and take the form of a little fish to be caught in her net, or of a goldfinch, to make his nest in her bosom, and repose at midday in the shadow of her hair.

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ART. IV.—1. *Description des Expériences de la Machine Aérostatique de MM. de Montgolfier.* Par M. Faujas de St. Fond. Paris, 1783.

2. *Aeronautica.* By Monck Mason, Esq. London, 1838.

3. *Les Ballons et les Voyages Aériens.* Par F. Marion. Paris, 1867. (The same in an English edition.)

4. *Voyages Aériens.* Par T. Glaisher; Camille Flammarion; W. de Fonvielle; et Gaston Tissandier. Illustrés d'après les croquis d'Albert Tissandier. Paris, 1870. (The same in an English edition, edited by T. Glaisher. London, 1871.)

5. *En Ballon, pendant le Siège de Paris.* Par Gaston Tissandier. Paris, 1871.

6. *Les Ballons dirigeables.* Par Gaston Tissandier. Paris, 1872.

7. *Reports*

7. *Reports of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.* London, 1862 to 1866.
8. *Comptes-rendus des Séances de l'Académie des Sciences.* Paris, 1870 and 1872.

IT is an interesting speculation whether man, the creature of the earth, can ever attain to the empire of the air, as he has already attained to the empire of the sea. There is nothing unreasonable in the expectation. As a matter of science the laws that govern the motion of heavy bodies in the atmosphere are sufficiently well known, and as a matter of experience and analogy nothing can be more to the purpose than the example of the birds. Hence there has long been a common belief that we may, some time, be able to transport ourselves at pleasure through the air as we now do on the water. The author of the 'Botanic Garden,' writing in 1791, when the steam-engine was beginning to develop its wondrous powers, but long before it had been applied to locomotion of any kind, uttered the well-known prediction—

‘Soon shall thy arm, UNCONQUERED STEAM, afar  
 Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;  
 Or on wide-waving wings, expanded, bear  
 The flying chariot through the fields of air!’

Two-thirds of the prophecy have been fulfilled; he would be a bold man who would pronounce the fulfilment of the remainder impossible.

In aerial travelling there are two distinct conditions to be fulfilled. First, there must be a command of *vertical* motion; the force of gravity must be for the time counteracted, and the heavy body must have a capability of floating, or rising, or falling at pleasure. Secondly, there must, in addition to this, be a power of *horizontal* translation through the air.

Both these effects are well produced by a bird, through the mechanical action of its wings; and hence the most natural attempt at aerial locomotion has been by trying to imitate the bird, or to *fly*. There is much to be said in favour of this attempt, for although there is little hope that a human being can ever take to himself wings, yet the possibility of constructing a flying machine, if a very light motive power can be obtained, is hardly to be doubted. Hitherto, however, no attempts of this kind have given even a prospect of success; and as our object now is rather to show what has been done than to speculate on what is possible, we will turn to another mode by which aerial locomotion has been more successfully aimed at, namely, by means of the *balloon*. We propose to trace

trace the history of this ingenious invention—to describe its present condition—to dwell on some important purposes it has served—and finally to investigate what promise it offers of increased utility.

It is not clear when the idea first arose that it would be possible to make a body ascend from the earth by giving it a less specific gravity than the air. One Francis Lana,\* in 1670, proposed to exhaust spheres of thin copper for this purpose, but he never attempted to carry out his proposal. The discovery of hydrogen rendered the idea more practicable. Cavendish, in 1766,† showed that the gas known as ‘inflammable air’ had a specific gravity much less than that of the atmosphere; and Dr. Black, lecturing in 1767 or 1768, explained that, as an obvious consequence of Cavendish’s discovery, if a very light bladder were filled with this gas, it would ascend. Tiberius Cavallo attempted the experiment; he could not find any envelope sufficiently light and impermeable, but he succeeded in blowing hydrogen soap-bubbles, which mounted vigorously aloft; and these, the first balloons, were described fully by him in a paper read before the Royal Society, 20th June, 1782.‡

It was not, however, in this way that the balloon came practically into existence; its inventors proceeded on a different principle. Instead of using a new fluid lighter than air, they hit upon the idea of altering the density of the air itself by the action of heat. These ingenious men, Joseph and Étienne Montgolfier, whose names are indissolubly connected with aerostation, were the sons of a rich paper maker at Annonay, in the province of the Vivarais. It seems they were fond of physical investigations: Joseph particularly had studied the constitution of vapour and clouds, and he saw that temperature had much to do with these phenomena. He had convinced himself by experiment that the application of heat would rarefy air so as to reduce its specific gravity considerably, and it occurred to him to try whether, by enclosing such heated air in a suitable envelope, he could make a kind of *artificial cloud* which would float in the atmosphere. In November 1782, when staying at Avignon, he made the experiment with a light bag of thin silk, which to his great gratification rose to the ceiling.

On his return home, the brothers worked together; and after another successful trial they made a public exhibition of their

\* *Prodromo, o saggio di alcune invenzioni nuove*, &c. Brescia, 1670.

† ‘*Phil. Trans.*’ vol. lvi. p. 152.

‡ ‘*The History and Practice of Aerostation.*’ By Tiberius Cavallo, F.R.S. London, 1785.

invention,

invention, at a meeting of the *États particuliers* of the province, on the 5th of June, 1783. Étienne has left on record a description of this first large balloon; it was about thirty-five feet diameter, and had a large ascending power; it rose some thousands of feet, and travelled a mile and a half horizontally.

The news of this experiment soon spread to the capital, exciting great wonder and enthusiasm, and the Academy named a Commission to inquire into the facts. But in the meantime attention had become attracted to the other mode of giving levity by hydrogen gas. A young man, named Charles, favourably known as a professor of physics in Paris, had been experimenting with this substance in his laboratory, and conceiving it to have advantages over Montgolfier's heated air, he proposed to substitute it in balloons. He called to his aid two practical mechanics, the brothers Robert, and constructed a silk balloon of twelve feet diameter. After some difficulty in procuring a sufficient quantity of gas (the manufacture of which, on any large scale, was quite new) it was filled, and transported to the Champ de Mars, where the ascent took place on the 27th of August, 1783.

After rising to a great height and travelling many miles, the expansion of the gas caused a small leak in the balloon, and it came down near a village. The inhabitants were frightened beyond measure, particularly when they were told by two monks that it must be some demon from another world. Formal religious exorcisms were recited, but no one dared approach the monster, for the bounds it gave when blown by the wind, the noise of the escaping gas, and its fetid odour, kept up the dread illusion. At length it was fired at, and further wounded, and when it had become empty and still, the mob rushed upon it with staves and forks and tore it to atoms.

The Montgolfiers, however, had not been idle. The Academy had reported favourably of their invention, and the brothers were called on to exhibit an ascent before Louis XVI. at Versailles. This came off with great pomp and ceremony on the 19th of September.

As the power of balloons had now been fully established, it was proposed that some person should make an ascent, if any one could be found bold enough to face a voyage that required more of the *æs triplex* than the first expedition on the merciless ocean. A volunteer appeared in the person of a young man of good position, named Pilâtre des Roziers, who after making some tentative ascents with the balloon tied to the ground, offered to undertake the journey. It involved some danger: a fall, fire, cold, unknown perils amongst the clouds, and the difficulties of descending,

descending, were all matters of grave apprehension; and the King, after consideration, forbade M. de Rozier's ascent, and proposed, instead, that two condemned criminals should take their places in the car. Pilâtre was indignant at the idea of 'such an honour being conferred on vile malefactors,' and he remonstrated so energetically that the King gave way; and on the 21st of November,\* 1783, the daring volunteer, accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes, left the earth on the first aerial voyage ever undertaken by a human being. A full account of the journey is on record in two documents—one a formal *procès-verbal*, drawn up by eight members of the Academy, the other a letter by the Marquis. The balloon was seventy feet high, and forty-six feet in diameter; it rose to a height of three thousand feet, remained in the air nearly half an hour, and descended in the environs of Paris, without the aeronauts having experienced the slightest inconvenience. Among the signatures to the *procès-verbal* was that of Benjamin Franklin, then on a mission to France; and it is reported that when he was asked his opinion of the invention, he replied, 'C'est l'enfant qui vient de naître!'

Thus the Montgolfiers not only made the first balloon, but, as was their due, they had the honour of sending up the first aeronaut. The genius and enterprise, however, of their rival, young Charles, soon made themselves apparent by his announcing a personal ascent on his hydrogen principle; and as this principle ultimately became established to the exclusion of the other, Charles's experiments possess the interest of being the more accurate type of our modern aeronautic system. Associating himself again with the Messrs. Robert, he prepared a balloon thirty feet diameter, introducing many important arrangements of detail, which, from their perfection of design and ingenuity of construction, have remained almost unaltered to the present time. The balloon was to ascend on the 1st of December, 1783, from the great basin in front of the Tuileries, and Charles made up his mind to occupy the car; but, while the balloon was filling, it was announced that the King again opposed the proceeding. Charles went to the Minister and protested, declaring that, though his Sovereign might be master of his life, he was not master of his honour, and that he could not break a solemn promise made to the nation. The King yielded to this bold argument, and the prohibition was withdrawn. Shortly afterwards another difficulty arose by a hostile demonstra-

\* The Marquis's letter says 21st October; but it is dated 28th November, it has every appearance of having been written soon after the ascent, and as the *procès-verbal* gives November, the word October is probably a clerical error.

tion on the part of the Montgolfierists—for the public had split up into two rival factions, the partisans of heated air and gas respectively. Charles, seeing this, stepped up to Étienne Montgolfier, and presented him with a small pilot balloon, saying, 'C'est à vous, Monsieur, qu'il appartient de nous montrer la route des cieux.' The good taste and delicacy of this proceeding were testified to by shouts of applause, and the rivalry was at once at an end. The day was set apart as a great fête, and it was said that three-fourths of the inhabitants of Paris were present. Charles took with him the younger Robert, but dropped him near l'Île Adam, and reascended alone, when he gained a height of nearly 10,000 feet; and after making many interesting scientific observations, he descended safely near the wood of La Tour du Lay.

The enthusiasm created by the aeronautic experiments of 1783 was immense. To quote M. Marion's excellent little work : \*

'Nobles and artisans, scientific men and *badouas*, great and small, were moved with one universal impulse. In the streets the praises of the balloon were sung; in the libraries models of it abounded; and in the salons the one universal topic was the great machine. In anticipation the poet delighted himself with bird's-eye views of the scenery of strange countries; the prisoner mused on what might be a new way of escape; the physicist visited the laboratory in which the lightning and the meteors were manufactured; the geometrician beheld the plans of cities and the outlines of kingdoms; the general discovered the position of the enemy, or rained shell on the besieged town; the police beheld a new mode in which to carry on the secret service; Hope heralded a new conquest from the domain of Nature, and the historian registered a new chapter in the annals of human knowledge.

'It was not merely the blue sky above us, not merely the terrestrial atmosphere, but the vast spaces through which the worlds move, that were to become the domain of man. The gates of the Infinite seemed to be swinging back before his advancing step. The moon, the mysterious dwelling-place of men unknown, would no longer be inaccessible. The planets that revolve round the sun, the flying comets, the most distant stars, these formed the field which was to lie open to investigation.'

It was not to be expected that a volatile nation like the French would allow such a subject to become popular without making it the theme of endless jokes and witticisms. Some of these are worth recording.

In one ascent, snow fell on the balloon; and the wits wrote,—

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\* The English translation of this requires correction, the rendering of the French measures being in many cases wrong.

' Fiers

'Fiers assiégeants du séjour du tonnerre,  
Calmez votre colère !  
Eh ! ne voyez-vous pas que Jupiter tremblant  
Vous demande la paix par son pavillon blanc ?'

Apropos of an unsuccessful attempt at Lyons with a balloon called 'Le Globe'—

'Vous venez de Lyon ; parlez-vous sans mystère ?  
Le Globe est-il parti ? Le fait est-il certain ? .  
Je l'ai vu. Dites nous, allait-il grand train ?  
S'il allait—Oh, monsieur, il allait *ventre à terre* !'

Of an aeronaut who had cheated the public :—

'Si par son vol il peut escalader la lune,  
Il fera comme un autre, *en volant*, sa fortune !'

A large number of caricatures appeared, some very witty, and some very coarse, exhibiting, as an author says, 'la vraie saveur du bon sel français.' In one, a ludicrous mode was shown of filling a balloon with mephitic gas, by the aid of a large number of people, the title being 'La fortune des gens venteux !' In another, alluding to abortive attempts, a 'Moyen infallible d'enlèvement des ballons' was exhibited in the shape of ropes and pulleys. One of these failures was by a person named l'Abbé Miolan, at the Luxembourg ; the crowd, after waiting some hours, rushed in and destroyed the balloon, when the witty Parisians found out that the anagram of the Abbé's name was *ballon abîmé*.

In one of Gay-Lussac's ascents, being desirous of rising very high, he threw out many superfluous things, and among them a common deal chair, which fell into a field where a peasant girl was at work ; the balloon was invisible, and the only explanation possible was, that the chair had fallen from heaven. Much surprise was expressed at the uncomfortable accommodation provided for the angels and archangels, but the miracle was ultimately explained.

Many objections were raised to the new invention, which was denounced as an impious attempt to improve on the work of the Creator : it was urged that female honour and virtue would be in continual peril if access could be got by balloons at all hours to the windows of the houses ; and politicians objected that if the path of air were to be made free, all limits of property and frontiers of nations would be destroyed ; a sentiment which was countenanced by a serious proposal to invade England with an army descending from the skies.

The English were somewhat backward in their notice of balloons, and it was said of them,

'Les



'Les Anglais, nation trop fière,  
S'arrogent l'empire des mers;  
Les Français, nation légère,  
S'emparent de celui des airs.'

A short excursion was made at Edinburgh, in a Montgolfier, by a Mr. Tytler, on the 27th of August, 1784; \* but the earliest ascent in Great Britain which attracted attention was a voyage in a gas balloon, on the 15th of the following month, by Vincenzo Lunardi, secretary to the Neapolitan Ambassador. He ascended from Finsbury, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators, among whom was the Prince of Wales, and came down safely on a spot of rising ground about four miles north of Ware.†

Three circumstances related by Lunardi ‡ will show the public excitement produced. A gentlewoman who saw some article

\* 'Gentleman's Magazine,' vol. liv. part ii. p. 709.

† A rough stone, erected to mark the place, may still be seen in a field at Standon Green End, on the estate of Mr. A. G. Puller. It bears a small triangular brass plate, engraved with two views of the balloon, and with the following curious inscription:—

Let Posterity Know  
And Knowing be Astonished,  
That  
On the 15 Day of September, 1784,  
Vincent Lunardi of Luca in Tuscany,  
The First Aerial Traveller in Britain,  
Mounting from the Artillery Ground  
in London,  
And  
Traversing the Regions of the Air  
For Two Hours and Fifteen Minutes  
In This Spot  
Revisited the Earth.  
On this Rude Monument  
For Ages be Recorded  
That Wonderous Enterprise  
Successfully Atchieved  
By the Powers of Chemistry  
And the Fortitude of Man:  
That Improvement in Science  
Which  
The Great Author of all Knowledge,  
Patronizing by his Providence  
The Invention of Mankind,  
Hath Graciously Permitted  
To Their Benefit  
And His Own Eternal Glory.

Traditions of the event are preserved in the neighbourhood; one of the rude fathers of the hamlet, who showed us the stone, boasted of having known a woman who helped to hold down the balloon, and pointed out the tree to which it was secured. The plate is in very bad condition, and if Lunardi's wish is to be fulfilled, we commend his 'rude monument' to the care of the landowner.

‡ 'An Account of the First Aerial Voyage in England.' In a series of Letters. By Vincent Lunardi, Esq. London, 1784.

drop

drop from the car, supposed it was the aeronaut, and died of the fright. A jury were considering the verdict to be given on a criminal, indicted for a capital offence, when the balloon being in sight, the Court adjourned to look at it, and the jury to save time acquitted the prisoner; the judges afterwards remarking to Lunardi, that though he had caused the loss of one life, he had saved another. A Cabinet Council also broke up, in order that the King, with Mr. Pitt and other ministers, might watch the balloon through telescopes prepared for that purpose: the King remarking, "we may resume our deliberations at pleasure, but we may never see poor Lunardi again."

Shortly after this, an experienced French aeronaut, Blanchard, brought a balloon to England, and on the 7th of January, 1785, he performed the hazardous feat of crossing the Channel. He was accompanied by Dr. Jeffries, an American, who afterwards published an account of the voyage.\* They started from Dover heights at about mid-day, with a light north-westerly wind. During the passage, by loss of gas, the balloon descended several times nearly to the water level, and to keep themselves from drowning they threw out first their ballast, and then every other loose article, including all their provisions, a great part of their clothes, and their anchors. At last they reached the shore, and landed safely in the forest of Guines, near Calais. Blanchard gained much honour by this expedition, but he did not escape the wit of the Parisians, who nicknamed him "*Don Quichotte de la Manche*."

The French were jealous of the crossing having been first effected from the cliffs of perfidious Albion, and the enterprising Pilâtre des Roziers determined to attempt the passage from the French shore. The story is a romantic and melancholy one. He had many difficulties and discouragements, but he had fallen in love with an English girl at Boulogne, and as she urged him to make the experiment, he did so, in spite of the warnings of his friends. He ascended on the 15th of June, 1785, with a companion, and they were carried at first over the strait; but the wind changing, they were brought back to the land. They were hanging within sight of Boulogne when the balloon took fire, and the unhappy aeronauts falling to the earth, were both killed. The young lady who had contributed to the catastrophe, and who was probably a witness of it, fell into horrible convulsions, and died a few days after her lover.

Many other aeronauts have fallen victims to their hazardous

\* 'A Narrative of the Two Aerial Voyages of Doctor Jeffries with Mons. Blanchard.' By John Jeffries, M.D. Presented to the Royal Society, and read before them, January 1786. London, 1786.

occupation ; among them was Madame Blanchard. At a Parisian fête on the 6th July, 1819, she had attached to her car a large mass of fireworks, which she set light to when at a great height. When these were extinguished, a bright flame shot up into the air : the spectators at first thought it was part of the entertainment, but it was soon discovered that the gas of the balloon was ignited. As she descended she called for help, and, as she retained her presence of mind, she might have been saved, but the car, in dragging, caught a chimney, which threw her down to the pavement below and killed her on the spot.

We also read of a narrow escape from a madman (an Englishman, of course), who, when at a great height, took out a knife and began to cut the cords that held the car, saying he should like to try the sensation of a fall. The aeronaut opened the valve with all his might, and contrived to delay the experiment till they touched the ground.

It was not uncommon for persons of rank to take seats in the car, either as managers or passengers. The future Charles X., the Comte d'Artois, and Philippe Égalité, were among this number, and the latter nearly lost his life by the trial of some new apparatus. There were many jokes at his expense, and it was said, 'Il avait voulu se mettre au-dessus de ses affaires.'

The English aeronauts have not been behind their Continental brethren for skill and enterprise. The Sadlers, father and son, were renowned for their courage. James, the father, made an ascent from Oxford as early as 1784 ; and on the 1st of October, 1812, he attempted to cross the Irish Channel from Dublin to Liverpool. But he met with adverse winds, and after much buffeting about, he was obliged to drop into the sea, and was picked up by a boat that fortunately was near, the captain being obliged to run his bowsprit through the balloon to free him. His son, Windham Sadler, accomplished the passage from Dublin to Holyhead on the 22nd of July, 1817. On one of his ascents the net broke and the car began to slip away, when he saved himself by tying the neck of the balloon round his body. He was unhappily killed on the 29th of September, 1824, while descending in a gale, by striking against a house near Blackburn, in Lancashire.

Mr. Green, another of our most celebrated aeronauts, was born the year after the invention of balloons, and died only a few years ago. He made nearly 1400 ascents ; he crossed the sea three times, and twice fell into it. He took up 700 persons, among whom were 120 ladies, and many persons of high rank. On one occasion he ascended sitting on a favourite pony, suspended to the hoop in the place of the car ; the animal,  
who

who had been trained at Astley's, did not manifest the least uneasiness, but ate freely during the excursion some beans given him by his rider.

A voyage made by Mr. Green to the centre of Germany is one of the most memorable on record. The balloon was 50 feet diameter, containing 85,000 cubic feet of gas, and the party consisted of Mr. Green, Mr. Monck Mason (who, in his '*Aeronautica*,' has given a full account of the voyage), and Mr. Robert Holland, who provided the funds. They ascended from Vauxhall Gardens on the 7th of November, 1836, at half-past one P.M., and, crossing the Channel, passed to the eastward during the night, and the next morning saw large tracts of snow, which they thought might be the boundless plains of Poland or the inhospitable steppes of Russia. This determined them to descend, when they found themselves near Weilburg, in the Duchy of Nassau, having travelled about 500 miles in 18 hours. The balloon afterwards took the name of the Nassau balloon. Mr. Green's principal object in this expedition was the trial of his newly-invented guide-rope (described hereafter), and he considered the success of the experiment as complete.

A larger balloon constructed by M. Nadar, and named the *Géant*, contained above 200,000 cubic feet, equivalent to about 74 feet diameter; the car was a house of two stories, weighing, when full, above three tons. M. Nadar, a man of considerable ability, had adopted the fancy that it was impossible to control the direction of balloons, on account of their lightness and large surface, and he considered he had discovered an important scientific principle, that '*pour lutter contre l'air il faut être plus lourd que l'air*.' He instituted a Society to introduce flying machines on this principle, and he proposed to provide it with funds by the excursions of this monster balloon. He ascended at 5.45 P.M., on the 18th October, 1863, from the Champ de Mars, with eight passengers, among whom was a young Montgolfier, the grandson of one of the men of Annonay. At 9 the next morning they descended between Bremen and Hanover. The wind was blowing a hurricane, the two anchors parted, the aeronauts lost the control of the valve, and there ensued a violent dragging for many miles, until the balloon tore itself open on the trees of a wood. The passengers were much hurt, and barely escaped with their lives.\* The balloon was afterwards repaired, and exhibited in London and elsewhere, and it made a few more short excursions, but it did not much help the '*plus lourd que l'air*' Society.

\* '*Mémoires*' du *Géant*, par Nadar. Paris, 1865. The most readable and entertaining book we have met with on the subject of ballooning.

On the evening of the 31st August, 1874, M. Jules Duruof, a courageous young Frenchman, ascended with his wife from Calais, intending to cross to England. The balloon was, however, carried over the German Ocean, and the aeronauts were rescued the next morning by a Grimsby smack, that happened to be fishing on the Dogger bank, 170 miles off the mouth of the Humber.

The bursting of a balloon in the air, terrible as it is to think of, does not seem necessarily to involve fatal consequences to the aeronauts. In 1808 a balloon, carrying two Italians, burst at a great height; and in 1835 Mr. Wise, an American aeronaut of great experience and enterprise,\* met with a similar accident in Pennsylvania; but in both cases the balloon, from its great resisting surface exposed to the air, brought the aeronauts gently down. Mr. Wise, reflecting on these accidents, became so convinced of the efficacy of the resistance, that he afterwards, on several occasions, burst his balloon purposely when high in the air. In 1847 an accident of this kind happened on an ascent from Vauxhall, when Mr. Coxwell and the late Albert Smith were of the party, but no one was seriously hurt. Mr. Glaisher supports Mr. Wise's explanation by facts occurring in his own experience; but he justly remarks that 'it is not a situation to be coveted.'

To provide against cases of this kind, Blanchard introduced the *parachute*, a sort of large umbrella, suspended between the balloon and the car. In ordinary circumstances it was closed, but on falling fast it opened of itself, and by its resistance checked the velocity so materially as to allow of the descent being effected safely. Blanchard tried the first experiment on his dog, and this was so successful, that parachutes were frequently afterwards used by the aeronauts themselves. Garnerin, in October 1797, dropped safely from a height of 2240 feet; and his wife was so skilful in their management, that she once laid a wager she would make one descend on a given spot, which she accomplished with tolerable precision.

On the 24th July, 1837, an enthusiast named Cocking insisted on dropping himself from Mr. Green's balloon, when at a height of 5000 feet above London, in a parachute of his own contrivance, which utterly failed, and the poor fellow was dashed to pieces.

But our readers may wish to form some more definite idea what a balloon is, and what sort of operations are involved in a balloon voyage.

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\* 'A System of Aeronautics.' By John Wise. Philadelphia, 1850.

First,

First, as to the source of the ascending power. For a long time Montgolfier's system of heated air and Charles's system of light gas were in rivalry. The former was much the simpler; but the hydrogen was difficult and costly to prepare, and the filling of a balloon with it took many days. About 1814 coal gas came into use for lighting towns, and this settled the question by providing an excellent filling material, always to be had at gasworks at a moderate charge. Although six or seven times heavier than pure hydrogen, it was still less than half the weight of air, and therefore would give, with moderate-sized balloons, a fair ascending power; moreover, being less subtle, it was less liable to leak through the stuff of the envelope. Mr. Green was the first to take advantage of this gas, and it has since been almost universally used. The Montgolfier system is quite abandoned, and pure hydrogen is only resorted to in special cases where great power is required.

The ascending force is determined, according to well-known hydrostatic laws, by the difference in weight between the gas and an equal volume of air. An example will make this clear. The standard balloon used in the siege of Paris (of which we shall speak hereafter) was about 50 feet diameter, containing 70,600 cubic feet. The weight of this volume of air would be about 5000 lbs., and the weight of the gas (assuming a sp. gr. of 0.40) would be 2000 lbs. Hence the gross ascending force would be 3000 lbs. The weight of the balloon, net, and car was about 1000 lbs., thus leaving 2000 lbs. available for passengers, dispatches, ballast, and anchoring apparatus. If the same balloon were filled with hydrogen, the weight of the gas would be only 350 lbs, and the disposable ascending force would be 3650 lbs.

The shape is generally spherical, as giving the largest content with the least weight, and the available power of the balloon increases with its size. The bottom of the balloon is not closed, but tapers to form a pipe. This serves for the inflation, and it is left open during the ascent to allow of the escape of the gas as it expands; if it were not for this precaution, the balloon would burst from the increased pressure. At the top of the balloon is fixed the *escape valve*, which consists of two doors or flaps opening inwards, and kept closed by springs. To these doors cords are attached, which pass down the centre of the balloon and through the open pipe into the car. The aeronaut has only to pull these cords to open the valves, which allow the gas to escape.

The balloon is covered with a network of fine, strong cord,  
which,

which, passing down the sides, terminates in a wooden hoop at the bottom. To this hoop the car is suspended by ropes, and thus, by means of the net, the weight is transferred to the top of the balloon, on which the ascending force acts. The car is simply an oblong basket of wicker-work, combining lightness with strength to resist strains or blows.

The balloon has to be provided with several appurtenances necessary for the aerial manœuvres. The most important is *ballast*, which consists of fine sand carried in small sacks; this material when thrown out distributes itself in the air, and so does no damage in falling. Another provision is an anchor or *grappling hook*, intended to catch hold of some object when the balloon approaches the earth, and so to arrest its course. This is attached to a coil of rope that hangs over the side of the car, ready to be disengaged at any moment by cutting a small binding string.

Another article of equipment, in large balloons, is a long rope called the *guide rope*, which is fastened to the hoop and allowed to hang down below the car. This has several important uses. In the first place, when the balloon is so low that the rope trails on the ground, the effect is to take off a portion of the weight, which is equivalent to the discharge of so much ballast, and as the lightening increases by the descent of the balloon, a most efficient self-acting check is thus offered to any rapid fall. Secondly, the trailing along the ground also checks more gently than the grapnel the horizontal drift by the wind. Thirdly, the position and angle of the rope, as seen immediately below the car, furnish indications both of the course of the balloon and its height above the ground, which are peculiarly valuable in darkness and fogs; and lastly, it affords the people on the ground something to lay hold of in order to help the aeronaut to descend. The guide rope is generally from 500 to 1000 feet long, and by means of a small windlass in the car, it may be lengthened or shortened at pleasure. It was invented by Mr. Green, and is the only new feature of importance added to the general design of the balloon as left by Charles in December, 1783.

We may now consider the operations of the voyage. The balloon being filled, the aeronaut carefully examines his ballast, his anchor attachments, and his valve lines, the three great provisions for his safety, and at his signal 'let go' the machine soars into the air. He will have taken in the greatest possible quantity of ballast, so as to leave but little ascending force, and to moderate the velocity of his rise; he can throw more out at any time, and thus can increase his upward speed as he desires.

In



In proportion, however, as he rises, the conditions of the ascending force become changed. The air at higher levels has a reduced pressure, the consequence of which is a tendency of the gas to expand. Hence if the balloon was full at starting, an escape will take place by the tube at the bottom; but it is customary to leave a portion empty to provide for the expansion. Supposing now the ascent to continue, a point will soon be reached where, by the loss of gas, the ascending force will be reduced to an equilibrium with the weight, and at this point the balloon will float horizontally, neither rising nor falling.\*

There are other sources of variation in the ascending power. One is, change of temperature: a powerful sun will expand the gas, or, on the other hand, a shower of rain or a deposit of snow will contract it—either of these changes having a corresponding effect on the equilibrium. The alteration of weight, also, by moisture, and the loss of gas by leakage, or by exosmose, or by diffusion in the air through the neck, are all disturbing influences that go on more or less during the voyage.

The aeronaut forms an idea of his height by the inspection of a barometer in the car; and he has it in his power to alter his level as he pleases. If he wishes to ascend, he throws out ballast; if to descend, he opens the valve and lets out gas. But he must be careful not to be too lavish of these means, seeing that his stores of gas and ballast are limited, and that it is absolutely necessary, for the safety of his life, that he should have a fair supply of both left at the time he wishes to regain the earth.

The descent is the most arduous task of the aeronaut, and during which he is most exposed to danger, particularly if the wind be high. Having brought himself tolerably low, he will look out for a favourable place ahead, where he may land easily, the best condition being a free open space, unencumbered by buildings or trees. On approaching this, he will throw out his grapnel, and, if it catches, it will bring him to a stand. He will probably receive a shock or two, but having now a hold on the ground, he may with a vigorous pull at the

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\* As an approximate rule, omitting the disturbing influences of temperature, &c., the height in feet to which a balloon will rise, whose capacity in cubic feet = C, and weight in lbs. = W, will be =  $27,800 \text{ hyp. log. } \frac{C(1-s)}{14W}$ ,

where  $s$  = sp. gr. of gas, air being unity. This formula will also show the effect of discharging ballast, by substituting a diminished value of W. It is said that the last thoughts of Euler were occupied by this problem, the calculations being found on his slate at the time of his death on the 7th Sept. 1783.—'Voyages Aériens' (French edition).

valve easily accomplish his descent, particularly if friendly helping hands are near. But his anchor may not catch, or may give way, and a strong wind may carry him on. His task is then a difficult one, requiring great nerve and presence of mind. He may see a building or a tree in his way, towards which he is being hurled with fatal force, when his only chance of salvation is instantly to throw out ballast to rise and escape it ; after which he must renew his attempt. The swaying of the balloon by the wind when the grapnel has caught, the highly inclined position, requiring him to hold on to avoid being thrown out, the risk of dragging, and many other contingencies, make a descent in a high wind a thing only to be undertaken by very experienced hands.

In some cases balloons, after being inflated, are allowed only to rise a certain height under restraint, being secured to the earth by long cords. These are called *captive* balloons. They have at different periods been fashionable, as affording amusement to the public, and, in some cases, have been of real utility. Two large captive balloons have been made of late years, one at Paris, in 1867, the other in London, in 1868. The Paris one was placed in a building adjoining the Exhibition, and it carried twelve persons in the car to a height of about 800 feet. The London captive balloon, installed in Ashburnham Park, Chelsea, was much larger, 93 feet diameter, and containing about 425,000 cubic feet. It was filled with hydrogen gas, and took up thirty-two people at a time to a height of 2000 feet ; a steam-engine of 200 horse-power being used to draw it down again. Both these fine balloons were made by M. Henri Giffard, of whom we shall have more to say by-and-by.

It may now be asked of what use are balloons ? Almost all writers on the subject have concurred in lamenting that an invention of such high promise should have performed so little. The balloon has been a singular exception to the ordinary course of mechanical discoveries. The steam-engine, machinery, steam navigation, railways, the electric telegraph, photography, iron construction, have all, soon after their introduction, received rapid development ; while this art of aerial locomotion, from which so much was expected, has remained just where it was in 1783. Franklin's child has never grown ; he is an infant still. The balloon, instead of revolutionising the world, has settled down to the position of a huge toy, and has taken rank with fireworks and monster bands as an attraction to fêtes and holiday amusements, for the mere gratification of idle curiosity.

There have been, however, two purposes of special character

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to which the balloon has been seriously applied, and in which it has rendered good service, namely, the scientific investigation of atmospheric phenomena, and the art of war.

First, as to the scientific use of balloons. From the time of their invention philosophers have thought them applicable to aerial and meteorological researches, and many ascents have been planned at different times with this view. At the beginning of the present century an aeronaut named Robertson, who is spoken highly of by Arago, made such ascents at Hamburg and St. Petersburg, and about the same date Gay-Lussac and Biot undertook similar experiments at Paris, at the suggestion of Laplace. Messrs. Barral and Bixio, in 1850, and Mr. Welch, of Kew, in 1852, followed in the same track; but the most extensive series of investigations of the kind have been made within the last ten years, at the instance of the British Association, by Mr. Glaisher, of the Greenwich Observatory. He associated himself with our most experienced living aeronaut, Mr. Coxwell, and the ascents were made in a large balloon of 90,000 cubic feet capacity, constructed specially for the purpose. The objects were to make observations at high altitudes on the thermometric, hygrometric, electrical, and chemical condition of the air; on the magnetic force; on the spectrum and solar influences; on clouds and vapours; on aerial currents; on sound; and on any other interesting phenomena that offered themselves. For Mr. Glaisher's results on these points we must refer to his very full official Reports; but he has given to the world a popular account of some of his voyages in the book mentioned on our first page. In the years 1862 to 1866 he made twenty-eight ascents, in one of which he rose to the great height of 37,000 feet, or *seven miles*. At this elevation he lost consciousness, and the cover of his book is ornamented with his picture as he hung over the edge of the car in this critical condition. The following extract, descriptive of 'The High Regions,' will give an idea of Mr. Glaisher's style:—

'Above the clouds the balloon occupies the centre of a vast hollow sphere, of which the lower portion is generally cut off by a horizontal plane. This section is in appearance a vast continent, often without intervals or breaks, and separating us completely from the earth. No isolated clouds hover above this plane. We seem to be citizens of the sky, separated from the earth by a barrier which seems impassable. We are free from all apprehension such as may exist when nothing separates us from the earth. We can suppose the laws of gravitation are for a time suspended, and in the upper world, to which we seem now to belong, the silence and quiet are so intense, that peace and calm seem to reign alone.

'Above

'Above our heads arises a noble roof—a vast dome of the deepest blue; in the east may perhaps be seen the tints of a rainbow on the point of vanishing; in the west the sun silvering the edges of broken clouds. Below these light vapours may rise a chain of mountains, the Alps of the sky, rearing themselves one above the other, mountain above mountain, till the highest peaks are coloured by the setting sun. Some of these compact masses look as if ravaged by avalanches, or rent by the irresistible movements of glaciers. Some clouds seem built up of quartz, or even diamonds; some, like immense cones, boldly rise upwards; others resemble pyramids whose sides are in rough outline. These scenes are so varied and so beautiful, that we feel that we could remain for ever to wander above these boundless planes. . . . But we must quit these regions to approach the earth; our revolt against gravity has lasted long enough, we must now obey its laws again. As we descend, the summits of the silvery mountains approach us fast, and appear to ascend towards us; we are already entering deep valleys, which seem as if about to swallow us up, but mountains, valleys, and glaciers all flee upward. We enter the clouds and soon see the earth: we must make the descent, and in a few minutes the balloon lies helpless, and half empty, on the ground.'

In addition to Mr. Glaisher's accounts, the work also contains descriptions of balloon voyages by three eminent French aeronauts, Messrs. Flammarion, De Fonvielle, and Gaston Tissandier. M. Tissandier deserves credit for having introduced a new feature into balloon descriptions, by taking up his brother, a practised artist, who has illustrated the balloon adventures and the scenery of the voyages with much skill.\*

The most recent scientific ascent was attended with a lamentable result. On the 15th April, 1875, M. Tissandier started from Paris, accompanied by M. Croce-Spinelli, an engineer, and M. Sivel, a naval officer, the object being to make certain observations at high altitudes. The records of the height do not show so great an elevation as that attained by Mr. Glaisher, but either from the effect of the rarefaction, or from the inhalation of gas, M. Tissandier's companions were both suffocated, and he himself narrowly escaped with his life. Is there enough to be learnt at these great elevations to justify the risk they entail?

The application of balloons to the art of war presents great interest, on account of the remarkable success with which they were used by the Parisians, in the late siege, to establish com-

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\* We must give a decided preference to the French edition of the work, not only because there are important omissions in the English copy, but because the style of the French authors, who are all practised writers, and express themselves forcibly and often eloquently, suffers much in translation.

munication with the country in general, in defiance of a most vigorous blockade. We make no apology, therefore, for giving this part of our subject a more lengthy notice.

Soon after Montgolfier's and Charles's first trials the idea arose of using the aerostat, as the French have called it, for military purposes. At the siege of Condé, in 1793, an attempt was made to send news by a balloon across the investing lines; and about the same time, the celebrated Guyton de Morveau proposed to establish captive balloons as posts of observation in communication with the Republican armies. The idea was approved by the Committee of Public Safety, on the condition that sulphuric acid should not be used for the production of the hydrogen, all the sulphur obtainable being wanted for powder. Lavoisier got over the difficulty by his discovery of the decomposing action of red-hot iron on steam, and De Morveau's proposal was put in practice. A school of aerostatics was established at Meudon, and two companies of *aérostiers* were attached to the army. The campaign of the Sambre and Meuse was just then beginning, and an energetic young officer of the balloon corps, named Coutelle, was sent in all haste with two balloons to its aid. The General, who had received no notice of the step, at first treated the young man as a lunatic, and threatened to shoot him; but he was soon convinced of the importance of the invention, and adopted it without further hesitation. At the siege of Maubeuge and the battle of Fleurus, Coutelle rendered most important services in obtaining information as to the position and movements of the enemy, who afterwards made honourable testimony to the skill and ingenuity of the proceeding.

After this, military aerostation seems to have died away. The first Napoleon took balloons into Egypt, but the English seized the filling apparatus: his nephew had one made for the Italian campaign, in 1859, and appointed Garnerin as his aeronaut; but it only arrived the day after Solferino. We also hear of successful aerostation in the American Civil War a few years later, the signals being communicated to the earth by telegraph wires.

At the breaking out of the Franco-German War in July 1870, there were in Paris many experienced aeronauts, including Tissandier, De Fonvielle, Nadar, Jules Duruof, and Eugène Godard, the latter of whom had made 800 ascents. The subject of military ballooning was mooted, and received some faint support from the Imperial Government; but before anything of use could be arranged the disaster of Sedan occurred, and was followed in a few days by the close investment of the Capital. The new Government at once addressed themselves to the aeronauts, with  
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the view of opening aerial communications with the exterior. Six balloons were found, all in indifferent condition, the worst being the Solferino one, 'L'Impérial,' which, M. Tissandier is careful to tell us, 'on n'a jamais su réparer.' The first ascent was made by M. Duruof, on the 23rd September; he carried a large number of despatches, and landed safely in three hours near Evreux. He was followed on the 21st by M. Mangin; on the 29th, by Godard, jun.; and on the 30th by Gaston Tissandier, who has given an animated account of his voyage.

Encouraged by this success, the Government established the Balloon Post on a regular system, and took immediate steps for the manufacture of a large number of balloons, under specified conditions, and in the quickest possible time. It was easier, however, to make the vessels than to find captains for them, for experienced aeronauts were very few, and when they had once left Paris there was no returning. In this strait it was resolved to invite the help of sailors, a class of men whose training made them familiar with operations and dangers akin to those of ballooning. The appeal was well answered; many fine brave fellows offered themselves; they received such instruction as was possible, and a large number of ascents were conducted by them. 'Our topsail is high, Sir,' said a tar to his Admiral, who saw him ascend, 'and difficult to reef; but we can sail all the same, and, please God, we'll arrive.' The employment of some acrobats from the Hippodrome was less fortunate, as they made use of their skill, when in difficulty, to slip down the guide rope to the earth, leaving the passengers and despatches to take care of themselves.

The balloon service was on the whole conducted with remarkable success and precision. From September to January sixty-four balloons were sent off, and of these fifty-seven fulfilled their mission, the despatches reaching their destination. The total number of persons that left Paris was 155, the weight of despatches was 9 tons, and the number of letters, 3,000,000. The speed of transit varied usually from about 7 to 40 or 45 miles an hour. In four cases a speed above 50 miles was attained, and in one instance about 80 miles; the high speeds being all with south-westerly winds.

We may mention some of the voyages which offer special interest. Gambetta left by the 'Armand Barbès' (every balloon had a name) on the 7th of October; being too low, he was fired on by the Prussians, and narrowly escaped being hit. On the 27th of October, the 'Bretagne' fell, by some bad management, into the hands of the Prussians near Verdun; on the 4th of November, the 'Galilee' had a similar fate near Chartres; and on

on the 12th the 'Daguerre' was shot at, brought down, and seized a few leagues from Paris. The loss of three balloons within a few days alarmed the Government; the vigilance of the enemy had been aroused, and whenever a balloon was seen, notices were telegraphed along its probable line of flight, and the swiftest Uhlans were put on the alert, with the hope of capturing it. Moreover, there was said to have arrived at Versailles a new rifled gun of enormous range, made by Krupp, to fire shell at the aerial messengers. On this account the Government determined that the future departures should take place at night. But the darkness added greatly to the difficulties of the voyage, and some of the ascents were attended with strange adventures.

On the 24th of November, near midnight, the 'Ville d'Orléans' left with an aeronaut and a passenger; the wind blew from the north, and it was hoped the balloon would fall near Tours; but before long the voyagers heard a sound below them which they recognised but too well as the lashing of breakers on the shore. They were in a thick mist, and when at daybreak this cleared away they found themselves over the sea, out of sight of land. They saw several vessels, and made signals for help, but were not answered, and one vessel fired on them. They were scudding rapidly to the north, and had given themselves up for lost, when they came in sight of land to the eastward. But they were descending from loss of gas, and their ballast was gone; in despair they threw out a bag of despatches, and this saved them, for the balloon rose, and encountered a westerly current, which carried them to the shore. They had no idea what part of the world they were in; the ground was covered with snow, they saw no inhabitants, and being overcome by fatigue and hunger, they both fainted on getting out of the car. On recovering, they walked through the snow, with great exertion, and the first living creatures they saw were three wolves, who, however, did not molest them. After a painful walk of several hours, they found a shed where they sheltered for the night, and the next morning, continuing their march, they came upon another hovel with traces of fire, which showed them the country was inhabited. Soon after two woodmen came in, but neither party could understand the other, and it was only by one of the peasants pulling out a box of matches marked 'Christiania,' that the Frenchmen could guess where they were. They had fallen in Norway. They were well received, and though the balloon had escaped when they fainted, it was ultimately recovered, with all the contents of the car, and the despatches reached their destination. The 'Archimède,' which started an hour



hour after the 'Ville d'Orléans,' landed in Holland, after a voyage of seven hours.

The 30th November was a memorable day for the balloons. The 'Jacquard' ascended at 11 P.M., managed by a sailor named Prince, who cried out with enthusiasm as he rose, 'Je veux faire un immense voyage ; on parlera de mon ascension.' He was driven by a south-easterly wind, over the English Channel. He was seen by English vessels, and passing near the Lizard he dropped his despatches, some of which were afterwards picked up on the rocks ; but the balloon, thus lightened, soared high over the wide Atlantic and was never heard of more.

The 'Jules Favre' started at half-past eleven the same night with two passengers, and only escaped almost by a miracle the fate of the 'Jacquard.' The wind blew from the north, and the aeronauts thought they were going to Lyons ; they were long enveloped in fog, and on emerging at daybreak they saw under them an island which they supposed to be in a river, but which proved to be Hoedic in the Atlantic ! They were driving furiously out to sea ; but in front of them lay, as a forlorn hope, the larger island of Belleisle. They saw they should pass one end of it where it was very narrow, and that they must either land on this strip of land or be lost. They tore the valve open with all their might, brought the balloon down some thousand feet in a few minutes, and fortunately succeeded in striking the land. But the shock was terrific ; the balloon bounded three times, and at last caught against a wall, throwing both passengers out of the car. They were much hurt, but were hospitably received, singularly enough, in the house of the father of General Trochu.

On the 15th December the 'Ville de Paris' fell at Wertzlar in Prussia ; and on the 20th, the 'General Chanzy' got also into captivity at Rothenberg, in Bavaria.

On the morning of the 28th January, the 'Richard Wallace,' which left Paris the night before, was seen at La Rochelle approaching the sea, and almost touching the ground. The people called to the aeronaut to descend, instead of which he threw out a sack of ballast, rose to a great height, and soon disappeared in the western horizon. No doubt the poor fellow had lost his wits on seeing the danger before him. This was the last ascent but one ; that on the next day carried to the provinces the news of the armistice.

The balloons had solved the problem of communication from Paris outwards, but there was another, not less important, namely, how to obtain a return communication inwards from the exterior. This was a much more difficult matter ; any wind would

would blow a balloon away from the city, but to get one back again required a particular direction of current, with very little margin. M. Tissandier devised some ingenious schemes, and himself made several attempts to get back, but failed, and the return of balloons was given up as impracticable.

Failing these, other modes were thought of, and the Government appealed energetically to men of science and inventors to help them in their difficulty. Numberless projects were offered, and a committee sat *en permanence* to examine them, but the great majority were wild and visionary.

A few trusty foot messengers succeeded in penetrating the Prussian lines, and many cunning devices were invented for concealing about them short despatches in cypher; hollow coins, keys, and other articles of unsuspecting appearance were skilfully prepared; occasionally a despatch was inserted in an incision under the skin, and one of the contrivances most successful, till an indiscreet journal let out the secret, was an artificial hollow tooth. One balloon took out some trained dogs, which it was hoped would find their way back again, but they never reappeared. A daring attempt was made, by some electricians, to connect the broken ends of the telegraph wires (which had of course been cut) by almost invisible metallic threads, but they could not succeed. The river, flowing into Paris from the plains of central France, formed the basis of many promising schemes. Divers, submarine boats, and floating contrivances of many kinds were proposed, and some of them tried; the most ingenious being little globes of blown glass, so marvellously resembling the natural froth bubbles on the surface of the water as to escape the most vigilant observation. It was thought at one time that these would come into use, but before the 'service des bulles' could be organised, the frost set in, and spoiled the surface of the river.

The problem which had defied the ingenuity of man, was, however, solved by the instinct of a bird. The return post was effected by means of *carrier pigeons*, which, having been taken out of Paris in balloons, were let loose in the provinces to find their own way home. There existed in Paris a 'Société Colombophile,' and after the departure of the first balloon, the Vice-President waited on General Trochu, and proposed that an attempt should be made to combine the outward balloon post with a return service by pigeons. The second balloon carried three birds, which came safely back six hours afterwards, with news from the aeronauts; and the return of eighteen more despatched in following days confirmed the practicability of the plan. The service was then regularly organized, and was carried

carried on with more or less success during the whole of the siege.

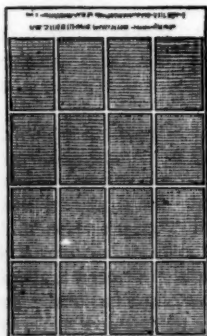
But though the messengers were found, it was necessary to give careful attention to the mode of transmitting the messages. A pigeon's despatch is tied to one of the feathers in his tail, and, of course, in order to avoid impeding his motion, it must be very small and light. For strategic purposes, small dispatches in cypher would have sufficed, but the Government, with laudable spirit, wished to give the public the benefit of the pigeon post, as they had already done with the balloon service, and this gave rise to one of the most remarkable and ingenious postal arrangements of the siege, namely the application of *microscopic photography*.

The exquisite delicacy of the collodion film had long been known, and with the aid of a microscopic camera, pictures had been produced on it which, though so small as scarcely to be visible to the naked eye, exhibited, when magnified, all the details of the original. M. Dagron,\* who had practised this art, pointed out its applicability to the pigeon post, and was commissioned to organize the arrangements. He left in the 'Niepce' balloon on the 12th November, and, after falling into the hands of the Prussians at Vitry-le-Français, he escaped to Tours, where, and at Bordeaux, he conducted the process with much success.

The despatches, public and private, were first printed (to save space and render them more legible) on pages of folio size, sixteen of which were placed side by side, forming a large sheet about 54 inches long and 32 inches wide. This was reduced by photography to  $\frac{1}{800}$  of its original area, the impression being taken on a small pellicle of transparent gelatinous collodion, 2 inches long and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch wide, and weighing about three-quarters of a grain. The figure in the margin is a full-sized representation of one of these pellicles now before us. The sixteen pages of letter-press will be seen in their reduced size; each page consists of about 2000 words, and, therefore, the whole impression contains as much matter as sixty-five pages of this review.

We have read the despatch with a powerful microscope, and

DESPATCH OF THE PARISIAN  
PIGEON-POST, 1870.  
(Real size.)



\* 'La Poste par Pigeons Voyageurs.' Par Dagron. Tours, Bordeaux, 1870-1.  
find

find it contains a great number of messages, chiefly of personal interest, to inhabitants of Paris, from many parts of France. We extract the following as samples:—

*‘Dépêches à distribuer aux destinataires.*

*‘Pau, 26 Janvier.—À Focher, Rue Chaussée d’Antin. Madeleine accouchée heureusement hier. Bien beau garçon.*

*‘Biarritz, 1 Février.—A Martin, 68, Rue Petites Écuries. Sommes à Biarritz, bébé complètement remis, embrasse papa, douloureusement impressionnés événements.*

*‘A Font. Besoin argent, demande Masquier.*

*‘A Perier. Tous parfaitement bien; trouveras charbon dans cave.*

There are also many ‘*Dépêches Mandats,*’ or post-office orders, payable to persons in Paris, from correspondents in the country.

Every pigeon carried twenty of these leaves, which were carefully rolled up and put in a quill; they contained matter enough to fill a good-sized volume, and yet the weight of the whole was only fifteen grains. When the pigeon arrived at his cot in Paris, his precious little burden was taken to the Government-office, where the quill was cut open, and the collodion leaves were carefully extracted. The next process was to magnify and read them by an optical apparatus, on the principle of the magic lantern, or rather of the well-known electric illustrator, which plays such an important part in the scientific lectures at our Royal Institution. The collodion film was fixed between two glass plates, and its image was thrown on a white screen, enlarged to such an extent that the characters might be read by the naked eye. The messages were then copied and sent to their destination.

The despatches were repeated by different pigeons, for although the communication was established many causes interrupted its regularity. The Prussians were powerless against the winged messengers (it is said they attempted to chase them with birds of prey); but there were more real obstacles in fogs, which prevented the pigeons seeing their way, and in the great cold, which was found to interfere with their powers, particularly when the ground was covered with snow. There were sent out of Paris 363 pigeons, but only 57 returned, and some of these were absent a long time.

The charge for private despatches by pigeon was 50 centimes per word; but to facilitate the service, the Parisians were directed to send to their friends in the country, by balloon, questions which could be answered by pigeon with the single words, ‘Yes’ or ‘No.’ Forms were prepared, something like

our postage-cards, and four such answers were conveyed for one franc.\*

The Parisians will long recollect the excitement produced by the arrival of their pretty couriers; no sooner was a pigeon seen in the air than the whole city was aroused, and remained in a state of intense anxiety till the news was delivered. An engraving was afterwards published representing Paris, as a woman in mourning, anxiously awaiting, like Noah's imprisoned family, the return of the dove.

The aerial post was undoubtedly a great success. It could not indeed save France, or deliver the Capital; but it was an immense comfort and advantage to the Parisians as establishing, during the whole of the siege, a correspondence with the exterior, which without it would have been impossible. And had the cause been less desperate, it is not improbable that the balloons might have turned the scale, by giving to the French substantial advantages in their means of communication.

We must now, in conclusion, say a few words on the general capabilities and prospects of the balloon as a means of aerial locomotion. The problem is one of great interest and importance; for it need hardly be said that if such a mode of transit could be established, its advantages would be almost incalculable.

The balloon already fulfils, as we have seen, one of the two necessary conditions; it will float in the air, and it can be made to rise and fall at pleasure.† But it fails in the second particular.

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\* The following official notice, of a kind unique in postal annals, may still be seen on the walls of some of the French provincial towns:—

'DIRECTION GÉNÉRALE DES TÉLÉGRAPHES ET DES POSTES.—*AVIS*.—Les derniers ballons ont apporté de Paris, avec la correspondance de la capitale, des cartes destinées à recevoir des réponses à des questions posées dans la lettre d'envoi. La direction assurera la transmission de ces réponses au moyen des pigeons-voyageurs, désireuse d'ajouter ainsi aux moyens de correspondance qu'elle a déjà mis à la disposition du public pour ses relations avec la capitale, un nouveau mode de communications, moins complet, il est vrai, mais moins onéreux. Les cartes-réponses seront reçues dans tous les bureaux de télégraphe et de poste moyennant une taxe uniforme d'un franc. Elles ne pourront contenir que quatre réponses, par oui ou par non, consignées dans des colonnes disposées à cet effet. Les bureaux de poste sont également autorisés à recevoir des sommes d'argent à destination de Paris et de l'enceinte fortifiée jusqu'à concurrence de 300 fr., et à délivrer en échange des mandats qui, transmis à Paris par des pigeons-voyageurs, y seront acquittés à présentation. . . . La direction prend des mesures pour donner aux opérations photographiques nécessaires pour la reproduction et la réduction des télégrammes et des mandats un développement en rapport avec les nouvelles facilités qu'elle est heureuse de pouvoir accorder au public.—STEENACKERS. *Tours*.' (No date, but it must have been early in October, 1870.)

† The present mode of doing this, involving a continual loss of gas and ballast, and a consequent waste of ascending power, is very imperfect: it was one of Mr. Green's objects, in the invention of the guide-rope, to ameliorate the evil, by providing

The great obstacle at present to its use is the want of power over the *direction* of its flight. It is at the mercy of the wind, which 'bloweth where it listeth;' and a vehicle which can only travel to some unknown place is not likely to have many business passengers.

It has often been proposed to take advantage of the fact, well ascertained by experience, that currents are found, at different heights, moving in different directions; but the information on this point is at present very imperfect; and probably such a mode of direction would be always uncertain. The more important problem is, how to make a balloon travel, not *with*, but *through* the air; in the same manner as a boat, instead of being floated along with the stream, is made to move in an independent course through the water. In short, we want what, if we may coin a word for the purpose, we may call a *dirigible* balloon.

The Montgolfiers, in 1783, discussed the use of oars, and Guyton de Morveau, in the following year, made some experiments at Dijon with analogous contrivances. But no useful result was obtained, and the question does not appear to have been studied, with any earnest attention to its mechanical conditions, until the middle of the present century.

The nature of these conditions may best be learnt by considering the analogous case of a boat; not a sailing boat which is moved by external power, but a rowing boat or a steamer in which the power is internal. In such a vessel the motion is produced by oars, paddles, or screws, the surfaces of which are impelled against the circumambient fluid by mechanical power; the reaction sends the vessel forward, and when the motion through the fluid is once obtained, the *direction* is determined by that simple and beautiful contrivance, the rudder.

According to this, in order to make our balloon move through the air, it must be provided with propelling apparatus, propelling power, and a rudder. And, as a further condition, derived from aquatic analogy, it must have such a form as will offer the least resistance in its passage through the air. If these conditions are complied with, we shall certainly get a dirigible balloon, and they involve nothing that is at variance with mechanical knowledge, or that is beyond the scope of mechanical skill.

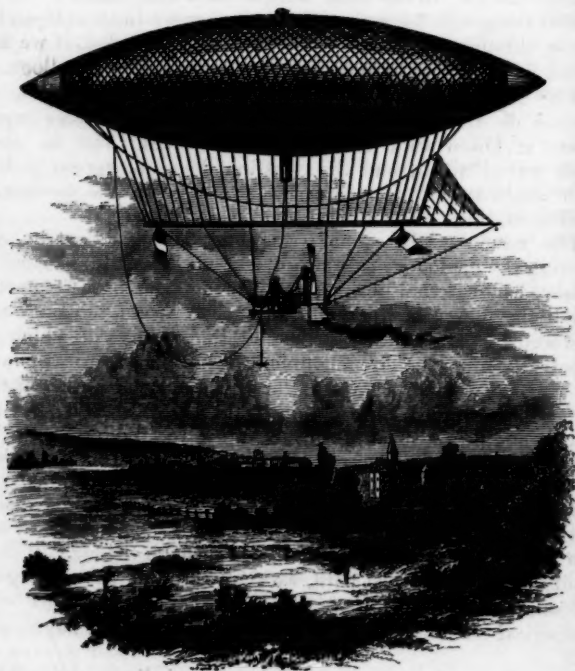
The first good attempt to make such a balloon was in 1852 by a French engineer, M. Henri Giffard. He was then young

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viding a kind of ballast which could be discharged temporarily, and taken in again; and no doubt this expedient, combined with a perfectly impermeable envelope, would much extend the limit of balloon voyages. There is, however, great room for improvement in this particular.

and unknown, but his name has since become famous on other grounds. He had evidently studied the subject well, and had arrived at a thoroughly practical appreciation of the necessary conditions. Abandoning the globular shape, as offering too much resistance, and following the analogy of the lines of a vessel, he constructed an oblong pointed balloon, to the stern of which he attached a rudder, and in the car he carried a small steam-engine, which worked a screw, formed of sails like a wind-mill. The following sketch (taken from M. Louis Figuier's 'Merveilles de la Science') will give an idea of M. Giffard's

M. GIFFARD'S STEAM BALLOON.



balloon. It was about 150 feet long, and 40 feet diameter. It contained 88,000 cubic feet, and was filled with coal-gas. The engine was three-horse power, weighing 3 cwt., and it turned the screw 110 revolutions per minute. It was a daring thing to put the furnace of a steam-engine so near to a huge reser-  
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voir of highly inflammable gas ; but M. Giffard adopted, among other precautions, the ingenious device of turning the chimney *downwards*, producing the draught by the steam-blast, as in the locomotive-engine ; and he considered himself free from any danger of fire.

The ascent took place from the Hippodrome in Paris on the 24th September, the signal to 'let go' being given by the steam-whistle. The wind was strong, and M. Giffard did not expect to hold against it ; he found, however, that he could make a headway through the air of five to seven miles an hour ; and this enabled him to execute various manœuvres of circular motion with perfect success. The action of the rudder was very sensitive. No sooner, he says, did he pull gently one of the cords, than he saw the horizon turn round him like the moving picture in a panorama. He rose to a height of nearly 6000 feet, but, the night approaching, he put out his fire, and descended safely in a field near Elancourt.\*

In 1855 M. Giffard constructed another balloon, of larger dimensions, which confirmed the previous results ; but he found that before the direction could be completely commanded, many improvements were necessary which would take time. His attention was just then occupied on other mechanical inven-

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\* M. Émile de Girardin, in noticing ('*La Presse*,' 25 Sept. 1852) this experiment of M. Giffard, whom he calls the Fulton of aerial navigation, makes the following remarks :—

'Est-il pour la France une solution plus importante que celle du problème de la navigation aérienne ? La navigation maritime à vapeur a changé toutes les conditions relatives d'existence insulaire et européenne de la Grande Bretagne ; ce que l'Angleterre pouvait entreprendre il y a cinquante ans contre la France elle ne pourrait plus l'essayer sans s'exposer aux terribles représailles d'un débarquement qui pourrait faire craindre à la ville de Londres le sort de la ville de Copenhague.

'La navigation à vapeur peut également changer toutes les conditions relatives de puissance continentale et militaire de la Russie. En effet, on comprend que toutes les combinaisons de la guerre seront changées le jour où, au lieu de lancer certains projectiles, il n'y aura plus qu'à les laisser tomber au milieu d'un carré d'infanterie.

'Ce n'est là qu'un des points par lesquels la navigation aérienne à vapeur s'élève à la hauteur d'une immense question politique.'

The following letter on the same subject was written at a later date to Gaston Tissandier.

'Hauteville House, 9 mars 1869.

'Je crois, Monsieur, à tous les progrès. La navigation aérienne est consécutive à la navigation océanique ; de l'eau l'homme doit passer à l'air. Partout où la création lui sera respirable, l'homme pénétrera dans la création. Notre seule limite est la vie. Là où cesse la colonne d'air dont la pression empêche notre machine d'éclater, l'homme doit s'arrêter. Mais il peut, doit, et veut aller jusque-là et il ira. . . . Certes, l'avenir est à la navigation aérienne, et le devoir du présent est de travailler à l'avenir.

'VICTOR HUGO.'

'Voyages Aériens.'—(French edition only.)

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tions,\* but he did not neglect the subject, for, in the great captive balloons erected by him in 1867 and 1868, he perfected several of the improvements he had in contemplation, in particular the impermeability of the envelope, a more mechanical construction of the valves, and a better and cheaper mode of preparing pure hydrogen.

During the siege of Paris, the earnest desire to get a return-post to the city again called attention to the subject of dirigible balloons. In October 1870, M. Dupuy de Lôme, the eminent Naval Architect to the French Government, obtained a grant of sixteen hundred pounds for experiments, and he proceeded to construct an apparatus, which was in progress when the Communist insurrection broke out and stopped the proceedings. On peace being restored, M. de Lôme resumed the work at his own cost, and the trial was made on the 2nd of February, 1872. He has given a full account of his proceedings in several papers of the '*Comptes-rendus*'† of the Academy of Sciences. His balloon was elongated, 120 feet long, and 50 feet diameter, containing 122,000 cubic feet, and it was filled with hydrogen. It had a triangular rudder, and the car carried a screw-propeller of two sails, 30 feet diameter, intended to be turned by four men, a relay-gang being also taken up to relieve them. M. de Lôme considered it essential that the balloon should preserve its form in spite of any escape of gas, and, to ensure this, he placed, inside the large envelope, a smaller balloon, which could be filled with air from the car when required.

The ascent took place at Vincennes, with M. de Lôme and thirteen other persons in the car. In the early exposition of his objects he had stated that he did not aim at attaining any great independent speed; the important point was to get such a moderate control over the course as should render it possible for balloons to return into Paris, and he believed that a motion through the air of about five miles (eight kilometres) per hour would suffice for this purpose. Soon after leaving the ground the screw was put in motion, and, on the rudder being taken in hand, its influence was at once observable. The wind was high, blowing from the south-west, with a velocity varying from 27 to 37 miles an hour, and all that could be hoped for was to produce a moderate deviation in the direction of the flight. This was accomplished, as, when the screw was put to work, and the head of the balloon set at right angles to the wind, a deviation was

\* M. Giffard has acquired great fame by his invention of the '*Injector*,' an apparatus now applied almost universally to locomotives, and which is one of the most remarkable and novel applications of science to engineering.

† Vol. lxxi. 1870, p. 502; and vol. lxxiv. 1872, p. 337.

obtained of ten or eleven degrees, showing an independent motion through the air of 5 to  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour, produced by the machinery. The descent was made safely about 90 miles from Paris.

As a matter of fact, M. Dupuy de Lôme does not seem to have accomplished much beyond what M. Giffard had done previously: and it is to be regretted that both M. Giffard and he should have left the subject where it is; but fortunately, guided by the data obtained, we may form an idea, much more satisfactory than heretofore, of the position of the question, and of the prospects of the invention for the future.

In the first place, the possibility of constructing, on principles analogous to those of aquatic navigation, a buoyant aerial screw ship, which shall have a form of small resistance, which shall be stable and easy to manage, and which shall obey her rudder, has been fully established; there only remain the questions what power is necessary to give such a vessel a certain speed through the air; what amount of power can be carried; and how that power may be applied.

The relation between power and speed has been carefully investigated by M. de Lôme on sound mechanical principles, checked by the actual data of aquatic navigation, and although their application to this problem is new, they seem to have been confirmed by experiment so far as the limited trial extended. M. de Lôme calculated beforehand that to give a speed of five miles an hour would require a net expenditure of about  $\frac{3}{10}$ ths of a horse-power;\* for which, allowing for loss, he allotted 4 men, or  $\frac{4}{10}$ ths of a horse-power. In the actual experiment he found that 8 men (or  $\frac{6}{10}$ ths of a horse-power net) gave 6.4 miles per hour, which is sufficient confirmation, the power varying, according to a well-known rule, as the cube of the speed. Hence to give 10 miles an hour would require  $2\frac{1}{2}$  horse-power, 20 miles 20 horse-power, and so on.

The form of power adopted by M. de Lôme, namely human effort, involved an enormous waste of weight; and in reasoning on what may be done, we have a right to assume a more

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\* The power required to propel the balloon depends largely on the value of the coefficient representing the reduction of resistance due to the form or to the lines of the vessel. There is little experience of this for the air, but M. de Lôme asserts by the analogy of ships, that it may be as low as  $\frac{1}{10}$  or even  $\frac{1}{20}$ . Allowing for resistances of the car and net, and for other defects, he has in his calculations brought it out at a mean value of  $\frac{1}{10}$ ; and adopting this, we have the following formula. If  $d$  = largest diameter of balloon in feet, and  $v$  = velocity through the air in miles per hour, then the net horse-power required will be in round numbers—

$$\text{H. P.} = \frac{d^2 v^3}{1,000,000}$$

economical

economical arrangement. A horse-power in the shape of 10 men, with a relay of 5, weighs above a ton; but in the steam engine this may be reduced very largely. Mr. Giffard's engine and boiler weighed 112 lbs. per horse-power; in some boats lately working on the Thames\* the weight was only 60 or 70 lbs., and in other instances it has been reduced still lower.

To keep up the power, we may estimate that the engine will require, per horse-power per hour, 3 to 5 lbs. of fuel and 25 to 28 lbs. of water. But, by an ingenious 'air surface condenser,' lately introduced by Mr. Perkins, the water evaporated may be recovered and used over again, and M. Giffard has pointed out that the fuel and water lost would take the place of the ballast usually put in the car.

We should be quite within actual practice in estimating for each horse-power, 100 lbs. weight of engine, boiler, and condenser, and 10 lbs. for each hour's consumption. Hence, as M. de Lôme's balloon had, after allowing for his entire apparatus and machinery, about 4600 lbs. disposable buoyancy, we find he could carry a 20-horse engine, and keep up a speed of 20 miles an hour for 13 hours. By enlarging the balloon, say to 100 feet diameter, we should get an available buoyancy of 20 tons, which would enable a speed of 20 miles an hour to be kept up for 24 hours, and still leave some 7 or 8 tons free.

These calculations are formed, be it observed, on data already existing; we have made no allowance for the improvements that would naturally arise when the attention of ingenious men was drawn to the subject, and when actual experience had been gained. The application of high power would doubtless require many alterations in construction, and much study of detail, and there is every probability that in the course of this study by skilful engineers such ameliorations would be brought about as would result in the attainment of higher speeds than we have above taken credit for.

Let us only, for the sake of argument, assume that we could attain for our balloons an independent velocity of 25 miles an hour through the air; it is worth while to inquire what that would do towards the solution of the great problem of aerial locomotion.

We have here to consider the effect of the wind. According to the best tables, what may be called an ordinary breeze blows between ten and twenty miles an hour, a strong breeze between

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\* 'Trans. Inst. of Naval Architects,' 1872, p. 269. Paper by Mr. F. J. Bramwell, F.R.S.

twenty and thirty, a high wind between thirty and forty, and a gale up to fifty or more. The average velocity of balloons carried along by the wind has been found to be about twenty-five miles an hour, and we may fairly assume that the current is as often below as above this velocity. Hence it follows that for half the days in the year we might have the power, by properly constructed dirigible balloons, of navigating the air as we pleased, in any direction. If the wind were for us, we should make thirty to fifty miles an hour; if against us, we should go slowly, but, as the French sailor said, 'Please God, we should certainly arrive.' In the other half of the year, when the wind exceeded the velocity we could command, we must give up the idea of steaming against it; but even then our steering power would give us very great advantage in deviating from the wind's direction. An example will make this clear. Suppose that a high wind were blowing from the west, with a velocity of forty miles an hour (the highest, perhaps, that it would be prudent to attempt a voyage with), we could not go anywhere westerly, or even due north or south, but, by the aid of our independent speed of twenty-five miles, we could command any course we pleased between north-east and south-east, giving us still a very large and useful range; and what we lost in this respect we should gain in swiftness, as our velocity running east would be sixty-five miles an hour.

Then one most important use of dirigibility would be in facilitating the descent, and in avoiding the many dangers to which the aeronaut, in his present helpless position, is so often exposed. He could choose his place of landing with precision, bearing right or left at pleasure, and, turning his head to the wind, he could get rid of, or largely diminish, the dragging which is so dangerous, and which has so often brought a fatal termination to balloon voyages. Indeed, with ordinary precautions in the construction and management of the apparatus, a dirigible balloon would furnish one of the safest, as well as one of the swiftest and pleasantest, modes of locomotion.

And, further, it must be borne in mind that the increased frequency of balloon voyages would lead to a more careful practical study of the atmospheric conditions bearing on them. We may, indeed, conclude that the future use of balloons will probably depend on a moderate steering facility, combined with the power of taking advantage of the best circumstances of wind and weather; and we do not doubt that with such a combination, well studied, and wrought out with the skill of which the present age is capable, the balloon has the power to become a really useful machine.

We have had no space in this article to speak of flying. There are many students of aerial locomotion who profess a contempt for the balloon, as a mere plaything, and consider that the only proper solution of the problem is by a flying machine, which shall sustain itself in the air, like a bird, by mechanical means. They disdain floating power, which, they say, birds do not possess, and which is, therefore, unnecessary. It would be just as reasonable to propose, on analogous grounds, to abolish boats and substitute swimming-machines. The 'plus lourd que l'air' doctrine is a delusion, founded on the mechanical blunder of confounding gravity and momentum, which are two distinct things. It is a more reasonable objection that a balloon, from its large size, must offer a great resistance to the air at high speeds, but this resistance has been enormously over-rated,\* and it is a cheap price at which to acquire the fulfilment of the first condition of aerial locomotion—that of overcoming the action of gravity. At all events, a dirigible balloon is a thing actually in existence; a flying-machine is, at present, only an idea.

- ART. V. — 1. *Galerie Historique du Théâtre Français.* Par Mazurier. Paris, 1810.  
 2. *Mémoires de Mlle. Clairon.* Écrits par elle-même. Paris, 1822.  
 3. *Études sur l'Art Théâtral; suivies d'anecdotes inédites sur Talma.* Par Madame Veuve Talma: née Vanhove, maintenant Comtesse de Chalot. Paris, 1836.  
 4. *Le Théâtre Français sous Louis XIV.* Par Eugène Despois. Paris, 1874.  
 5. *Histoire du Romantisme.* Théophile Gautier. Paris, 1874.  
 6. *Foyers et Couliasses; Histoire anecdotique de tous les Théâtres de Paris: Comédie Française.* Paris, 1874.

IN the eventful year of 1871, an interest hitherto unknown was awakened among us for the highest forms of French Drama. When civil broils followed the withdrawal of the German army which had invested Paris, a small section of the Comédie Française took refuge in London at the Theatre of the Opéra Comique in the Strand, and remained there from the beginning of May till the end of July. These artists were but fifteen in number; only one or two among them had ever left

\* The resistance to M. de Lôme's balloon, of 122,000 cubic feet, at 5 miles an hour, was only 21½ lbs.; at 20 miles an hour, it would be 344 lbs.

France before or could say so much as half-a-dozen words in English.

Few people in London knew anything about them. These exiled comedians, unused to the arts of advertisement, and accustomed to general recognition in their native city, played for some time in London to empty houses. Resorting to no art but that of their own acting, they trusted to its excellence and to that of the authors they represented—Molière, Marivaux, Regnard, Alfred de Musset, Dumas, *père*, Augier, Feuillet; and by degrees they succeeded so well that it became difficult to obtain places even at the highest prices. This small gallant company forwarded welcome remittances to the rest of the troupe left under severe pressure in Paris.

The farewell banquet given at the Crystal Palace to the Comédie Française, and many other marks of consideration bestowed upon its members in England, are gratefully remembered by them now, and afforded them as much happiness as it was possible for them to experience during their residence among us. But they were beset with daily anxieties: fire, famine, and slaughter reigned in the city of their affections; and they went to rest each night dreading the news which the morning might bring. It was on their return from a brief day of enjoyment at Windsor that they were startled by the sight of placards posted up all over London which proclaimed 'Paris in flames.' With a load of misery and anxiety at heart they gave some of their most charming representations. The fire which destroyed the Tuileries and the Palais Royal threatened, by its close proximity, the theatre containing those collected treasures of time which no display of modern wealth can ever replace. The Théâtre Français, however, survived this peril, as it had done many others; and when the favourites of its company returned upon the defeat of the Commune to tell of the welcome they had won in the metropolis of England, they found their beautiful temple still standing, and their public again longing for their performances.

But another danger was impending. The heavy exactions of the German conquerors left France so much impoverished that its Government intimated to the subsidized theatres the possibility of a total withdrawal of further assistance in money. Had such a measure been adopted, the Théâtre Français must ultimately have lost its high place in the dominion of art; it must have gradually assumed the conditions which attach to a playhouse existing as a mere money speculation. The aid of national funds for its maintenance has made it what it is; and without the continuance of such assistance it could not retain its position



position as a model of dramatic perfection among the theatres of Europe. The result, however, of an eager debate on this subject at Versailles was a compromise; the customary subsidy was for a time diminished. It is now restored, and the last two seasons have been among the most prosperous recorded in the annals of the Comédie Française. These annals date officially from the year 1680, when by the decree of Louis XIV., the two rival companies of the Hôtel de Bourgogne and of the Hôtel Guénégaud were amalgamated into one under the title of the 'Comédiens du Roi.' Up to the time of Molière's death in 1673, there existed three companies of equal pretensions, that of l'Hôtel de Bourgogne, of le Théâtre du Marais, and la Troupe de Molière. Upon the death of Molière, the companies of the Théâtre du Marais and of Molière's troupe, became incorporated at the Hôtel Guénégaud; the fusion, decreed by Royal intervention, between the company so formed with that of the Hôtel de Bourgogne was the foundation of the true Comédie Française, and delivered both the Court and the players from heart-burnings and jealousies which disturbed the welfare of the separate companies, and which appealed alternately to Royal justice or Royal favour for their final issue. These united companies played under the title of 'Comédiens du Roi entretenus par le Roi,' until the year 1689, when they took the name of 'La Comédie Française.' In the year 1682 the King granted to his comedians an annual pension of 12,000 livres, or francs (about equivalent to 480*l.*, at the present value of French money), and this was their first subsidy.

The Hôtel de Bourgogne, occupied by the Troupe Royale, had originally been bestowed upon a society of religious pilgrims, who went about covered with shells from street to street, chanting recitals of the Passion, and to whom the piety of the citizens assigned the great hall for the better performance of their mysteries. The Troupe Royale, willing at first to go shares with the Confrères de la Passion, soon found them greatly in their way, and pleaded a necessity for the whole *salle* for their own performances, describing the Brethren as mendicants unworthy of the name of citizens. The Confrères, of course, had many taunts in reply; but Louis XIV. preferred the players, and finally made an arrangement by which he confiscated the goods of the Brethren for the benefit of 'l'Hôpital Général,' and required the players to pay rent for their occupancy of l'Hôtel de Bourgogne to the same hospital.

This decision is the origin of the tax upon playhouses paid to the clergy for the poor of Paris, which is known now as 'le droit des pauvres,' and which is a heavy imposition upon  
managers

managers and companies, and is likely to be the subject of fresh legislation before long. It was also a frequent cause of irritation between priests and managers; for the clergy, not slow to encroach where money was to be had for church or parish, gradually began to increase their exactions, a course which naturally provoked remonstrance from those who were subject to them; nor was this the only source of contention between the Church and the Stage. The drama, which had its origin in religious mysteries in France as in England, found by degrees a new outlet for its energies in the form of *sotties* or *sottises*, farcical entertainments which followed the solemn performances of sacred subjects, by way of a relief for the excited or the satiated spectators. The *Confrères de la Passion* delivered these buffooneries into the hands of a junior society, known as 'les Enfants sans soucis.' Mere buffoonery was unsuited to the spirit of the French nation, and the *sottises* grew into satires, distinguished by licence of thought, and used as weapons of attack by contending parties during the civil wars, which troubled the reign of the unhappy Charles VI. Each faction had its dramatic poet, and the poet spoke out roundly.

It can easily be conceived that such audacious talking was displeasing both to Church and State; and after the death of Charles, when order was restored, these performances were put down with a strong hand. Heavy penalties were laid upon the 'Enfants sans soucis,' whose appellation under this rigorous treatment seemed bitter irony. The company of the 'Clerks of la Basoche,' who played farces under the title of 'Moralités,' were not less harassed. They were a curious company these clerks—lawyers' clerks, with the privilege granted to their fraternity by Philippe le Bel, of choosing a king for themselves, who had the right accorded to him of coining money for their especial use. This King annually reviewed his troop in state; and to close the day's proceeding they performed a 'Morality,' so called because the religious element was not allowed to enter into it—the sacred mystery being the exclusive property of the 'Confrères de la Passion.' 'Moralities' were sometimes mythological and allegorical, often satirical and licentious, and probably never moral.

The accession of Louis XII., one of the few excellent rulers that France has known, banished bigotry and superstitious fear for awhile, and the persecuted companies were taken into favour. 'A satire of his time is valuable to a king who wishes to learn the truth,' said Louis, 'so I will see these *sotties*.' The comical representations, which had been extravagant farces, began now to show a new significance. The writing of a few  
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among them became forcible. One of them, called 'Maître Pathelin,' acquired a considerable reputation, and, in a modernised version, it is occasionally still played at the *Théâtre Français*.

It is possible that, under the favour of the Government, a French national drama might have developed itself early in France as in England, but with Louis XII. indulgence disappeared, and the progress of dramatic art was again impeded by continual interference. It was, perhaps, the ardent love of the French people for theatrical exhibitions, together with their satirical wit, also a national characteristic, which excited so much alarm, and caused the Gallican Church to pursue the comedians with singular severity—a severity which displayed itself in the earliest records of French history, and culminated in the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV., when Bossuet anathematised the stage and the players with the concentrated energy of his one-sided mind.

It was in the sixteenth century that Étienne Jodelle, Seigneur de Limodin, conceived the idea of the classical French drama which, being worked out subsequently by more gifted minds, became a source of national pride. Étienne Jodelle was an accomplished gentleman, remarkable both for his scholastic attainments and personal beauty. His good looks disposed him to show himself to advantage in a play; his acquaintance with ancient history, and his knowledge of Greek and Roman drama, suggested to him that it might be at once interesting and safe to take his scenes from the old dead world, instead of dealing with the scandals of a living court, or meddling with the ways of an existing hierarchy, so he wrote his tragedy of 'Cleopatra,' with no offence in it, and it was acted before the King Henry II. and his Court with complete success, the handsome young author playing the part of the Egyptian Queen. If the tragedy had no original grace, it had no original sin. It had the tameness of direct imitation, and wrung nobody's conscience. Its claim to our present attention is this, that it sowed the seed which afterwards put forth flower and fruit in the works of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire—authors who took so complete a hold on their public, that for a long period no form of French tragedy was admitted as possible that was not built upon the model they had adopted. But it was the work of a century to produce a Corneille from a Jodelle, and the merit of the most conspicuous dramatists who filled that intervening space was very small. Their tragedies, which aimed at being classical, succeeded in being dull. They were generally written in Alexandrines; but one tragic prose drama appeared called 'Sophonisba,'

'Sophonisba,' of which St. Gelais was the author; and Alexandre Hardy, or Hardy, a dramatist more fertile than Eugène Scribe, made a daring attempt at tragi-comedy, his subject being taken from Cervantes. He produced 1200 dramas in verse; all of them imitated from other writers. He borrowed from Greek, from Spanish, from Italian; all kinds were welcome that could swell out his own feeble inventions. They were shuffled together with more speed than order. A Greek chorus might end one act, and a Spanish intrigue might begin another: such as they were, these pieces had possession of the stage at the Théâtre du Marais during twenty years, till the public was exhausted by the efforts of the playwright. It was time for them to be tired of such poor shows, for the curtain was soon to rise upon very different scenes.

When Cardinal Richelieu began to reign in France, under the name of Louis XIII., he perceived a better way of making the stage subservient to his ends than that of persecution: he recognised the power which might be exercised over an emotional people by a judiciously-directed drama, and he patronised it. The prime minister himself became the play-writer. Five assistant-authors were engaged to arrange his plays for representation—Rotrou, L'Étoile, Colletet, Boisrobert, and Pierre Corneille. Corneille—a poet before he knew it—strong and independent, altered an act of the Cardinal's comedy of '*Les Tuileries*,' which was performed at the Palais Cardinal, since known as the Palais Royal. This daring attempt excited the twofold indignation of the great ruler and the weak dramatist. The interpolation was condemned as inharmonious. '*Il faudrait avoir un esprit de suite*,' said Richelieu in his disdain. Upon which Voltaire, who tells the anecdote, observes, '*Il entendait par esprit de suite, la soumission qui suit aveuglement les ordres d'un supérieur*.'

The remembrance of this affront added a sting to the jealousy which stirred the heart of the prelate, when the young man whom he had regarded as his joiner of plays produced his own splendid drama of '*The Cid*.' Corneille had previously written seven other pieces, but, though they contained passages which might indicate to a student the workings of an uncommon mind, they had not sufficient power to frighten a rival author. '*The Cid*' came as a great discovery to the nation. For the first time human passion, in its sharp intensity, took the form of French tragedy. In his nervous verse Corneille sounded the depths of the heart. The tame plagiarists, who had before catered for the stage, shrank in dimensions, withered, and disappeared, when this commanding spirit first put forth his strength. He breathed new life into the dead. The cold statue of the Greek muse, which

which his predecessors had vainly sought to animate, glowed at his kiss, moved and spoke, was transformed into flesh and blood, and became the mother of the living French classic drama. Out of the sterile imitations to which the playwrights of France had been reduced, this original power developed itself. Here was a poet whose personages seem to live: they strove and struggled under strong emotions; they did not stand on parade to be drilled; they had a liberty of their own. He who created them, was impelled by them; he did not stay in the presence of the audience to arrange their joints and force their attitudes, nor to command long speeches from their agonies. The tragedy of 'The Cid' is at once human and heroic, and the reader or spectator sympathises with its passion, and follows its story with unflagging interest. A tumult of unknown rapture followed its first representation at Paris. People asked each other what man this was who had worked a miracle. The jealous Richelieu appealed in wrath to the Academy of Letters, which he had himself founded, and said 'criticise him.' The Academy set to work, but the verdict returned was too honest to soothe the Cardinal. Called upon wholly to curse, these select scholars in spite of their orthodoxy almost blessed the writer. The fame of 'Le Grand Corneille' soon extended into all countries; 'The Cid' was translated into every existing language, even into the Spanish, from whence it derived its existence, as a large proportion of French literature did at that time. But when a true poet borrows ideas, he does not reproduce them in their own semblance, he assimilates them into his very nature; they are amassed and woven in with the rich material of his mind, and are then re-created. He is the infinite plagiarist who gathers up the whole world's wealth; from flowers and weeds, from dews and storms, from light and darkness, from the vast domain of Nature, and from the chosen treasures of art, he takes to give again, like 'that most excellent canopy the air,' which draws out of mountain, valley, and sea, the sources of life, to transform and return them ready to replenish the earth.

Corneille's greatest subsequent works were 'Polyeucte,' 'Les Horaces,' 'Cinna,' in tragedy; and in comedy, 'Le Menteur,' which, no less than 'The Cid,' is derived from a Spanish original, but which has its independent characteristics of wit and brilliancy, with a dash of youthful romance that lends an inexpressible charm to the piece, if a true artist represents its principal character. The poet's genius culminated between the years 1636 and 1640, and then subsided. It is difficult to understand so swift a decline in so great a man. Some impute it to his uneasiness under the frowns of the Cardinal,  
some

some to his sequestered life at Rouen, and others to the habit which grew upon him of imitating the Spanish manner. The true cause, perhaps, was the conflict between the mind of the poet and the taste of his time. Classical criticism pronounced him rough and irregular. He had an ambition to become a member of Richelieu's Academy of Letters, and he became one. His powers were fettered by artificial constraint, and his mind was not of that order which moves nimbly in chains. His great plays are performed alternately with those of Racine, Molière, Regnard, and Marivaux, on the classical nights of the Théâtre Français, and will not cease to be acted while French audiences remain capable of understanding passion and poetry. Although the light which Corneille shed upon the French stage in a sudden blaze burnt out so quickly within himself, it was not extinct; its vivifying influence called other intellects into action, and Racine and Molière both owed to him their first inspirations. Racine's early plays were direct copies of the master's style, and showed the feebleness which attaches to all mimicry in art. But there was the original impulse within him which will not suffer its possessor to continue his progress in the footprints of a predecessor; and after he had brought out the 'Thébaïde' and 'Alexandre,' he produced his fine tragedy of 'Andromaque,' which created a sensation hardly inferior to that made by the first appearance of 'The Cid.' Still adopting the form of Greek drama, as regards the adherence to the three unities, and using the Alexandrine measure and the rhymed couplet, it exhibited so many new attributes that the spectators acknowledged the existence of another original dramatic poet. It was no longer an inferior Corneille, it was a beautiful Racine; less heroic, less fiery, less startling, than Corneille, he was more tender, more explicit, more symmetrical, and if not more human in the widest sense of the word, he seemed more so to his auditors, for he was more French. 'Andromaque' was made intelligible to all French mothers. Her emotions were explained by the author, so that any lady of the Court might share them. The Poet's ideas were far from being such as every one could conceive, but they were such as every one could understand.

Racine was a scholar of the Port Royal; he had read much Greek; the forms of Greek drama were sympathetic to him, and his sense of beauty took delight in them; but his spirit was not that of Æschylus or Euripides: he had essentially the mind of a Frenchman of the seventeenth century, and we do not fail to feel a tinge of Court etiquette mixing with the classical treatment of his subjects. He deals with death, passion, affliction, hell itself, with the accuracy of one who draws up a State paper.

Passion in real life is not so exact in its phraseology; but Racine did not intend to show every-day life upon the stage. His aim was an ideal phase of humanity thrown back into remote times, and regulated by the limits of time, space, and action, prescribed by Aristotle. With this view his plays are constructed with singular skill, so that the concentrated action does not seem forced; the situations give room for dramatic emotion; and the characters are moved by human passion, although its expression is often too elaborate. Racine dealt subtly with the hearts of women, and loved to expatiate on their trials and agonies. In *Phèdre*, in her guilty love, her remorse, and her terror of that which she knows to be within her, the poet has, perhaps, shown his greatest power; and the silent endurance of Hippolyte has a repose in it which is not unmingled with awe, and which gives full value to the tempestuous agitations of his step-mother.

The fault of most of Racine's dramas is the great length to which many of the speeches run, especially those of confidants and advisers—the most painful elements of French classical drama. They talk, and narrate, and explain, and lay down the law, till every human faculty seems exhausted in attending to them. It is an addition to the woes of the prime tragic sufferer, that she is constrained to tell them all to the tiresome lady for ever at her side. This lady is as constant in her attendance as the shadow which follows the heroes of Japanese plays in every movement, ready to place a chair, a footstool, or a torch, at their disposal. The confidante was probably devised in order to get rid of soliloquies, but what a relief a soliloquy from the mistress would be, if the attendant would but go away. Her other province is to sympathise, and wonder, and interpret to the audience, so as to replace in some sort the functions of the Greek chorus; and her not least important office is to tell the details of a murder or a death which it would be unmannerly to exhibit to the public. The heroine and her bosom friend, and the hero and his bosom friend, alternately occupy the classic scene, varied occasionally by the meeting, but always at a respectful distance, of the lovers in the tragedy; and the emptiness of the stage in this protracted seesaw strikes us as somewhat dull; the absence of such stir and occasional filling of the scene, as are needed to give it life, was due, in the first instance, to a close adherence to the rule of the Greeks, prohibiting the simultaneous appearance of more than three characters, but the rule was carried out with the more strictness on account of the small space allowed to the actors at the time when these plays were produced, the largest portion of the stage  
being



being then given up to aristocratic spectators, who, on occasions, knew how to be exceedingly troublesome.

Racine, like his Sovereign, took a turn of bigotry and superstition in the later portion of his life, and retired to the Port Royal to repent his dramatic glories. He emerged, however, at the bidding of the crafty woman who managed the King; and at Madame de Maintenon's particular request he wrote 'Esther' and 'Athalie,' for the representation of the demoiselles de St. Cyr. 'Athalie' is, by a considerable number of French critics, supposed to be his finest composition. It was coldly received by the public when it was first brought out, but Boileau declared that it was a great work, and that posterity would acknowledge its beauty. Time has proved the value of this single judgment; and if the poet died without the consolation of the true verdict, his example survives as an encouragement to writers whose finest productions remain unappreciated during the lifetime of their author. Racine's habit of writing his plays in prose before he dressed them out in their stately Alexandrines, may account for a tendency to the prosaic which we find in the midst of his grand diction and well-measured cadences. His harmonious adornments have more the careful character of an architectural superstructure than that of an abundant natural growth; and he seems to us rather a beautiful composer than an inspired poet. His comedy of 'Les Plaideurs,' which obtained for him a pension from Louis XIV., is a satire which had a special significance in its own time, partly lost to the ordinary spectator of the present day; but its broad caricature deals with human foibles belonging to all forms of social life, and its ludicrous combinations of character and situation will never want audiences to laugh at them. Racine's plays did not exceed twelve in number. He was 59 when he died in retirement at the Port Royal.

He was encouraged at the close of his career by the finest critic of the time—Boileau; and in its dawn, by one of the greatest original writers that any country or any age has produced; for it was Molière who suggested to Racine the plot of his first tragedy, the 'Thébaïde,' and who, when the poet's early pieces fell flat, exhorted him to work on, seeing the promise there was even in the young author's failures.

Molière, whose real name, as everybody knows, was Poquelin, and whose father was 'valet tapissier' to Louis XIII., used frequently to go to the play in his boyhood with his grandfather, and his intellect took its first impulse from the performances he saw at the Hôtel de Bourgogne. They inspired him with new desires, and he asked for a literary education. He was sent to the Collège de Clermont, then under

the direction of the Jesuits. Soon after he left it he went upon the stage under the assumed name of Molière, and acted for some years in the Provinces before making his *début* in Paris. His own first attempts were mere farces, of which only two examples survive—'Le Barbouillé' and 'Le Médecin Volant:' it was Corneille's play of 'Le Menteur' which suggested the comedy of 'L'Étourdi,' and caused Molière to turn from the indulgence of his satirical vein in burlesque to the composition of regular comedy, and to abandon extravagant caricature for a true delineation of character. Corneille's 'Menteur' appeared in 1652; Molière's 'L'Étourdi' in 1653; then followed the 'Précieuses Ridicules,' and after that 'Sganarelle.' It was not till 1658 that Molière brought his provincial troupe to Paris, and played before the King and Monsieur at the Louvre a little farce of his own writing, called 'Le Docteur Amoureux,' which has unhappily been lost, but which was received by the Court with great applause. Molière, afraid of the rivalry of the two other established theatres at Paris, the Marais and the Bourgogne, made upon this occasion many modest apologies for his audacity in venturing upon any dramatic exhibition while two such great companies existed, and were in the habit of acting before the Court. There were not wanting academical pedants and rival authors willing to take modesty at its word. But Royal favour granted to the great satirist the permission to play in the Hôtel du Petit Bourbon, where an Italian company was already established, with whom he formed an arrangement by which his company performed three nights in the week and the Italians the other four. The Hôtel du Petit Bourbon had belonged to the Constable de Bourbon, and was confiscated to the Crown after his betrayal of Francis I.: it faced the Louvre, with which its *salle*, used as a theatre, was connected by a series of long galleries. From this abode Molière and his troupe, with the Italian company, were expelled in the year 1660, on the pretext of additions to be made to the Louvre; but jealousy and intrigue were probably active in this dislodgment, which left the players without room for the exercise of their art during a period of three months; after which, upon the appeal of Monsieur, nominally their patron, the King granted to the players the use of the Salle du Palais Royal. Here Molière remained, sharing his advantages still with the Italian company. He was now in the King's own special domain, and his genius had nothing to fear but the attacks of malignant authors and narrow-minded pedants and Churchmen. Of these he had an ample share.

Molière was a fertile writer: twenty-eight of his pieces are known

known to us, and some few others have been lost. Yet he rarely sank below himself; his characters are strongly marked and full of life; his dialogue is racy; vigorous rather than fine in satire, it hits hard, and explains itself to an ordinary understanding, though an extraordinary one may find a great deal of meaning below the surface. All vices and all follies feel the force of Molière's lash: his clear eye finds them out whatever disguise they assume, and his honest courage assails them whether they move in stiff brocade through kingly corridors or take sanctuary in the bosom of the Church. He has wide human sympathies, too, beyond the province of ridicule; and the scenes between his young lovers are often full of tender simplicity and chivalrous feeling, passing occasionally into the region of poetry. In the creations of a really great author there is not one work which can be named peremptorily as greatest; we can only say that among Molière's finest productions '*Le Misanthrope*,' '*L'École des Femmes*,' and '*Tartuffe*,' occupy a conspicuous place. Of these masterpieces '*Tartuffe*' is the most universally known: the name of the principal character is used throughout Europe as a type of the priestly hypocrite. Many portions of the dialogue are familiarly quoted in England as well as in France, and translations and imitations have abounded in all countries. The extra-pious priest who talks religion while he schemes seduction, who forbids innocent pleasures to others and enjoys guilty ones himself, who cants and riots, is a possible character in every condition of society, and is hateful wherever he appears; for the two offences which mankind most resents are to be bullied out of enjoyment, and to be cheated. Every translation and every imitation of '*Tartuffe*' are weak compared with the original. The satire is conducted by Molière with consummate skill, the deceiver and his dupes are exhibited with equal force, the plot of the comedy is conducted with the utmost ingenuity, and if humanity were capable of profiting by truth strongly spoken, '*Tartuffe*' would have silenced hypocrisy for ever. Such a possibility was evident to the Gallican Church, from which Molière took his typical figure, and consequently the ecclesiastics were inflamed against the dramatist. After the first representation of '*Tartuffe*,' which excited immense enthusiasm among the spectators, an appeal was made by the Church to the King to forbid the future performance of so impious a comedy. The prohibition was granted; but Molière presented a counter petition, and the order was withdrawn, for Louis himself relished the play and appreciated the writer. Molière, however, thought it prudent to wait,

wait, and he produced 'L'Avare,' 'Les Facheux,' and 'Amphitryon,' before he ventured on the reproduction of 'Tartuffe.' He brought it out again during the King's absence in Flanders. The theatre overflowed with eager spectators, but in the middle of the performance a prohibition arrived from the heads of the temporary government. The lights were extinguished, the money was returned, and the performers retired; but Molière instantly despatched messengers to Louis to inform him of these proceedings, and the King replied to this message by an order to let the piece be played. Its popularity was finally none the less for these interruptions, but the hatred of the bigots grew apace, and extended from Molière to the whole profession of which he was a member. Upon the death of the satirist, so powerful in life, the Archbishop of Paris, De Harlay, refused him the decencies of sepulture, but the King remonstrated, and he was buried with 'maimed rites' by two priests without chanting; this omission being a marked affront. A large assemblage of friends met at the grave of the man whom they held in honour, and atoned by their enthusiasm for the meagreness of the ceremony.

The proceedings of the Archbishop, which were checked by the direct interposition of Royal authority, however unjustifiable, were not illegal. They were founded upon an old decree of excommunication passed at the Council of Arles in the year 314 against all persons exercising the theatrical profession. This decree excluded players from the privileges of holy sacrament and of Christian burial: therefore a French priest might, if he chose to assert his power to the utmost, deny the rites of marriage to comedians; and in two or three instances it appears that this was actually done. It must also be understood that when Louis XIV. set aside the enforcement of the law he did not attempt to abolish its existence. It was easy and pleasant to him to forbid the execution of the penalty in a particular instance, but it would have been onerous to call a fresh ecclesiastical council which alone could annul the act of excommunication, and which might after all only have renewed the condemnations of the early Church. This rigorous decree was not actually rescinded till the year 1849, when the Provincial Council held at Rheims suppressed by a special Act the censure passed by the Gallican Church upon the theatrical profession, this decision being formally ratified at Rome in the following year, 1850. It is an instructive fact in the history of humanity that the Archbishop who refused a Christian burial to Molière died, at the age of 70, in the arms of

of a favourite mistress. Many popular songs and some famous couplets were directed against him, which were not more remarkable for restraint than the subject of them.

Although it was after Molière's death that the amalgamation of the three companies took place which was the actual foundation of the Comédie Française, we must regard Corneille and Molière as the great fathers of the French stage; from their productions the finest inspirations of Tragedy and Comedy were derived which have made the fame of the Théâtre Français great and lasting.

The most distinguished performers in the early days of French drama were Floridor, Baron, and Madame Champmeslé. Floridor, whose real name was Josias de Soulas, and who was a gentleman of good family, left the regiment of the Gardes Françaises to go upon the stage. He was handsome and graceful, with a singular charm of voice, and he was generally selected to be the orator to his company; that is, the actor whose function it was to speak an address before the performance of the piece, invoking the indulgence of the spectators; he was never heard without applause. He played both at the Marais and the Bourgogne with equal success in tragedy and comedy, and he was a personal favourite of Louis XIV. During an investigation which took place in his time touching the legality of certain titles assumed by gentlemen who had no sufficient warrant for holding them, Floridor's right to bear the title of *Écuyer* was questioned. The comedian, not having his title deeds in his possession, was obliged to ask for time to recover them. The space of a year was granted to him for this purpose: he proved his claim, was reinstated in his rights, and then continued his admirable performances—a convincing proof that the profession of the stage did not interfere with the civil rights of the comedians. He played leading characters in Corneille's and Racine's tragedies and in several comedies. He fell ill in the year 1672, and the Curé de St. Eustache seized the opportunity to persuade him to renounce the profession in which he had won his renown, and which he had honoured not less by his moral qualities than his intellectual gifts. He recovered from his illness, was faithful to his promise, and did not return to the stage. He died about three years afterwards.

Madame Champmeslé's name is familiar to all readers of French literature. She was discussed by Madame de Sévigné in prose, and extolled by Boileau in verse. Racine taught her elocution, and she excelled chiefly in his tragedies. She had considerable power and pathos, but her art was often artificial,

artificial, and her style of sounding her author's verse was too regular in its cadence for the true utterance of passion. Penetrated by the genius of Racine, she enhanced his faults at the same time that she exhibited his beauties. She was a member of the first united company of the Comédie Française, which values the traditions of the past, and does not allow the merits of a great artist to be forgotten.

The name of François Baron is little known in England, yet few actors have deserved a wider reputation. He was the son of a meritorious tragic actor, but at an early age it was evident that he was to eclipse the parental fame; and when Molière saw him play in the juvenile troupe, known as 'La Troupe du Dauphin,' he was so much struck with his capacity that he at once requested him to become his pupil, intending to bring him out as the leading actor of his company. Baron profited by the lessons but deserted the master. He left Molière to join a provincial company, and finally made a successful appearance before the King and the Court at the Palais Royal in 1671. His first triumph was in Molière's 'Amour et Psyché.' His youth, his beauty, and his tender tones fitted him for the part of L'Amour, and made Psyché's sentiments quite intelligible to the feminine portion of his audience. He played during twenty years with equal power in Tragedy and Comedy, in Corneille and Molière, and Louis XIV. bestowed upon him every possible mark of esteem. He was the favourite of the day, but just as he reached the summit of his popularity he solicited the Royal permission to retire. Louis XIV. formally granted him his freedom at Fontainebleau, where the great actor appeared before him on the 22nd of October, 1691. He was at the time of his retreat the chief delight of the Comédie Française; he received the pension of 1000 livres due to him as a retiring member of the company, and the King's bounty added a second pension of 3000 livres—about 160*l.* according to the present value of French money. Baron was a proud man, and the obloquy attached to his profession was irritating to his sense of personal dignity. He persevered in his resolution during a period of thirty years, and then, as if it were his function to startle the public, he re-appeared upon the stage in Corneille's 'Cinna' on the 16th of March, 1720. This Rip Van Winkle of the drama came back to find most of his former comrades departed, but there still remained his Sovereign, and many of his friends at Court, to rejoice in the return of the tragedian who had first sounded the depth of unknown sympathies within them, and taught them the existence of untried passion. The theatre was crowded to excess, and the longing of many hearts was fulfilled.

Baron

Baron had not lost his power : he had doubled it. His figure was imposing ; his voice was completely under his command. He had meditated on his art, and he came back to improve it. The artificial declamation, which was in vogue when he left the stage, had, during his absence, passed all reasonable limits : it had become absurd by exaggeration, and Baron resolved to put an end to its existence. He became the founder of a school of which the principles are at this time held to be the most excellent in dramatic art. He obliged academical rules to give way to Nature, and said, '*Les règles défendent d'élever les bras au-dessus de la tête, mais si la passion les y porte ils feront bien. La passion en sait plus que les règles.*' A courageous innovator, he not only flung his arms fearlessly above his head when passion urged him, but he broke through the cadences of Racine when the pause of emotion did not fall in naturally with the *cæsura* of the line. '*Il rompaît la mesure des vers de telle sorte que l'on ne sentait point l'insupportable monotonie du vers Alexandrin,*' says Collé, in his description of him. This extraordinary tragedian left the stage for the second and last time on the 3rd of September, 1729. He was playing the part of Venceslas, and as he uttered the line—

'*Si proche du cercueil où je me vois descendre*'

he suddenly swooned, and was carried off the scene by his comrades. He did not long survive this accident, but he found time before his death to make a solemn renunciation of his profession, which he did, no doubt, in order to conciliate the Church and to obtain a respectable burial ; accordingly he was interred with all proper funeral ceremonies. His portrait hangs in the '*Foyer des Artistes*,' not far from that of Le Kain.

The most remarkable of the artists who occupied the stage when Baron returned to it was Adrienne Lecouvreur, whose natural endowments were considerable, and whose intellect was of a high order. A true sensibility showed itself in all her representations, but it was checked by the pedantic conventionalities which belonged to that epoch of art. Baron, touched by her talent, redeemed it from this bondage. Adrienne, under his dominion, changed her style, and renounced the excessive restraint which interfered with the flow of poetry and passion. Among her most distinguished admirers was Voltaire ; and in his tragedies, as in Racine's, her tender pathos and her dignity were equally felt. She was the chief ornament of the *Comédie Française* ; and when she died, after three days' illness, at the age of forty, on the 20th of March, 1730, there was lamentation throughout Paris, for she was the favourite of society no less than



than the delight of the stage. The sudden extinction of a bright light always raises wonder and conjecture ; and it was whispered in aristocratic circles that Adrienne was poisoned by a certain Countess who disputed with her the exclusive devotion of the Comte de Saxe, and who made use of a little Abbé, the slave of her caprices, to destroy her rival. The Abbé was commissioned to convey to the actress a box of choice 'confitures,' containing some subtle poison. The tragedy of 'Adrienne Lecouvreur,' written by Messrs. Scribe and Legouvé, and made famous by Mlle. Rachel's impersonation of the principal character, is founded on this story, which had some vogue in its day, but which appears to have had no surer foundation than that of general rumour concerning itself with a surprising and painful event. The illness preceding death was so short that Mlle. Lecouvreur had no time to make those arrangements with the Church which were necessary to absolve her from the taint of her excommunicated profession ; and thus it happened that Christian interment was denied to her, and that she was buried darkly at dead of night at the corner of the Rue de Bourgogne by two porters. A few months later, in London, died the great tragic actress, Mrs. Oldfield, and she was interred with stately ceremonies in Westminster Abbey.

This insult to the memory of a cherished artist was galling to the heart of the Parisians ; it roused Voltaire, who commented strongly upon the proceeding both in prose and verse, and it, no doubt, contributed, with many other ill-advised acts, to that feeling of animosity against the clergy which broke through all restraint in the Revolution of 1789. The persecutions with which the priests pursued the players were very trying. Louis XIV., during the last half of his reign, rarely appeared at theatrical representations, and did little for the players. The 'droit des pauvres,' which began, as before mentioned, as a substitute for payment to the 'Confrères de la Passion' for the lease of their habitation, was continued after those conditions had passed away, and was augmented in various ways. The comedians were called upon to subscribe for the debts incurred in the building of St. Sulpice, and by an order issued on the 25th of August, 1695, they were compelled to make an annual donation of 250 livres to the Cardinal de Furstemberg and his successors. This Cardinal enjoyed an income of 700,000 livres ; but a lady of expensive habits, who shared his worldly and spiritual advantages, the Countess de la Marck, reduced his revenues to such small proportions that he was glad to lay his hands on money wherever he could grasp it, and he was not ashamed to seize on the gains of the artists whom he denounced.

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In the last year of his reign, Louis XIV. was prevailed upon to raise the tax from a ninth to a sixth upon the nightly receipts. The players, too, were driven from post to pillar. The Comédie Française had notice to quit the Hôtel Guénégaud, on the pretext that it was too near the Collège des Quatre Nations, which objected to so sinful a proximity. A year elapsed before it found footing again, under the Royal protection, in a *salle* built expressly for the purpose in the Rue des Fossés, St. Germain des Prés, where its inauguration took place on the 16th of April, 1689, with the performances of 'Phèdre' and 'Le Médecin malgré Lui.' The receipts for that night were 1870 livres (francs). The theatre held only 1500 persons, and, under the heavy taxation imposed, it was found necessary to raise the prices: 12 sous additional were levied on the best boxes, 6 on the second, 3 on the pit: the actual prices with this augmentation being—the best boxes, 3 livres 12 sous; upper boxes, 2 livres 16 sous; pit, 18 sous. The pit had only standing room in those days, but it was looked to by both authors and actors as the most important portion of the audience. There was no paid *claque* then—that system of hired applause did not come into fashion till the time of Louis XVIII., when it was introduced as a cunning device to ensure the success of a piece in which the King was interested, but which was likely to fail, unless supported by some such artificial aid: before this date the pit was principally composed of true lovers of the drama, of honest, and sometimes severe, critics. Molière, through the mouth of his Dorante, has thus described it:—'Je me ferais à l'approbation du parterre par la raison, qu'entre ceux qui le composent, il y en a plusieurs qui sont capables de juger d'une pièce selon les règles et que les autres en jugent par la bonne façon d'en juger, qui est de se laisser prendre aux choses et de n'avoir ni prévention aveugle, ni complaisance affectée, ni délicatesse ridicule.' The 'délicatesse ridicule' of some ladies of the court, indulgent to polite vice, but shocked at a strong expression, had been a source of irritation to the author, and the opinion of the aristocratic circle had the more sway because there was not at that time an established censorship to decide upon the difficult question of what is or is not proper for stage representation. It was not till the year 1702 that a dramatic censorship in France was officially founded, upon the remonstrance of the Duchess of Orleans against the improprieties of a piece called 'Le Bal d'Auteuil.' In compliance with her request Louis XIV. ordered that no play should henceforth be performed without being first submitted to the inspection of a censor duly appointed to that office. It was then with a view to the interests of morality that the official examination

examination of plays was instituted in the reign of Louis XIV. The censorship was not, as some English writers have supposed, an office created under the despotism of the first Napoleon, to serve merely for political purposes; though it is true that Buonaparte did work it hard for his own ends, and that those ends had no concern with the decencies of society. The Bourbon Restoration followed his example in this as in many other respects; and the use or abuse of the dramatic censorship at present in Paris is evidently dictated by political rather than moral considerations.

The accession of Louis XV. to the throne brought with it relief to the Comédie. The Duc de Richelieu took its interests in hand, and in 1758 its considerable debt was paid off, and its subsidy was doubled. The period of eighty years, during which the 'Comédiens du Roi' played at the Rue des Fossés, was one of the most brilliant in the records of the Théâtre Français. Their dramatic repertory was enriched during that epoch by 576 new pieces, of which a few of the most distinguished authors only can here be named:—La Fontaine, Regnard, Le Sage, Crébillon, Voltaire, Marivaux, Marmontel, Diderot, Collé, Sedaine, Beaumarchais, Denon, Ducis. Among these names, the best known to English readers are Voltaire and Beaumarchais.

Voltaire, as a writer of tragedy, has neither the vigorous grandeur of Corneille, nor the dignified pathos and fine construction of Racine; but his dramatic situations are skilful, his movement is animated, his passion often finds a fiery expression, and his intellect is always apparent, indeed too much so, for the intellectual in tragic poetry should not surpass the emotional power. Voltaire was rather a man of transcendent mental power, determined to write poetry, than a poet as Corneille was by that inscrutable process which we call intuition. He was singularly fortunate in his actors, for the era which developed so many great dramatists was equally abundant in first-rate performers, amongst whom Baron, Préville, Le Kain, Molé, Adrienne Lecouvreur, and Mlles. Dumesnil and Clairon, were pre-eminent.

Le Kain was born in the year of Baron's death—1729. He was the son of a goldsmith, and at an early age showed singular dispositions for the stage, which he gratified by joining a company of amateur actors got up among the Parisian bourgeoisie, who, relieved from the pressures and anxieties of war by the Peace of 1748, returned with alacrity to their favourite pastimes. The actors were as feeble as amateur actors usually are, and Le Kain's genius with these surroundings was startling. The fame

fame of it reached Voltaire, who sent for the young tragedian, and on hearing him recite, embraced him with enthusiasm, and thanked God for having created a being who could rouse such emotion. Yet he warned him against the theatrical profession. 'Jouez la comédie,' he said, 'pour votre plaisir, mais n'en faites jamais votre état. C'est le plus beau, le plus rare, et le plus difficile des talents ; mais il est avili par des barbares, et proscrit par des hypocrites.' With the hope of restricting Le Kain to amateur performances, Voltaire made him his own guest for six months, and built for him a little theatre, where he acted with a select society of the poet's friends. But this kind of entertainment proved expensive, and Le Kain's instincts urged him to seek a wider sphere. He made his *début* at the Théâtre Français the 14th of September, 1750, as Titus, in the tragedy of 'Brutus.' His appearance was the signal for dissension between the aristocracy of the boxes and the literature of the pit. Le Kain was an ill-made, ugly man, with a harsh voice. His immediate predecessors, Baron and Dufresne, were remarkable for their noble presence and their harmonious tones. He appeared, then, before the public under disadvantage ; yet the better judgments among his audience saw in his brilliant eyes the fire of genius, and found in his tragic scenes a depth of passion which concentrated in itself all the sorrows of humanity, all the force of man at war with fate. He was a disciple of the school of Baron — paused when he pleased, and used such gestures as his passion dictated. For a long time he acted against eager opposition on one side, and impetuous applause on the other. He was the object of much rancour and jealous fear among those who had already possession of the stage, and for sixteen months he was admitted only as a *pensionnaire* by the Société. Tired of this position, he obtained leave to play the part of Orosmane, in 'Zaïre,' before the King. In this performance he surpassed all his former efforts. As the tragedy proceeded, the actor seemed transfigured ; eyes wet with tears no longer saw the ill-shaped features. His soul was in his face ; and women who had begun by spying him curiously, and whispering 'qu'il est laid !' now, sobbing, said, 'qu'il est beau !' At the conclusion, Louis XV. was requested to give his verdict. 'Il m'a fait pleurer,' said the King, 'moi, qui ne pleure guère ; je le reçois.' In this singular manner Le Kain was elected a Sociétaire of the Comédie Française. The position which he had won with difficulty, he was resolved to hold with dignity. He set about correcting the faults which his opponents complained of, and spent long hours upon exercising the tones of his voice, till he forced an unknown sweetness out of them ; and those who had before closed their ears

ears against him, listened with mute wonder. He then turned his attention to the improvement of the theatre, and determined to get rid of the benches on the stage, where the most indifferent and insolent spectators were wont to be seated. Baron had looked them down: Le Kain intended to turn them out. Their presence was inconvenient to the action of the piece; the actors were impeded by them, and so were the authors, who had to contrive situations which could be independent of the narrow space allowed. There were many difficulties in the way of this reform. First, there was the old custom; next, there was the expense the change would involve by entailing a necessity for alterations in the scenery. Mlle. Clairon, however, the great actress who shared the honours of tragedy with Le Kain at the Français, supported his views with her remarkable intellect; and at last, in 1759, the benches of the stage were removed for ever. The charges of this alteration were defrayed by the Comte de Lauragais, and, naturally, the reform did not stop there. Le Kain and Clairon used their united influence to improve all the scenery and decorations of the theatre, and to introduce changes of costume for changes of character.\* The company was now persuaded to proceed so far with decoration and costume that the expenses of the house were doubled, but before long the receipts were trebled. Le Kain finally gained the appreciation of all Paris; and when after a short illness his death was announced in the Théâtre Français, in reply to a demand from the audience to know how he was going on, the words 'il est mort' were repeated by the whole house with a burst of anguish. His loss was felt to be irreparable. This great tragedian, who did much good to his art, did also some harm; for it was he who first made long excursions from his theatre, and starred it either at Ferney and in its neighbourhood, or in some of the great towns of France. He made one visit to Prussia to act before Frederick II.; but that was only effected by diplomatic negotiation. Frederick, through his ambassador, begged this favour of the French sovereign. An expressive portrait of Le Kain is one of the many treasures of the Théâtre Français. He died in the year 1778.

The mental power of his co-operator, Mlle. Clairon, was very

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\* Voltaire, upon the production of 'Zaïre,' had made some attempt in this direction, but it did not go far, and the records of the Comédie Française contain the following notes of expenditure for the first night of the tragedy, 13th August, 1732:—

'5 habits à la turque loués 6 livres, chaque	30 livres.
Une demie aune de satin pour les bottines	} 2 " 10 sous.
de M. Dufresne (he played Orosmane)	
Et pour le galon . . . . .	1 " ,

singular.

singular. She was the child of an ignorant and depraved mother. Who her father was she never knew. Her young days were much like those of a donkey on Hampstead Heath: she was driven and beaten. Her mother's desire was to make her a sempstress; but she had no taste for sewing; her tired head used to droop, and the work fell out of her small unwilling hands. It was said that she ought to like it, and she was flogged to make her like it. Some neighbours interfered; they suggested that perhaps the little girl would do better if she were less beaten. Solitary confinement was then resorted to, and the child was shut up in a large dark garret, lighted only by small windows, to meditate on needlework and to resolve against it. This wretched room, where she was left for long hours to fast and weep, was the origin of her subsequent greatness. One day, tired of darkness, she mounted on a high chair and ventured to look out at window. The streets of Paris were very narrow then, and you could see into a room across the way as into a box at a theatre. The long windows of the opposite house were open, and the little Clairon, then eleven years old, saw a scene which riveted her attention, and made her forget her misery. There, a vision of beauty delighted her eyes, which had hitherto seen nothing but ugliness. A pretty child, about her own age, was practising dancing. The master stood by her side with a violin, and encouraged her with kindly smiles. The mother looked on with approbation in her face, and the girl's movements were full of grace. This lesson lasted an hour, during which time Clairon remained perched on her chair, breathless, gazing with ecstasy—as audiences remained in after years with eyes, ears, and minds, enraptured by her. At the close of this delicious hour the violin ceased, the master bowed, the mother clasped the child in her arms and repeatedly kissed her. Clairon dropped from her chair and wept; she had never known a tender mother's kiss. This vision of beauty and of human love wrung her heart, and yet she longed to see it again. She was now glad of the daily punishment she was sure to have. She was no longer alone; she was gaining inspirations as from another world. And when the lesson finished, the little watcher followed it up by efforts of her own. She strove to imitate the actions she saw; she taught her small supple limbs to copy the attitudes she admired. She acquired an erect position, and seemed to add an inch to her stature. Her mother cuffed her, and thought she wanted more punishing; but the neighbours made other remarks. 'Why, your little girl,' said they, 'grows pretty, where has she got this new dignity and grace?' One among them at last won her confidence; she told him her precious

precious secret. 'Ah,' said he, 'I know who that little girl is—Mlle. Dangeville, a pupil of the Théâtre Français.' He then told her what the Théâtre Français was, and finally obtained leave to take her to the play. There she saw the tragedy of the 'Comte d'Essex,' and Regnard's comedy of 'Les Folies Amoureuses.' During the play, and on her return home to supper, she was as one in a dream, seeing, hearing nothing around her, till at last the words 'allez vous coucher, grosse bête,' from her mother, sent her to bed. There she went over in her mind all that she had heard, and the next morning she astonished the neighbour, who had given her this treat by repeating correctly a hundred verses of the tragedy and two-thirds of the comedy, with imitations of Grandval, Crispin, and Poisson, who had played in the respective pieces. This decided her fate.

After much opposition, many threats and hard blows from her mother, Clairon was introduced to Déhesse, an actor of some merit, who heard her recite, and brought her out at the age of thirteen at the Théâtre Italien, in 1736, in a comedy of Marivaux. Her talent was remarkable, but she was too young and too small. However, she obtained a provincial engagement, in which she had to play juvenile characters, and to sing in comic operas, and dance in ballets. She appeared finally at the Français, in the year 1743, in the character of Phèdre, though with an engagement which obliged her to sing, dance, and play soubrettes, whenever called upon to do so. Clairon's resolute character showed itself in the character she chose for her first appearance—the most difficult of any in French tragedy, and one in which Mlle. Dusmenil, then the first actress of the Français, was so admirable, that anything but a total eclipse seemed impossible for a young intruder. Clairon, however, showed talent, no less than determination, and, though she was not at once accepted in high tragedy, she had taken the first step announcing a rivalry, which she well sustained afterwards. It was not long before opinions were divided upon the merits of the two great actresses. Clairon soon spurned at her feet the soubrettes and songstresses of her first engagement. She became a noble, classical actress. Her majestic deportment persuaded her audience that she was tall, though her stature scarce exceeded five feet, and her inward power forced her delicate features to look commanding. The portrait of her at the Théâtre Français, over the staircase, which leads to the *foyer*, gives some idea of the beauty of her blue eyes. Her voice was ringing and powerful, and she studied all its modulations. She was an incessant intellectual worker; a true artist. In her early performances



performances her style was declamatory, but at a later period she adopted a more natural elocution, without forfeiting any of her dignity. A high sense of poetry exalted her efforts, and in oratorical passages or in scenes of sublime and scornful passion she was unequalled. Her sense of the capabilities of dramatic art led her to enter with ardour into Le Kain's projects of stage reform, and to attempt some others independently. It appeared to her a great injustice that the professors of an art, which interpreted the greatest poets of France to multitudes who otherwise would know nothing of them, which suggested fine thoughts to many, who otherwise might never pause to think, should suffer under the anathema of the Church, and forfeit the rights of all other Christian men and women. Clairon's eloquence persuaded a certain lawyer, Huerne de la Motte, to take up the cause for her; and he wrote a book exposing the persecutions of the Church, its injustice to the players, and its ridiculous terror of 'Tartuffe.' This book was burnt by the public executioner in the Court of the Palais Royal, in obedience to a decree of Parliament issued on the 22nd April, 1766, and the author of the work was disbarred. Clairon's resentment against the disgrace attached to her profession grew with her greatness. The personal adulation which surrounded her seemed an affront, while the art whereby she had won it was held in contempt. An insult from Royalty finally decided her retreat from the stage. A third-rate comedian, named Dubois, was guilty of perjury in order to evade a debt, and his creditor, in pleading against him, urged that his oath was invalid because he belonged to a profession which was infamous in the eye of the law. The Société de la Comédie indignantly paid the debt, and demanded the expulsion of the criminal from their company. It unluckily happened that the offender had a pretty daughter, who tried the effect of her beauty and her charm upon the Duc de Richelieu in supplicating for the pardon of her father. She obtained an order from the Duke commanding the comedians to play with Dubois. She presented this order to her comrades at the rehearsal of the 'Siege of Calais,' a popular piece which was to be performed that night. They had brought a favourite actor named Bellecour upon the scene to replace Dubois. Le Kain, Clairon, Brizard, Molé, who all had important parts in the play, declined to obey the order, refused to act with Dubois, and left the house. When the hour for performance came, the players were not to be found. The theatre was crowded, but the clamour of the spectators could not compel the presence of the absent. A few frightened comedians offered another piece instead, and

were dismissed with violence. 'Les comédiens sont des insolens.' 'Au cachot les insolens.' 'A l'Hôpital la Clairon!' vociferated the spectators; and a young colonel of infantry exclaimed in his fury, 'Ah! que n'ai-je mon régiment ici!' The four principal performers who had declined to obey the Duc de Richelieu's order were, on the following day, taken to prison. Clairon passed five days in the prison of Fort Evêque, but received permission to spend the rest of the term of detention, one month, at her own house. She was the mark of much sympathy, and Madame de Savigny, whose husband held an official position in Paris, accompanied her to prison. Voltaire addressed to her a complimentary letter. When the imprisoned comedians at the end of the month reappeared upon the scene they were received with the utmost enthusiasm; but Le Kain, in disgust, threatened to retire, and Clairon sent in her resignation, and adhered to it; she disappeared in the zenith of her fame. The close of her career was as singular as its opening. The Margrave of Anspach, having in her prosperity been a devoted admirer of this great actress, sought her out in her retirement, and invited her to reside permanently at his court. She was now fifty years old, and he was thirteen years her junior; so that the influential position which she occupied during seventeen years at Anspach might excite envy, but could hardly suggest scandal. She returned to Paris in the year 1790, and died there in 1803, having lived to see strange and terrible events.

The great Revolution, which upturned almost every existing institution, did not leave the Comédie Française unscathed. After its removal from the Tuileries to the playhouse now known as L'Odéon, then in 1782 inaugurated as the Théâtre Français, the 'Société' enjoyed a period of great prosperity, extending to the year 1789. In 1784 it produced Beaumarchais' brilliant comedy of 'Le Mariage de Figaro.' The receipts of the house on the first night of representation were 5698 liv. 19 sous, a sum not much inferior to the highest on record in our own time at the Théâtre Français. The attraction of the play increased as it went on. It is sometimes cited as a leading cause of democratic agitation in Paris, but it should be regarded as a consequence, not a cause. The wit of the satirist played with wrongs the depth of which he did not penetrate, and the great wound throbbed before he touched it.\* His comedy could only affect an audience well prepared to give to it a special interpreta-

\* See the article on 'Beaumarchais' in 'Quarterly Review,' vol. cxxxv. tion.

tion. The time was out of joint, and the players themselves were to share in the general convulsion. Upon the performance of Chénier's play of 'Charles IX.' in 1789, vehement discussions arose among the performers concerning the great political questions of the day. The representation of the drama had been attended with tumultuous demonstrations from the contending Conservative and Republican parties, the excited artists carried on the storm behind the curtain, and the company finally split up into two distinct sections. The Republican party, headed by the young tragedian Talma, established itself at the Ancienne Salle des Variétés in the Rue de la Loi, before and now again called Rue de Richelieu; they baptized their theatre 'Théâtre de la République.' This is the actual Théâtre Français. The Royalist section remained in their old quarters, under the title of 'Théâtre de la Nation:' to them belongs the honour of the first introduction of oil lamps in lieu of wax candles, and of the first issue of playbills containing the names of the players. Hitherto the programme had only given the titles of the pieces, an arrangement more convenient to the players than to the public, for it not unfrequently happened that when a favourite artist was expected an inferior one appeared, and no positive promise having been made, the disappointed spectators had no breach of contract to complain of; but so many quarrels arose on this account between the comedians and their audiences that honest announcements became at last an evident necessity. When Talma took his departure from the Théâtre de la Nation he left behind him a woman whom he loved. Madame Petit, a charming young widow, née Vanhove, was the chief actress of the Royalist company. She was distinguished by her personal beauty and winning pathos. These lovers went through many vicissitudes before their affection came to its natural conclusion—marriage. In September 1793, the Théâtre de la Nation was suddenly closed by order of the 'Comité de Salut Public;' the actresses of the company were captured in their own houses in the night and conducted as prisoners to Sainte Pélagie, and the actors to the Madelonettes. Collot d'Herbois' proposition was this, that 'la tête de la comédie fût guillotinée et le reste déporté;' the crime attributed to the players being the representation of some pieces of loyal tendency and a scornful emphasis upon the words citizen and citoyenne, substituted according to order for Monsieur and Madame whenever these titles occurred in the dialogue. The players were, however, gradually released, Madame Petit obtaining her freedom on the condition that she would appear at the Théâtre de la République. Here it was that Robes-

pierre fell in love with her ; and ascribing her evident distaste to himself to her partiality for Talma, he put down Talma's name on his list of 'condamnés.' A tailor who worked both for the actor and the despot warned Talma of his danger, and Madame Petit thought it best to leave Paris. By her departure Robespierre's immediate cause of irritation was removed, and the tragedian gained time. Her enforced retreat was not of long duration. In July 1794 the downfall of Robespierre enabled her to return to the capital, and not long afterwards she was married to Talma, who had, under the new system of easy marriages and loose ties, very comfortably divorced his first wife, a remarkably troublesome woman. The Republican tragedian became eventually the pet actor of Napoleon. The Emperor had a dramatic taste and a personal predilection for Mlle. Georges, which, however, did not make him unjust to the extraordinary grace and charms of Mlle. Mars. But war is damaging to art, and the conquests of Buonaparte brought no gains to the theatre. He considered its interests, however, with that attention to detail which distinguished all his acts of legislation ; and at Moscow, surrounded by perils, with danger and death in front of him, he dictated the code for the Comédie Française, which, with small alteration, remains in force at the present day.

Talma was the son of a French dentist established in London : he was born and educated in Paris, but he spent his vacations in England, and his gloomy temperament was ascribed by his compatriots to his early experience of the London climate. He followed his father's profession for a short time, stealing intervals of leisure to gratify his natural tastes in the study of poetry, ancient history, and costume. He made his first appearance at the Théâtre Français on the 21st November, 1787. His talent was at once acknowledged, but he did not reach the pinnacle of fame with a sudden bound. He was often severely criticised, and, like most other French actors, he listened to the critics and corrected his faults. He studied articulation most carefully, and finally brought it to extraordinary perfection. The conventional chant and rigid artificial action prevalent in the early days of Racine had now totally disappeared, and Talma followed the great impulse of passion both in action and elocution ; but he followed it with the true artistic sense of beauty, and did not by outrageous gesture or slovenly utterance drag his poet down into the stable or the kitchen : the reform in costume begun by Le Kain and Clairon was zealously carried on by Talma, and his noble bearing and fine countenance assisted his efforts in this direction. There is a portrait of him in his old age

age at the *foyer* of the Français, the outline of which suggests a recollection of Macready. Talma died at Paris in October 1826, and was buried at Père la Chaise: a large number of friends and admirers attended his obsequies, and two funeral orations were delivered at his grave. The excommunicative decree against comedians was not then annulled, but any priest who had attempted to put it in force on that occasion would have run considerable personal risk; only once more in the reign of Louis XVIII., upon the death of Mlle. Raucourt, a measure of this sort was attempted. She was an actress of no great powers, but she was much esteemed for her personal qualities, and when the church of St. Roch refused admittance to her body, the doors were broken open and the clergy were menaced by the populace. Finally the corpse was carried with demonstrations of enthusiasm to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where the funeral ceremony was solemnly performed, and where a monumental bust was afterwards erected to mark the tomb. It is satisfactory to reflect that the ecclesiastical decree of 1850 has rendered the recurrence of such scandalous proceedings impossible.

Mlle. Mars, whose grace and finished elocution lent their charm to Molière's comedies under the First Empire, was the leading actress of the Théâtre Français when that remarkable revolution took place in 1830, under the direction of Victor Hugo, then a young poet, which ended in the triumph of the romantic over the classical school of poetry. Greek rules were cast to the winds, and French poets threw off half their trammels. Shakspeare was enthroned as the divinity of young France. Amidst extraordinary opposition from the classical school in Paris, Victor Hugo brought out his tragedy of 'Hernani.' The result is well known; the poet conquered, and the French Muse was set free—free to breathe fresh air and to extend her views beyond the bounds of the antique drama. His tragedies of 'Hernani,' 'Le Roi s'amuse,' 'Marion de Lorme,' 'Angelo,' and 'Lucrece Borgia,' show the highest qualities of dramatic poetry. They transport the reader or the spectator to the scene of action; they send life into the dead centuries; the spirit of their time is in them and the passion of all humanity. The vast imagination of the dramatist works with equal power in lyrics and in prose fiction. In verse his 'Légende des Siècles' and 'Châtiments,' in prose his 'Notre Dame,' 'Les Misérables,' 'Travailleurs de la Mer,' and 'Quatre Vingt Treize' are perhaps best known to English readers.

Alfred de Musset's dramatic pieces written in prose, but concentrating in their movement and dialogue the very essence of poetry, belong to the romantic school, which may also claim as distinguished

distinguished disciples Ernest Legouvé, Alexandre Dumas (*père*), Ponsard, and Augier.

From the year 1838 to 1855, Mlle. Rachel's genius as an actress of classical tragedy took almost complete possession of the Théâtre Français. Her origin is well known: the child of a Jew pedlar, she roamed the streets in Paris, beating a tambourine and picking up halfpence for her sister, Sarah Félix, who sang pathetic ballads. The kindness of a gentleman, who was touched by Sarah's voice, transported the sisters from their wandering life to the Conservatoire of Music. Rachel Félix, then a little child, subsequently attracted notice by her recitations, and one of the best actors and teachers in Paris, Samson, made her his pupil. It is a mistake to say that the beggar girl, with sudden power, burst into fame as a tragedian. She was carefully educated; and she submitted to some years of training before she first appeared at the Comédie Française on the 12th of August, 1838, in the part of Camille in 'Les Horaces.' Her voice as a girl had been harsh and unmanageable, and it was by determined perseverance and under first-rate guidance that she made it a fine instrument of poetic art. She was most distinguished in the tragedies of Corneille and Racine. Her movement was majestic, her down-pressed brow was full of thought, her long narrow eyes flashed when the torrent of wrath rose within her. She had a look that could command a multitude, and a withering tone that could annihilate her hearers. In tender scenes she was more artistic than natural. Passion at its highest tide; the passion of invective hatred, contempt, or that of a sublime rapture, found in her a grand interpreter. But when she acted, the poet was only represented in one character, for she cared more for herself than the drama, and liked to be surrounded by mean performers. Her imperious avarice took her frequently away from the Théâtre Français to the provinces and foreign countries, and she harassed the management, while her power made her indispensable to the theatre. She was a great artist whose ascendancy was damaging to art. She died at the Villa Sardou at Cannet, in the environs of Cannes, in the year 1857. Her remains were embalmed and conveyed to Paris, where she was buried with Jewish rites in the Israelite division of the cemetery of Père la Chaise, with all the honour that her genius deserved.

The Decree of Moscow, modified by resolutions passed in 1850 and 1859, still regulates, as we have already said, the Comédie Française; and Napoleon's code had for its basis the first constitution of the society established by Louis XIV. in 1680. The *sociétaires* are shareholders, who divide the profits of the company



pany among its members according to certain rules. To be admitted as *sociétaire*, the artist must have served in the theatre as *pensionnaire* during the space of one year, but with regard to this rule, some exceptions have been allowed. All *sociétaires* are submitted to a process of re-election at the end of ten years. After the space of twenty years of service they are allowed to retire with a pension of 4000 francs, the charges of which are equally divided between the government of France and the administration of the Comédie. The offices held in connection with the Théâtre Français are too numerous to be detailed here—a few important ones only can be named. The function of the Administrator-General, President of the Committee, is that upon which the welfare of the Society is most dependent, and is at present filled by M. Émile Perrin, remarkable for his ability and vigour, and who undertook the post, under many difficulties, in July 1871. The stage manager during this last season was M. Regnier, distinguished for many years as a first-rate comedian and accomplished gentleman, but he has found the fatigue of his position more than he can bear, and he has given in his resignation; it is his province to watch over the business of the scene and the elocution of the performers; he is present at every rehearsal, and considers the effect of every intonation. M. Chevallier is the general manager, and M. Guillard the chief librarian; his learning and patience have been very successfully employed upon a remarkable collection of books and chronicles dating from the earliest days of the Society, and illustrating its history step by step. M. Guillard's courtesy is equal to his knowledge, and it would be difficult to speak too highly of either. It is his task to look over MS. pieces and sift them, only submitting those which seem possible to the Comité de Lecture, upon whose decision the reception of a piece ultimately depends, and which consists of a certain number of *sociétaires* with some additional members who are authors and artists. The administration of the whole Society, under the domination of the President, devolves upon a Committee composed of six *sociétaires* and two *pensionnaires*; the censorship, as at present established, consists of an inspector-general, two inspectors, and two sub-inspectors.

The Théâtre Français represented eighty different pieces, from the 1st January to the 1st October in last year, a considerable number of which have been revivals of great works of the classical and romantic school. Among the new pieces produced, Octave Feuillet's 'Sphinx' made for a while a great sensation; it belongs to a school neither romantic nor classical, which may be characterised as prosaic and *doctrinaire*. This kind of drama occupies itself always with some form of domestic vice, and its scene of action



action is generally a drawing-room in Paris. The most usual form of vice is the seduction of the married from their conjugal duties; the only variety supplied being the sex of the seduced person. The result is most frequently a violent death for the principal offender, with a sharp sermon from the author, who says, 'this is the consequence.' The authors produce their effect by abrupt transitions of emotion. No poetry enters into them; they starve the imagination, and therefore they injure art. The '*Demi Monde*,' by Dumas fils, before acted at the Gymnase, was brought out at the Français soon after the '*Sphinx*.' It is a sombre, disagreeable, vigorous satire. To this has succeeded a finely-written, well-constructed tragedy in verse, by Monsieur de Bornier, called '*La Fille de Roland*,' in which M. Mounet Sully and Mlle. Bernhardt have both distinguished themselves by their excellent acting.

The performers who have become famous since the establishment of the second empire are worthy of their predecessors. Some favourite names will at once occur to the reader: Bressant, Got, Delaunay, Mounet Sully, Coquelin; Mlles. Favart, Brohan, Bernhardt, Croizette, Reichemberg, Broizat, and Madame A. Plessy.

We pause upon the name of Bressant—intellectual and dignified in poetical drama and the finished gentleman of high comedy—to regret the illness which has suspended his performances. We have not space to characterise the qualities of that great comedian, M. Got, nor to dwell upon the peculiar genius, marred by defects not yet corrected, of the young tragedian, M. Mounet Sully. Mlle. Croizette, handsome, brilliant, energetic, and very original, has been the subject of great admiration and strong censure. She is wholly unconventional, and stands out as a conspicuous type of the school which rejects the classical in art. Very willingly we turn to Mlle. Reichemberg, whose modesty is part of her distinction; who by her fair beauty and tender winning ways, charms more than she strikes; of whom Théophile Gautier has said, '*C'est une fleur, un sourire, un printemps*,' and who seems made to engage sympathy. Of M. Delaunay we must speak as the most perfect of living artists, always finished yet ever increasing in power; who whether he interprets a passionate poet or a light satirist, gives the whole meaning and whole emotion of his author, and lends some new attraction or unexpected force to every character he undertakes. Such excellence is the result of self-abnegation and laborious days undergone at the sacrifice of pecuniary gain, and of personal ambition.

We have now taken a rapid survey of the progress of the Comédie

Comédie Française, from the simplest form of its origin to its present complicated development; we have seen the trammels of pedantic constraint rejected by the poet and his interpreters. Let us hope that the movement will not press on too far; that the realistic will not supersede the poetical; and that dramatic art will know how to maintain its freedom without forfeiting its dignity.

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ART. VI.—*Falconry in the British Isles.* By Francis Henry Salvin and William Brodrick. 2nd edition. London, 1873.

THE age of chivalry is past. The tournament and the belted knight have disappeared. The manly and unselfish sport of falconry, in which all who witnessed it could share, and even the gentler sex might take an active part without hazarding the influence of their feminine attractions, has been nearly forgotten. The noble falcon, for centuries the favourite of kings and princes—their companion in the palace and their confederate in the field—long since degraded to the ranks of feathered vermin, has been superseded by the fowling-piece, and the merlin has been supplanted by the lap-dog.

Many were the ponderous volumes that appeared in those far distant days, from the time of the Conqueror to that of the Commonwealth, containing elaborate treatises on the art; but about the latter epoch it received 'a heavy blow and great discouragement' from the puritanical habits and manners of the age, reviving again, like the flame of an expiring candle, at the Restoration. Since that period it has remained almost dormant, its slumber being fitfully broken from time to time, as one or another enthusiast has roused it to vitality—for the march of agricultural improvement and the discoveries of science have immeasurably added to the falconer's difficulties and limited his sphere of action—yet in spite of gamekeepers, breechloaders, high farming, enclosure commissioners, railways, and population, the practice has never completely died out. It has been kept alive from time to time by a few devoted admirers, especially in Scotland and Ireland; while even in England there exists at the present moment more than one favoured oasis, in a desert of civilisation, where the sport is annually enjoyed, and 'Falconry in the British Isles,' we rejoice to say, is not altogether a thing of the past.

About one hundred years ago appeared a treatise on the art, in which the author mourns pathetically over its almost total decline in favour of the pointer and the gun. We have heard similar

similar complaints in our own days from many a sportsman of the old school, while inveighing against grouse and partridge driving, the modern battue, the fusillade in the turnip-field, and the substitution of the retriever for the setter and pointer; but it is impossible for those who, like ourselves, have, even in this degenerate age, enjoyed the glorious pastime of our forefathers, not to sympathize with the passionate lamentations of Campbell:—

‘ Could a falconer,’ he says, ‘ who lived two or three centuries ago—ah! that flourishing period of princely sport—burst the chains of death and get for a few days into the world, how it would grieve his manly heart to observe the neglect into which the hawk is fallen! He would survey the scenes of his former joys, and with such tears as spirits shed, mourn long over the melancholy stillness which reigns over those hills and dales which his own voice used to awake into life and exultation. His sorrow would receive new pungency when he perceived how scarce his brethren are in society. . . . the manifest inferiority of our age to his, in sport, would fill his soul with indignation; he would fly from the hated sight to his residence in the other world, and carry tidings to the band of departed falconers, which would communicate to them the angry emotions of his own breast.’ \*

But even fifty years before this, in the early part of the eighteenth century, a sporting author could speak thus contemptuously of the declining science: ‘ The diversion of hawking, by reason of the trouble and expense of keeping and breeding the hawk, and the difficulty and management of her in the field, is in a great measure disused; especially since *sportsmen are arrived to such perfection in shooting*, and so much improved in the making of dogs, which facilitates the pleasures in taking all sorts of game. I therefore shall take no notice of it.’ †

The art of falconry doubtless originated in the East,‡ where even at the present time it is more universally and successfully practised than in any other part of the world. Certain authors are inclined to refer it to a very early date and the discovery of a bas-relief in the ruins of Khorsabad, by Mr. Layard, which appeared to represent a falconer with a hawk on his wrist, would lend some colour to the conjecture, while Pliny, according to good old Philemon Holland, says:—

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\* Campbell’s ‘Treatise on Modern Falconry,’ p. 39, A.D. 1773.

† ‘The Compleat Sportsman,’ by Giles Jacob, p. 29, A.D. 1718.

‡ This is elaborately shown by Professor Schlegel of Leyden, the eminent naturalist, whose magnificent folio, ‘*Traité de Fauconnerie*,’ Leyden et Düsseldorf, is a worthy monument of the noble art it describes. The extent and minuteness of the learned author’s antiquarian researches are only equalled by his practical knowledge of the details of modern usage, and the result is such as may be expected from such a combination.

'In a part of Thracia, somewhat higher in the country, beyond Amphipolis, men and hawkes joine in fellowship and catch birds together; for the men drive the woods, beat the bushes and reeds to spring the fowle; then the hawkes, flying over their heads, seize upon them, and either strike or bear them to the ground fit for their hands. On the other side the hawkers and foulers, when they have caught the fowle, divide the bootie with the hawkes: and by report they let such birds flie againe at libertie aloft in the aire, and then are the hawkes readie to catch them for themselves. Moreover, when the time is of hawking, they will, by their manner of crie and flying together, give signe to the faulconers that there is good game abroad and so draw them forth to hawking, for to take the opportunities.'

Leaving this portion of the subject, however, to the professed antiquary, the art cannot be satisfactorily traced to an earlier period in Britain than the reign of the Saxon King Ethelbert, who wrote to St. Boniface, Archbishop of Mainz—*ob.* 755—for a brace of falcons to catch cranes.\* King Alfred certainly was a proficient in this, as in every other manly sport, and is even said to have written an elaborate treatise on the art: 'The pastime of hawking,' says Strutt,† 'must, no doubt, at this period have been very generally followed, to call for the prohibition inserted in a charter granted to the Abbey of Abington by Kenulph, King of the Mercians, which restrains all persons from carrying of hawks, and thereby trespassing on the lands belonging to the monks who resided therein.'

In the celebrated Bayeux tapestry Harold is represented embarking for Normandy with a hawk ‡ on his fist and a dog under his arm, while he appears in like manner approaching Duke William, afterwards the Conqueror. Indeed, the last-named monarch was so devoted to the sport, that he not only introduced numerous improvements in the art, but enacted many harsh and arbitrary laws for the preservation of the birds, their eyries, and their eggs. Men of rank were alone permitted to keep the nobler falcons; the grander kinds being allotted to kings, princes, dukes, &c—a saker to a knight, a lanner to a squire, a sparrowhawk was assigned to a priest, while a holy-water clerk had to put up with a muskett, the diminutive partner of the latter bird.§

\* *Epistolæ Sancti Bonifacii, Max. Bibl. Patr. xiii.* p. 85.

† Strutt at one time knew nothing about falconry—a fact which clearly shows how unfashionable the pursuit was in his day. In his '*Regal and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of England*,' London 1773, p. 8, he mentions two portraits—one of which he engraves—of King Stephen, 'with his parrot,' asserting that 'in his reign a parrot was brought into England and presented to him,' being the first ever seen here. Of course the 'parrot' was a falcon! Subsequently, p. 39, appears a very humiliating confession to that effect.

‡ Schlegel says, 'un épervier' (a sparrow-hawk), which must have been intended to mark his inferior rank.

§ Book of St. Albans.

In the time of Henry II. the robbery of a falcon's eggs was punished with fine and imprisonment, and these and other penalties were strictly enforced during many succeeding reigns; nor would there appear to have been any mitigation of their severity until the time of King John, when the privileges which the brave barons extorted from that monarch, in *Magna Charta*, included a permission for 'every freeman to have eyries of hawks, falcons, and eagles, in his own woods, with heronries also.'

But, in spite of these concessions, we find, after the lapse of more than a century, the old penal enactments revived with increased rigour. In the reign of Edward III., in the 3rd section of the 34th statute, cap. 22, of that monarch, it is enacted: 'If any do take away or conceal a hawk, he shall answer the value thereof to the owner, and suffer two years' imprisonment; and in case he shall not be able to answer the value, he shall remain in prison a longer time.' And again, the 37th statute, cap. 19, gives notice that 'he that steals and carries away an hawk, not observing the ordinance of 34 Edward III., *shall be deemed a felon*.' This latter would appear to have been passed as more deterrent than the preceding statute, which was probably found to err on the side of mercy.

For many centuries indeed kings and princes indulged in this truly royal sport. White falcons were the most rare and valuable, and when captured in Iceland these were frequently used as royal gifts. Thus Magnus, King of Norway, writing in 1279 from Bergen to our Edward I., sends him 'aliquos gerifalcones;' and when on his death-bed in the following year, and commending his sons to Edward's care—after the usual compliments between two powerful monarchs, and a feeling allusion to his illness and his anxiety that his sons should profit by the good advice and assistance of the English king—he concludes by presenting him with two noble white gerfalcons and six grey ones, all trained; 'duos nobiles gerofalcones albos formelos, et sex greseos, etiam formelos, beneplacitis vestris et honoribus omni tempore congaudentes.\*' Two years afterwards, in a letter to Alfonso, King of Castile, Edward promises to transmit him four grey falcons (Icelanders), of which two were trained to take cranes and herons, 'mittimus vobis quatuor girofalcones grisos; quorum duo apti sunt et instructi ad grues et hiruncellos,' and

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\* King Edward used to send holy relics to Magnus in return, and, unless the manufacturers of those articles were more complaisant than we have every reason to believe them to have been at that day, probably had not a very profitable bargain by the exchange.

he apologizes for being unable to send any white ones,\* as he has already lost nine, 'ita quod nullum album ad præsens habemus,' but adds that he has sent messengers to Norway for some, which he hopes soon to present to Alfonso in person.

The example thus set by the highest personages was followed by the most refined and fastidious in all the upper ranks of society. To be unacquainted with the art of falconry, or even the education and the proper treatment of the birds, both in health and disease, implied an ignorance which was almost tantamount to a blot on one's escutcheon. Thus Sir Tristram, that ancient type of valour and all excellence, is made by Spenser to boast—

'Ne is there hauke that mantleth on her perch  
Whether high tow'ring or accoasting low,  
But I the measure of her flight do search  
And all her prey and all her diet know.'

So popular, indeed, for many centuries was the sport of falconry among the wealthier classes, that in spite of the severity of the laws enacted for the preservation of the hawks and their eggs, the value even of the peregrine falcon would appear to have been enormous, while the falcons from Norway and Iceland were considered bribes which a king might accept without dishonour. In the reign of King John, when the distinctions of classes were relaxed, we find Geoffrey St. Pierre presenting two good Norway hawks to his Majesty, to obtain for his friend Walter le Madena the liberty of exporting a hundredweight of cheese, and Nicholas the Dane was bound to give the King a hawk every time he came to England in return for permission to traffic throughout the British dominions. Certain nobles and knights, moreover, held their estates from the Crown by payment of falcons. Sir John Stanley had a grant of the Isle of Man from Henry IV. to be held of the King, his heirs, and successors, by homage of two falcons on the day of his or their coronation, and Philip de Hasting held his manor of Combertoun, in Cambridgeshire, by the service of keeping the King's falcons. Kenneth III., to reward signal services in the battle-field, performed by a peasant and his two sons, gave them as much land on the river Tay as a falcon from a man's hand flew over till it settled, which being six miles in length, the tract was afterwards called Errol, and now forms the patrimonial

\* Although the Greenland form of the gyrfalcon is here indicated, yet the term 'white hawk' was frequently applied by old writers on falconry to a peregrine falcon that had moulted and acquired the adult plumage, which is of a much lighter colour than that of the immature bird. The latter was, in contradistinction, styled a 'red hawk.'

estate of the Earl of Errol, whose coat of arms, as directed by Kenneth, consists of three escutcheons, gules, to intimate that this trio had been three fortunate shields of Scotland, with a falcon for a crest and two ploughmen as supporters.

It would appear that for a long time after the Norman Conquest there was very little money in specie in England, and fines in lieu of military services and debts of all kinds, even the revenue of the Crown, were paid in kind. From the following curious passage in Madox's '*History of the Exchequer*,' we find that falcons and hawks subsequently played an important part as a substitute for the coin of the realm. 'Then,' he says, 'the tenants of knights' fees answered to their lords by military services, and the tenants of socage lands and demesnes in great measure by work and provisions . . . . From the time of the Norman Conquest till the reign of Henry I. the rents or farms due to the King were wont to be rendered in provisions and necessaries for his household, and in Henry I.'s time the same were changed into money. Afterwards in succeeding times the revenue of the Crown was answered or paid in chiefly gold and silver, sometimes in palfreys, destriers, leveriers, *hawks*, and *falcons* (to wit in horses, dogs, and birds for game of divers sorts), and things of other kinds, all which may be comprised under the general name of revenue, the same having been rendered by the party and accepted by the Crown as such . . . . of which matters there are many instances to be seen, and some may be here subjoined. Outi of Lincoln had to pay, as a fine for his land, 100 Norway hawks and 100 girfals. Four of the hawks and six of the girfals to be white ones. If he could not get four white hawks he was to give four white gyrfalcons instead of them.\* Ralf, son of Drogo, made fine in five hawks and five girfals for himself and in two hawks for Nicholas de Ligillo. Maurice de Creon in one Norway hawk and one gyrfalcon. Stephen de Dammartin in one hawk and one gyrfalcon. Walter Knot in three hawks and three gyrfalcons, &c.†

We may conclude that the sport of falconry, with little interruption, maintained its popularity in the British Islands for at least 600 years. Edward III. was so enthusiastically devoted to it that, according to Froissart, when he invaded France he was accompanied by thirty falconers on horseback. It is recorded of a certain bishop at that time that he excommunicated some members of a congregation who during Divine service in Bermondsey Abbey stole a hawk that was sitting on its perch in the cloisters. The crime of sacrilege was assigned

\* Mag. Rot. 5 Steph. Rot. 12 a.

† Mag. Rot. 2 H. 2. Rot. 5 a Linc.



as an excuse for this outburst of episcopal wrath, but unfortunately the bird happened to be the property of his lordship.

In the twenty-seventh year of the reign of Henry VIII., a proclamation was issued which had for its object the preservation of partridges, pheasants, and *herons*, the penalties including imprisonment and any other punishment the King might choose to inflict. A well-known anecdote proves his devotion to the sport. While following a hawk on foot in the neighbourhood of Hitchen, he attempted to leap over a ditch with a pole, but the latter breaking from his great weight, he was immersed in the soft mud, and would probably have been drowned but for the activity of one Edward Moody, a footman, who leaped in and kept His Majesty's head above the surface until further assistance arrived.

In the second year of the reign of Elizabeth the following Statute was enacted: 'Whereas Her Majesty, as also divers noblemen and gentlemen, and other persons of great domains and possessions, had breeding within their woods and grounds divers eyries of hawks of sundry kinds, to their great pleasure and commodity, that if hereafter any person shall unlawfully take any hawks or their eggs out of the woods or grounds of any persons, and be thereof convicted at the sessions or assizes, on indictment, bill, or information, at the suit of the Queen or of the party, he shall be imprisoned three months with other penalties.'

When Sir Ralph Sadler\* had charge of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, he was gallant enough to indulge his royal prisoner in the sport of 'hawking the river.' The term 'Flying at the brook' was synonymous. In the 'Second Part of Henry VI.,' Act ii., the King, the Queen, Gloster, the Cardinal, and Suffolk appear with falcons:

'Queen. Believe me, my Lords, for flying at the brook,  
I saw not better sport these seven years' day,  
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,  
And ten to one old Joan had not gone out.'

In those days, indeed, ladies of high degree emulated their lords in their devotion to falconry. The diminutive but brave little merlin was the favourite, although, according to Sir Walter Scott, in a note to the well-known passage in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' a sparrowhawk sometimes shared the distinction;

\* By a singular coincidence, while rook-hawking on Salisbury Plain, a few years ago, we discovered an old portrait of Sir Ralph Sadler in the costume of the period, at an ancient manor-house near Chiltern. He wears a high crowned hat, and holds on his hand a falcon with a jewelled hood. Sir Ralph Sadler was Grand Falconer to Queen Elizabeth.

and both were carried by ladies of rank, as a falcon was, in times of peace the constant associate of a Knight or Baron. Thus there was no anachronism in introducing the former bird, as a companion of the bride herself, among the witnesses to a marriage ceremony:—

‘The ladye by the altar stood  
Of sable velvet her array,  
And on her head a crimson hood  
With pearls embroider’d and entwined,  
Guarded with gold with ermine lined.  
A merlin sat upon her wrist  
Held by a leash of silken twist.’

During the sixteenth century the County of Norfolk presented as grand a field for the exercise of the falconer’s art as it now affords to the votaries of the double-barrel. The ‘L’Estrange Household Book’ contains many remarkable entries with reference to the purchase, keep, training, and other expenses of the various hawks used at that time (from 1519 to 1578) at Hunstanton Hall, for whose care and training a falconer was kept, who probably occupied the same position on the estate as a head-gamekeeper at the present time. It is curious to observe, as Mr. Stevenson remarks,\* in quoting various passages from these entries, that ‘particular mention is made of the crossbow throughout the earlier portion of these records, and the birds killed with that weapon, as cranes, mallards, wild geese, bitterns, herons, swans, and bustards. . . . Soon, however, these entries become less frequent, although notes on the hawks and spaniels continue, till in 1533 the crossbow at last gives place to the gun; and thenceforward are chronicled only the victim of the new weapon,† destined to work as great a change in our national sports as in the more terrible arena of the battle field.’

James I. would appear to have occasionally depreciated the practice of falconry—probably in compliance with the waning

\* Stevenson’s ‘Birds of Norfolk,’ vol. i. p. 16.

† From the following extract it would appear that large birds, or those most easy of approach, were especially sought by the yet unskilled gunner:—

‘Itm. a watter hen kylled wt the gonne.  
Itm. a craue kylled wt the gonne.  
Itm. ij mallards kylled wt the gonne.  
Itm. a wydgyne kylled wt the gonne.  
\* \* \* \*

Itm. delyved to Barns of London to  
bey gunpowder withall—xx.’

(Extracts from the Household and Privy Purse Accounts of the Lestranges of Hunstanton, from A.D. 1519 to A.D. 1578, communicated to the Royal Society of Antiquaries, by D. Gurney, Esq., F.S.A., in a letter to Sir Henry Ellis, K.H., F.R.S., March 14th, 1833.)

taste of the age for the sport—although we have numerous instances on record of his sharing in it. In a curious MS. diary, in Old French, preserved in the British Museum, written by Hans Jacob Wurmser V. Vendenheim, who accompanied Lewis Frederick, Duke of Würtemberg, in 1610, it is recorded that the King was in the habit of visiting Thetford, in Norfolk, where he had a sporting seat, and that hare-hunting and hawking were his favourite dimensions, when dotterels (*Charadrius morinellus*) were taken by means of sparrowhawks.\* On the day after the Duke's arrival at Thetford, where the King was then staying, 'apres que son E(xcellence) eut disné avecq sa Ma<sup>te</sup>. le Duc de Lenox qui l'estoit venu visiter deuant disné le menu a la chasse ou l'on courrut le lièvre, fit voller ung espervier et prient des Dotterelles, oiseau qui se laisse prendre par une estrange manière ainsy que nous avons vu. Et qui se peult mieulx dire qu'escripre.'†

According to the oft-quoted but, as we believe, erroneous account, His Majesty's head falconer, Sir Thomas Monson, is said to have given 1000*l.* for a cast—a couple—of hawks. We have seldom met with any recent work treating of the art or even of the natural history of the *Falconidæ* in which this statement has not been repeated—all the more incredible when we remember the great value of money in those days. In a rare but scandalous old book‡ there is a passage which satisfactorily shows that the sum of 1000*l.* was not paid by Sir Thomas Monson for a particular cast of falcons, but evidently included the total expenditure during his exertions to procure such as could kill a kite. The expression, 'in all that charge,' shows that he purchased many before he obtained possession of the perfect pair that could do it. We give our readers the benefit of the extract, merely premising that the 'Gos Faulcons' of the older authors signified any powerful and long-winged falcons used for taking geese, and not the modern goshawk (*Astur palumbarius*).

'But before Somerset's approach to London his Countess was apprehended, at his arrival, himself and the King being that night at

\* There is nothing to show that the hawks caught the dotterels. Indeed, it was a manifest impossibility, but the dotterels were made to lie close so that they could be netted.

† This very interesting diary, written in old French, is preserved amongst the Additional MSS. in the British Museum in a curious little volume bound in soft parchment.—Stevenson's 'Birds of Norfolk,' vol. ii. p. 82.

‡ 'The Court and Character of King James,' written and taken by Sir A. W. (Sir Antony Weldon), being an eye and eare-witness. Published by authority, and printed by R. S., and are to be sold by John Wright at the King's Head, in Old Bailey, MDCL.

supper, said to Sir Thomas Monson, "My Lord Chief Justice hath sent for you." He asked the King when he should wait on him again; who replied, "You may come when you can." And' (as in the story of Byron and many others) 'there have been many foolish observations, as presage, so was there in this gentleman who was the King's Mr. Falconer, and in truth such a one as no Prince in Christendome had; for what Flights other Princes had he would excel them for his master, in which one was at the kite. The French King sending over his faulconers to shew that sport, his Master faulconer lay long here, but could not kill one kite, ours being more magnanimous than the French kite. Sir Thomas Monson desired to have that flight in all exquisiteness, and to that end was at 1000*l.* charge in Gos-Faulcons for that flight. *In all that charge he never had but one cast would perform it, and those had killed nine kites and never missed one.* The Earl of Pembroke, with all the Lords, desired the King but to walk out of Royston Townsend to see that flight, which was one of the most stateliest flights of the world for the high mountee; the King went unwillingly forth, the flight was showed, but the kite went to such a mountee as all the field lost sight of kite and hawk and all, and neither kite nor hawke were either seen or heard of to this present, which made all the Court conjecture it a very ill omen.'

The King's reluctance to come out of Royston to witness the flight induces us to believe that he was at that period losing his former relish for hawking, and that the great exertions and consequent expenditure of his head falconer to show a flight really worthy of a King were owing to a natural desire to revive his Royal master's taste for the sport. At any rate, we find James, in his book of advice to his son, Henry, Prince of Wales, strongly recommending hunting with hounds and other manly exercises; and he adds, 'As for hawking I condemn it not, but I must praise it more sparingly, because it neither resembleth the warres so near as hunting doeth, in making a man hardie and skilfully ridden in all grounds, and is more uncertain and subject to mischances.'

Falconry must have been popular during Shakspeare's time, if we may judge from his many allusions to it: indeed some of his happiest illustrations have reference to the art. We have already quoted one example from 'Henry VI.,' Act ii. To continue the scene:—

- 'KING. But what a *point*, my Lord, your falcon made!  
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!  
To see how God in all his creatures works!  
Yea: man and birds are fain of climbing high.
- SUFFOLK. No marvel on it like your Majesty,  
My Lord Protector's hawks do *tower* so well:  
They know their master loves to be aloft,  
And bears his thought above his falcons *pitch*.

GLOS.

GLOS. My Lord 'tis but a base ignoble mind  
That mounts no higher than a bird can *soar*.  
CARDINAL. I thought as much—he'd be above the clouds.'

Again, in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' Petruccio says of Catherine:—

'My falcon now is sharp and passing empty,  
And till she *stoop* she must not be full-gorged,  
For then she never looks upon her *lure*.  
Another way I have to man my *haggard*,\*  
To make her come and know her keeper's call,  
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites  
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.  
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;  
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not.'

And Othello, in a fit of jealousy, thus threatens Desdemona:

'If I do prove her *haggard*,  
Though that her *jesses* were my dear heart-strings,  
I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind  
To prey at fortune.'†

Did our space permit, we might indulge in many further quotations from the works of 'the immortal bard,' to show that his acquaintance with the details of the art, and of its professional terms, was not less remarkable than his knowledge of human nature.

Although the gradual decadence of falconry in England would appear to date from the latter part of the reign of James I., yet at that epoch it had attained its greatest popularity in France. Louis XIII. was a devoted patron of the sport; and a French author, D'Arcussia, whose work was published at Rouen in 1644, was such a consummate courtier, that he compares the falcons to angels, and His Majesty to the Supreme Being. In the antique dialect of the period he says:—

'Les Anges ont toujours les ailes à demy ouvertes au Throsne de l'Eternel. . . . Ne voit on pas dans la chambre du Roy vn nombre infiny d'oyseaux, les vns qui gazouillent tousiours, les autres sur le poing des Fauconniers attendans d'estre employés. . . . Il ne faut pas s'estonner si notre bon Roy aime tant la Fauconnerie, puisque

\* A *haggard* signified an unreclaimed wild falcon, or passage hawk, in contradistinction to an *eyess*, which term was applied to a young bird taken from the eyrie. The term 'passage hawk,' that is a hawk taken at the time of passage or migration, has for many years been becoming obsolete. It first of all gave place to that of *Peregrine*—the wanderer—which has now usurped another signification, and is almost invariably, and improperly, applied to the only large falcon that is resident in the British Islands.

† A useless hawk was generally got rid of by flying her down wind on a stormy day.

dans un Anagramme de Lovys Treiziesme Roy de France et de Navarre se trouve Roy tres-Rare estimé Dieu De La Fauconnerie.'

This same D'Arcussia gives a remarkably graphic account of a flight at herons with gyrfalcons in France about this period—a sport which may now be considered all but obsolete in England. Professor Newton—a high authority on this and all kindred subjects—says, 'The flight of the heron to his home, when the best opportunity is afforded to the falconer, is, nowadays, rendered uncertain and rare, through the complete drainage of wide tracts of lands, and the larger heronries are, in a great measure broken up, and their inhabitants scattered.\*' We feel, therefore, tempted, anxious as we are to limit our remarks to falconry in the British Islands, to ask our readers for once to cross the Channel, and accept, at our hands, a translation from the quaint old French of a most exciting episode.

While accompanying the Sieur de Ligne, who had charge of 'Le Vol de Heron,' the piqueurs discover three herons, and Le Sieur determines to attack them :—

'Having given me a white Gyr Falcon, called *La Perle*, to throw off, he took another himself, styled *Le Gentilhomme*, and one of his assistants had a third, named *Le Pincon*. As soon as the herons perceived us they took flight from a great distance, and we immediately threw off our hawks, who were a long time before they saw them. At last, however, one of them got sight of the quarry, and away she went. The two others followed with such ardour and rapidity that they were soon up with the herons, and attacking one, which made a tolerable fight, but he was so resolutely assaulted that he could not defend himself effectually, and he was quickly captured. While we were diverting the hawks, the other herons, terrified at the bad treatment their companion had received, continued to mount directly towards the sun, as if to conceal themselves in his light—*pour se couvrir de la clarté*—but M. de Ligne perceiving them, called out to me, "I see two herons mounting up there, and I intend one of them for you;" but observing that they were at such a tremendous height, I replied that the hawks would have great difficulty in reaching them. However, he throws off his Gyrfalcon, and we doing the same with ours, they rise with such rapidity, that in a short time we can see they have attained as great a height as the heron. Still working upwards they at last get above him, and begin to strike him,

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\* Yarrell's 'History of British Birds,' fourth edition, revised by Alfred Newton, M.A., F.R.S., to which we conscientiously refer such of our readers as are anxious to study the natural history of British falcons—a perfect biography of each species, narrated in the happiest manner. If any product of science can in these days be characterised as exhaustive, we venture to predict that the term will be applicable to this edition, the earlier numbers of which are now passing through the press. For the modest word 'revised,' rewritten might almost be substituted.

and to give him such repeated blows that he gets confused—*il s'estonne*—and we see him descending rapidly in his efforts to gain the covert. Then we pushed on to bring the dogs to the assistance of the hawks, which was well timed, for the heron had thrown himself into a copse, where we took him alive from the mouth of a hound who had nearly throttled him, and after amusing the hawks with the first—*faisant plaisir du premier aux oyseaux*—we mounted again on horseback to search for another. As we rode along, M. de Ligne kept looking towards the sun, trying to see the third heron. At last one of his people saw it, and pointed it out to us; upon which M. de Ligne says to me, "We have now two herons, one for you and one for me; the hawks ought to have one for themselves." While saying this he unhooded his falcon, who instantly opened her wings, at the same time directing her gaze upwards. She only waited long enough to get a sight of the quarry, when away she went. Then we threw off the two others, and the three birds seemed to be flying, at the same moment, in different directions, in their efforts to mount. At first I could easily observe their manœuvres, but finally I lost sight of them altogether; so I determined to keep my eyes fixed upon the heron itself, and although I had a severe pain in the neck from looking upwards such a length of time, yet the intense enjoyment of the sport made me think little about it. Well! after some time I got a glimpse of one of the hawks, which looked no bigger than a little fly, then we discovered a second, and at last saw all three. The first who stooped did it with such effect that she drove the heron downwards sixty feet—*dix toises*; and the two others repeating their blows in a similar manner, each in his turn, the heron was soon stunned, and began to descend. At this moment one of the hawks was observed to bind to him, when down he came, and the hounds running in at the same moment to assist, quickly killed him. We came up soon afterwards, when all the hawks were rewarded for their capture, and thus ended our day's sport.'

Although falconry always retained many votaries in England, and especially in Scotland, during the time of the First and Second Charles, yet, as before observed, we may date the commencement of its decline from the latter part of James I.'s reign. Besides the introduction of the fowling-piece about that period, the civil wars that ushered in the Commonwealth, and the morose and puritanical tone of society, combined to discourage it as a national pastime, and to inflict a blow from which it never afterwards entirely recovered. About the close of the last century, however, a galaxy of honoured names stands forth as patrons of the art; still later, at the very time when Napoleon's wars had almost banished it from the Continent, Lord Orford, Mr. Colquhoun, Colonel Wilson (afterwards Lord Berners), Colonel Thornton, and Sir John Sebright, were pre-eminent, and, at a subsequent period, the Duke of Leeds, Colonel



Colonel Bonham, Mr. Downes, and Mr. Newcome; while, as we can testify from personal experience, there still exist several devoted admirers of falconry in the British Islands, who, in certain favoured localities, practise it with considerable success, such as Mr. Salvin, Mr. Brodrick, Colonel Delmé Radcliffe,\* the Honourable Cecil Duncombe,† and others, though his Grace, the Hereditary Grand Falconer of England brought to an end the Royal Hawking Establishment, which, for a long time previously, had been reduced to a single attendant.

The raven must have been a grand quarry in olden time, and, although from the scarcity of the species at the present day it may be said to have altogether subsided, yet we believe that the late Mr. Newcome, in his earlier years, succeeded in taking more than one with a gyrfalcon. Turberville,‡ in describing the sport in Russia during the fifteenth century, says:—

‘The Raven truly is a monstrous strong flight, by meane he is of so great force and might of wing, and withall doth use to make so many turnes in the ayre as you shall see no other fowl do the like. . . . Yet is he occasionally forced to take refuge in a pine or fir-tree, but,’ he adds, ‘that shifte little prevails, for no sooner is she perched but presently, by commandment of the Emperour, each Muscovite drawing his hatchet from his back, without which tooles they never travell in that country, bestoweth his force to the felling the tree. . . .’ In the meantime the falcons are waiting overhead, and the raven being compelled to take fresh flight when the tree falls, is at last ‘slayne by her mightie adversaries, the Gyrfalcons, who most greedily do seaze upon her, as their kind hath taught them to do.’

But although the king of the *Corvidæ* has become so rare a bird in the British Islands, as no longer to furnish a subject for such imperial sport, yet his congeners, the carrion crow and the rook, intelligent, large-brained, and endowed with great power of wing, afford, in our opinion, the best substitutes.

We are aware that among modern falconers a variety of opinion exists as to the relative attractions of rook and game hawking. Having had the good fortune to witness many successful flights at grouse and partridges, as well as at rooks and crows, we venture unhesitatingly, from our own experience, to assign the palm to the latter.§ In game-hawking, the falcon, or tiercel,

\* Colonel Delmé Radcliffe's ‘Notes on the *Falconidæ* used in India’ are a valuable contribution to the ornithology of that country.

† At once a munificent patron and an accomplished falconer, no man of the present day has done more than Mr. Duncombe to revive the practice of the art.

‡ ‘The Book of Fauconrie or Hawking, for the onely delight and pleasure of all Noblemen and Gentlemen,’ by George Turberville, Gentleman, A.D. 1575.

§ To those utilitarian sportsmen who have an especial eye to the cuisine, and for that reason alone despise the latter flight, we recommend the perusal of the following

tiercel, 'waits on' overhead, and when the pack or covey is sprung, descends with an impetuous rush on a selected victim, and, if successful, generally strikes it near the ground, frequently out of sight of the field. In rook-hawking, which can only be practised to advantage in an open country, the hawk is not unhooded until the quarry takes wing, or is on the point of doing so; and although the character of the subsequent flight may vary in every possible way, yet, as a rule, while the hawk is 'climbing' in a wide circle to attain sufficient height, the rounder-winged rook starts off at once in a direct line, attaining a great elevation in a comparatively short time. The fleetier falcon, however, soon comes up, and makes her stoop or clutch. If a clever 'footer,' a despairing croak from her victim reaches your ears, and down they come, like a feathered parachute, to the ground; but, fortunately, the first stoop is seldom successful, and the hawk is then seen far below the rook; and while the latter ascends rapidly, so as to get higher than ever above his persecutor, the former, from her length of wing, is compelled to perform the same evolution spirally. Then comes an exciting stern chase; and putting spurs to your horse you gallop over the plain, with eyes directed upwards, regardless of the deep cart-

following anecdote from Colonel Thornton's 'Sporting Tour,' premising for the advantage of the uninitiated reader that a great owl (*Strix bubo*) used to be thrown up to attract the kite:—

'The Southern gentlemen, particularly those in the vicinity of the metropolis, never see game of any kind without expressing instantaneously their inclination for a *roast*; nor is this peculiarity confined to them, for every alderman expresses on such occasions the same emotions. I remember a singular instance that cannot but be recollected likewise by those members of the Falconer's Club who were present, and there was a large field. A Mr. A., attended by a little hump-back servant, with a large portmanteau, joined our party, ranging for *kite*, near Elden Gap. At length one was seen in the air, and I ordered the owl to be flown. He came, as we wished, at a proper distance. The day was fine, and the hawks, particularly *Javelin* and *Islanderkin*, in the highest order; and with them *Crocus*, a famous flight falcon. Never was there a finer day, keener company, or, for six miles, a finer flight. When he was taken, in an ecstasy I asked Mr. A. how he liked kite-hawking? He replied, with a sort of hesitation that expressed but small pleasure, "Why, pretty well." We then tried for *hare*, with a famous hawk called *Sans Quartier*. After ranging a little we found one, and in about two miles killed it. Mr. A. coming up again slowly, unwilling, or unable to leave his portmanteau, I repeated my former question; and though the flight of a hare is fine, yet, being in no way equal to that of a kite, was surprised to see his countenance brighten up, and to hear him express himself with uncommon pleasure; "Ay that," he said, "was a nobler kind of hawking; the hare would be of use—a good *roast*—the kite of none." Desirous to gratify his wishes, and to get rid on such easy terms of the trouble the servants would have to carry an old jack hare in the month of May, I begged his acceptance of it, to which he very readily assented; and his servant was ordered to add this trophy on the top of the enormous portmanteau. I leave every sportsman to guess the observations that were made by a set of lively young men on the occasion.'—From footnote, pp. 37, 38, of Colonel Thornton's 'Sporting Tour through the Northern parts of England and great part of the Highlands of Scotland.' 4to. London, 1804.

ruts that occasionally cross your course. As the rook ascends, and almost disappears in the distance, you fear that the falcon will never be up in time, but the next moment she shoots over your head like an arrow, and is soon far away and in a favourable position for dealing the fatal blow. Once more she misses the clutch, as the artful rook, by a fortunate dodge, eludes her grasp, and again the same tactics are repeated by both birds. Now they look like two specks in the sky, and you hardly distinguish one from the other, but these suddenly melt into one, which descends rapidly to the earth, and you must be well mounted if you are up in time, before life has departed from the quarry, over which the conqueror now strides with evident exultation.

The loss of a falcon during a flight of this kind is not unusual, especially in a high wind. We have witnessed more than one. Sometimes, after several ineffectual stoops at a wily crow, she becomes disgusted, and rakes off in pursuit of a passing wood-pigeon. Then 'Greek meets Greek' in a contest of speed; and perhaps at last, like Noah's dove, she returns no more. Untoward accidents of various kinds are liable to occur. An unconscionable gunner, deaf to the warning tinkling of her bells, will sometimes take a pot shot at a trained falcon; but one of the most touching and humiliating incidents of this kind we ever witnessed occurred a few years ago on Salisbury Plain. A perfect falcon, 'Juno,' worthy of her name, had just treated us to a grand aerial exhibition, such as we have described; after a stern-chase of a couple of miles we came up at full gallop to the spot where she had descended, with her quarry in her clutches—a cottage garden on the very borders of the plain. Alas! we were too late. What did we behold! An elderly cripple, leaning on one crutch, while he flourished the other aloft—the weapon with which he had just brained poor Juno, who lay in convulsions at his feet. An ignoble end for the Queen of Olympus!

Sir John Sebright, in his concise but valuable little book says: 'Hawking, the favourite diversion of our ancestors, is now so fallen into disuse that the art of Falconry is in danger of being entirely lost,' and the authors of the beautiful work whose title we have prefixed to this article, modestly state, in their introduction, that Sir John Sebright's 'Observations on Hawking' gives the sketch from which they hope to fill up the picture. 'It is not too much to say that they have creditably performed the task.'\* Commencing almost *ab ovo*, we are introduced to the

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\* Our authors, it is true, seem open to a charge of unduly depreciating what they term the 'Dutch School' of falconry, and of maintaining the entire distinctness

the most approved method of taking young eyesses from the nest and instructed how to deal with them during their infancy ; how to capture passage falcons with the bow-net, and initiated into all the mysteries of hood and leash, training to the lure, flying at hack, with the proper treatment of the birds in health and disease ; and all this as applicable to the gyrfalcon, the peregrine falcon, the lanner, the saker, the Barbary falcon, the merlin, the goshawk, and the sparrowhawk ; whether the object of pursuit be heron, rook, grouse, partridge, woodcock, snipe, wild-duck, or any other kind of existing quarry : and while to the great experience, skill, characteristic patience and perseverance of one of the authors we owe such elaborate practical instructions as have left little to be done by future writers on the art, we are no less indebted to the gifted pencil of the other for illustrations of every species, which are really life-like portraits of the birds themselves.

Yet a few words more and our task is done. We have attempted to give an outline of the history of falconry in the British Islands from the earliest times, but we cannot conclude even a slight sketch like the present without especially noticing the great services rendered to that noble art by one who, within the last few years, has passed away ; one who was in the highest sense of the term 'a thorough sportsman.' On field or fen, on moor or mere, by the river-side or on the race-course, no man had more friends or fewer enemies than the late Edward Clough Newcome. But from his own Norfolk 'bracks' to the bogs of Ireland, from Salisbury Plain to the heaths of Brabant and the fells of Norway, he, from his boyhood, followed the sport of falconry more keenly than any other ; sharing its comparative prosperity of fifty years since ; keeping alive its traditions when its practice had all but expired ; reviving it when his own enthusiasm, by infecting others, had given promise for its continuance ; and performing feats hitherto unknown in the annals of the art. Untired in his devotion, even by the drudgery of the labour of love he undertook, as an efficient falconer he was unequalled, whether by professionals or amateurs. Always ready,

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tinctness of the 'English School,' on, as it appears to us, the somewhat slight ground of the use of 'varvels,' anklets, bearing the owner's name. No doubt each country had some practices exclusively its own, but the hawking connection between England and Holland is probably of older standing than our authors would allow. From documents quoted by Schlegel, '*Traité de Fauconnerie*,' p. 85, *note*, we find Leicester—Queen Elizabeth's Leicester, then Lieutenant-General of the English forces in the Netherlands, and Governor-General of the United Provinces—issuing, in 1586, several ordinances concerning falcons and hawks ; ordering them to be caught and brought to the Hague for his choice, and fixing the duties to be paid on those that were exported.

without

without a thought of jealousy—too often the bane of the sportsman—to give, from his large store of experience, advice or information alike to the youngster fresh from school or college, and to the older hand in whom many might see a possible rival. His assiduity and success in the cultivation of the sport is shown by the fact that he trained falcons brought up by hand from the eyrie, to take wild herons ‘on the passage’—*i. e.*, passing overhead in their usual lofty flight—an exploit previously unachieved by any falconer. One other fact may be mentioned, to show his unerring judgment in all that concerned hawks. Many years ago his zeal led him to seek for gyrfalcons in the Dovrefjeld, a range of high mountains in Norway, where it was known that, of old, they used to be taken, but, except the name of the locality, all knowledge of the spot had perished. He surveyed the surrounding country and pitched upon a place as most fitted for the necessary apparatus. The next year he sent thither falconers from Holland, and they, when digging the foundations for their hut, came upon those of the forgotten edifice of bygone generations, thus revealed only by the faculty which led him to detect the most suitable place for the purpose among ‘wilds immeasurably spread’—a faculty which becomes, as in this case, instinctive only through long, incessant attention to the habits of wild birds, such as had, no doubt, originally prompted the selection of the same spot by the falconers of yore. It would be out of our province to dwell here on the other qualities of this distinguished sportsman. The kind landlord, the hospitable neighbour, in short, the English squire of the old school, yet exists in plenty; but falconry in the British Islands will scarcely again find such a patron and pillar of strength as in the true-hearted gentleman who, before he had obtained the prime of life, was always affectionately greeted by that single English epithet which at once expresses the veneration felt towards a superior, the honest admiration of an equal, and the thorough appreciation of good fellowship; for at lordly board, or lady’s bower, double-barrel in hand, or hawk on fist, the cheerful countenance, the genial humour, and the animating presence of ‘Old Clough’ were ever welcome.

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ART. VII.—*Histoire et Mémoires.* Par le Général C<sup>te</sup> de Ségur  
Membre de l’Académie Française. Paris, 1873. Seven  
volumes, 8vo.

**I**T is painful, depressing, degrading to humanity, to believe that greatness is hopelessly incompatible with goodness; that

that the brightest of mankind must or may be the meanest; that conquerors are no better than robbers on a large scale; that the loftiest pinnacle of soaring ambition is unattainable by the aspirant who is weighted with honour, probity, and truth. When, therefore, these conclusions were forced upon us by the first four volumes of M. Lanfrey's 'History of Napoleon,'\* we gave expression to them with reluctance, and we gladly catch at the opportune occasion for modifying them presented by the 'History and Memoirs' of General Comte de Ségur, who, going over identically the same ground with peculiar facilities of observation, certainly places the personal qualities of his imperial master in a light which contrasts strongly and pleasingly with our preconceived impression of the intense, concentrated, all-pervading egotism of the character. According to this irreproachable and unimpeachable witness, it abounded in traits of amiability and sensibility: the iron despot could unbend like an ordinary mortal, was not inaccessible to remorse, could sympathise with the sufferings of his victims, and shed bitter tears over the ruin he had wrought. Partial as M. de Ségur undoubtedly is, we have the best possible evidence of his good faith in the indignant condemnation which he passes on acts of reckless violence or treachery, like the seizure and execution of the Duc d'Enghien, the treatment of the Pope, or the trap laid for the Spanish Bourbons. In fact, his moral sense, his sense of right and wrong, is as strong, as deep, as true, as M. Lanfrey's; and in the midst of the most enthusiastic devotion to the man of destiny, the self-made ruler and hero, he never forgets that he is himself a noble and that *noblesse oblige*: that he is the descendant of a long line of chivalrous ancestors, distinguished by unswerving loyalty to the hereditary throne.

His apparent aberration from their principles is fully explained at starting. It was genuine patriotism, combined with military ardour, that first induced him to join the army as a volunteer; and he may be pardoned for not regarding the brilliant conqueror on the car of Victory, the incarnation of French glory, as the upstart usurper of a crown. Divided in his own despite between opposite creeds, he clings instinctively to truth as his sole preservative against vacillation and inconsistency: he never plays the advocate, never tries to make the case better or worse, but sets down his genuine impressions for evil or for good; and these, it will be remembered, are most fre-

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\* 'The Quarterly Review' for April, 1870. The fifth volume, recently published and bringing down the History to the end of 1811, is marked by the same tendency, indeed rather too much marked, as detracting from the appearance of impartiality.

quently the impressions of one who saw and heard what he sets down. The *quorum pars magna fui* is the keynote of the narrative. It is told of our great captain, the Iron Duke, that after putting some one right as to some incident at Waterloo, he naively added, 'I was there!' M. de Ségur might have said the same in reference to most of the campaigns and battles he commemorates—Austerlitz, Wagram, Borodino, &c. &c.—'I was there.' He was there, moreover, in immediate attendance on the principal performer in the grand drama or succession of grand dramas; and when not personally present, he heard the most remarkable scenes and occurrences talked over and discussed by his constant companions, the other members of the household and the Staff, whilst the facts were freshly remembered, and there was no immediate motive for misstating or distorting them. He thus contrived to collect an immense amount of valuable information, enlivened by anecdotes: and the style of publication which he chose strikes us to be precisely that which was best adapted to his turn of mind and capacity, as well as best fitted to turn his stock of miscellaneous though rich materials to the best account.

One of his ancestors was the friend and ambassador of Henry IV. Several were distinguished commanders. His grandfather was the Count de Ségur, afterwards Marshal of France and Minister of War, who, when his arm was broken at the battle of Lawfeld, refused to quit the field for fear of discouraging his men, entered the entrenchments at their head, and caused Louis XV. (as quoted by Voltaire) to exclaim that such men deserved to be invulnerable. His father was the well-known author of '*Mémoires ou Souvenirs et Anecdotes*,' published in 1823, towards the beginning of which we read:—

'Since chance has willed that I should be successively colonel, general, traveller, navigator, son of a minister, ambassador, courtier, prisoner, farmer, soldier, poet, dramatic author, journalist, publicist, historian, deputy, councillor of state, senator, academician, and peer of France, I must have seen men and things under almost all aspects; sometimes through the prism of happiness, sometimes through the crape of misfortune, and tardily by the light of the torch of a mild philosophy.'

These '*Mémoires ou Souvenirs*' were left unfinished, and might naturally have suggested the work before us, by way of continuation, to the son, who also had seen enough of men and things under various aspects fully to qualify him for the task. But the constant movement of military life, with the absorbing interest of the political changes or catastrophes in which he was mixed up, prevented him from forming any literary project till  
after



after his compelled retirement at the second Restoration in 1815. Then he began to look about for the means of employing his leisure hours and diverting his thoughts; and after two or three desultory attempts at detached scenes or passages, he resolved on writing the 'History of Napoleon and the Grand Army during the year 1812.' He set to work so eagerly that he was speedily brought to a standstill by exhaustion. 'I well remember (he says) that, at the very commencement, forcing, wildly straining myself to compose without sufficient preparation or rest, I reduced myself to an utter incapacity for producing anything.' This is a well-known and recognised phenomenon amongst men of letters. We find Pope complaining that he had been three weeks waiting for his imagination. But it naturally alarmed a novice:—

'I was disconsolate, on the verge of despair at this impotence, when, fortunately, M. de Lacépède, then living in retirement in the neighbouring village, dropped in.

"What is the matter with you?" said this celebrated *savant*. On my explaining, he said, "Well, nothing more simple; it is a breakdown (*fourberie*). The mind may be overworked like the body, dependent as they are on one another, and this is what has happened to you." "And is it for you," I replied, "you, who sleep scarcely three hours, and work twenty-one out of the twenty-four; is it for you to impute this shameful sterility to eight or ten hours of work?"

M. de Lacépède, the well-known writer on natural history, explains to him that, as one man's meat may be another man's poison, so the amount of sleep which sufficed for one might be utterly insufficient for another, and that as for himself, he had suffered so little from his self-imposed *régime*, that at his advanced age he still composed without writing.

"Ah! probably verses?" "No, prose." "What!" I rejoined, jocularly; "your work, *Sur l'Homme*, for example?" "Precisely; and to prove it to you, I will, if you have time to listen to me, repeat the whole of my first volume! and not only the original copy, but all the alterations, all the corrections! I have at this moment all the erasures in my mind's eye; yet I have not yet written a word, and I have almost finished the second volume in the same manner." Whilst I remained struck dumb by astonishment, he added: "But do not, for all that, suppose that I work consecutively twenty-one hours a-day; on the contrary, I take care not to continue more than two hours without interruption, without relieving my brain by some diversion—a few household arrangements, a few tunes on my piano, a few turns in my garden, suffice—after which, refreshed and well disposed, I resume my task."

'I endeavoured to follow his advice, and benefited by it; I even sought distractions, some came in my despite.'

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He had made considerable progress when the idea struck him that, since the most curious and important part of his work was to come from the interior of the imperial tent, he must secure the co-operation of the man who had been domesticated in it during the entire expedition, and who, besides the extraordinary opportunities he had enjoyed, was a statesman, and a man of letters renowned for his probity:—

‘Having resolved on this line, I repaired straight and without hesitation to M. le Cte. Daru. I arrived, enriched with a thousand pieces of information obtained from other ministers, great officers, marshals, and generals, aides-de-camp, the four private secretaries of Napoleon, his physicians, maitres d’hôtel, and valets de chambre. This minister was my father’s friend, his colleague in the Academy. I had already profited by their communications. His place in my book was consequently marked out beforehand; and as it was to be elevated by the aid I came to ask of him, I had good grounds for reckoning on his obliging concurrence. He thought the work deserved it. Thenceforth, as soon as a book was finished, I came to read it to him, to listen to his remarks, and then collect, in a conversation of several hours of earnest reasoning and discussion on the subject of the following book, all the information that his happy memory never failed to supply.’

M. Daru lent himself complacently to the kind of co-operation that has been described during the entire composition of the work—began in 1815, and completed in 1820; but never once, in the course of these innumerable consultations, extending over five years, did he utter an approving word, or give the faintest intimation of an opinion touching style or form; so that the author, with a conscience perfectly satisfied and at rest as to the facts and their appreciation, was left in the most embarrassing uncertainty as to the literary merit of his production. Whether from the distrust thus inspired, or from his being re-engaged in active military vocations, he had given up all notion of publishing and laid aside his manuscript as a legacy to posterity, when, much to his surprise (in 1823 or 1824), he learnt from his father that M. Daru had been speaking in the highest terms of the work, advised publication, and prophesied success.

At their next meeting, M. Daru, laying aside reserve, asked him point-blank why he persevered in deriving no advantage from so sustained a labour. ‘But,’ I replied, ‘if the public should prove as reticent as you have been, what is the use of consulting it when its silence would annoy without convincing me; and I should not be satisfied with an incomplete success.’ ‘Well, in that case,’ he rejoined, ‘you would appeal to posterity.’ ‘Ah, yes,’ I exclaimed, ‘like hosts of others; but I am by no means disposed

to

to swell the number.' Very little additional pressure is required to impel an author in this state of mind to publication. At a subsequent interview, on M. Daru renewing his remonstrances, M. de Ségur said he would follow his advice, on one condition. 'Out with it, then.' After a little hesitation, I resumed: 'Well then, you alone are well acquainted with my book; answer me conscientiously. Are you sure that it would be sufficient to throw wide open to me the folding-doors of the Academy?' 'I answer for it,' he replied; 'and so well, that I give you my vote beforehand.' There was no resisting such an encouragement: the long-secluded manuscript was brought forth, and read over, chapter by chapter, to his father, whose deliberate judgment was in accordance with M. Daru's. But fastidious recasting and polishing, with occasional fits of hesitation, procrastinated what he still regarded as a leap in the dark till 1825; when the entire 'copy' was confided to the celebrated printers, MM. Baudouin, who severely tried his patience by fresh delay.

'The process of printing was long enough in all conscience. If, at the time, they had told me why, perhaps my apprehensions would have been allayed. I have learned since that the compositors paused to read the proofs amongst themselves. But I was kept in ignorance of this first success. When the day of publication arrived, I hurried in my perplexity to isolate myself at Saint-Gratien' (his country-house). 'But, at the end of forty-eight hours, the feverish agitation which came over me, augmented by solitude, led me to return furtively to Paris. There, without stirring out, I abided my fate, when M. Baudouin begged me to call on him. I went, more and more anxious. Jostled on my way by a double file of porters loaded with huge piles of printed sheets, I somewhat impatiently entered the court. As soon as he saw me he ran up; and on his grasping and pressing both my hands, I exclaimed, "Good God, what do you want me for, and what has happened?" "Don't you see? Look; is it not a scene for the 'Arabian Nights'?" "What! those porters who ran against me?" "Well, it is you, it is your book that they are carrying thus! We are no longer equal to the demand! The first edition of three thousand copies is exhausted already; we must have a second of four thousand as soon as possible, and authority to strike off a third, a fourth, of the same number. It is a success unexampled since Chateaubriand.'"

This was literally true. Congratulations poured in on all sides: the grand object of his aspirations, the seat in the Academy, was as good as attained; and he had fairly established his title to a place on that table-land of Fame where, according to d'Alembert, the celebrities, the choice spirits, of all times and climes are to assemble and shake hands. A duel with General Gourgaud, in which he wounded his adversary, and a pamphlet-

pamphlet-war with Marshal Grouchy, in which he had the best of it, could hardly be called drawbacks: at all events, were far more than counterbalanced by the eager testimony borne to the fidelity of his narratives and descriptions, as well as by the unequivocal signs of their popular effect and impressiveness.

As an ex-Imperialist he was not in high favour at the Tuileries, and Madame la Dauphine in particular was wont to look coldly on him. The first time he met her eye after the publication of his book, she showed signs of emotion, and seemed more than once on the point of addressing him. Struck by her altered manner, he requested an explanation of one of the persons of her suite. 'What! do you not know? Can you be ignorant that, on reading your account of the unfortunate Prince of Moskow during the retreat, she repeatedly cried out, "Heavens! why did we not know all this? What heroism! Why did not M. de Ségur publish his book sooner? It would have saved the life of Marshal Ney!"'

A still higher compliment was that paid by an eminent professor of history. In the course of a lecture at the Sorbonne, M. Saint-Marc Girardin drew a comparison between the work and the History of Charles XII. by Voltaire; and to justify his preference of M. de Ségur, quoted his description of the Grand Army on the 6th November, when the Russian winter broke upon them in all its horrors, heralded by a piercing wind and a heavy fall of snow. To save the reader the trouble of reference we quote a portion of it:

'Les malheureux se traînent encore, en grelottant, jusqu'à ce que la neige, qui s'attache sous leurs pieds en forme de pierre, quelques débris, une branche ou le corps de l'un de leurs compagnons, les fasse trébucher et tomber. Là ils gémissent en vain: bientôt la neige les couvre; de légères éminences les font reconnaître. Voilà leur sépulture! La route est toute parsemée de ces ondulations, comme un champ funéraire; les plus intrépides ou les plus indifférents s'affectent: ils passent rapidement en détournant leurs regards. Mais devant eux, autour d'eux, tout est neige; leur vue se perd dans cette immense et triste uniformité; l'imagination s'étonne: c'est comme un grand linceul dont la nature enveloppe l'armée! Les seuls objets qui s'en détachent, ce sont de sombres sapins, des arbres de tombeaux, avec leur funèbre verdure, et la gigantesque immobilité de leurs noires tiges, et leur grande tristesse qui complète cet aspect désolé d'un deuil général, d'une nature sauvage, et d'une armée mourante au milieu d'une nature morte.\*

This, his first work, occupies the fourth and fifth volumes of his completed *Histoire et Mémoires*, and harmonises admirably with

\* Liv. ix., chap. 11.

the rest, which is composed on much the same plan and blends personal reminiscences with the Imperial annals in nearly the same manner. 'The History of Napoleon and the Grand Army,' he remarks, on resuming his pen, 'is before the world. It is also my own history. Many a time have I figured upon the stage, but invariably without naming myself. I was then more of a witness than an actor, having hardly quitted the Emperor, except for short distances, to carry and see to the execution of his orders. I suffered less than others, notwithstanding my wounds, because, attached to Napoleon, we were almost always under shelter and sufficiently fed.' On most other occasions he names himself without reserve, and the part assigned to him is not unfrequently reversed. He is conspicuous in action where the fight is hottest; he leads more than one charge as desperate as that of Balaclava or a forlorn hope; he receives wounds which make the army surgeons shudder; and has so many hairbreadth escapes, that we wonder by what miraculous intervention he lived to tell of them. The civil or non-military part of his life is also so eventful and sensational, that although we shall keep as much as possible to the passages in which it blends with history, we must bestow a passing attention on those in which he tells us how his character was developed, and how he came to run counter to the hereditary principles of his race.'

His education was private and domestic. It was the best that, after his ninth year, his father and mother could give him in the midst of revolutionary dangers and disturbances. On the 21st January, 1793 (the day of the execution of Louis XVI.), they fled to a country-house at Châtenay, near Sceaux, three leagues from Paris.

'It was said that Voltaire had been brought up in it. I remember that the Abbé Raynal came to see my father there. The theories of this historian had just been reduced to practice; he seemed disgusted with them. I heard him reproach himself with the exaggeration of his philosophical writings. He repented his share of the flames in this horrible conflagration, and his having placed torches instead of lustres in brutal hands which used them to consume and destroy all.'

He goes on to say that the Reign of Terror was just beginning; the family were poor and proscribed; masters and preceptors all abandoned them, and the father was the sole instructor.

'This was too much for me; the disproportion between tutor and pupil was too great. In this early age, the age of sensations, and in the middle of the tragic scenes surrounding me, feeble and sickly, my heart was too soon and singularly developed, but alone, but at the

expense of all the rest, and especially of my mind, which remained in its first infancy. I grew neither in body nor intelligence.'

This lasted three years; and he was in his fifteenth year, when he took up a book of light literature which he had frequently glanced over and thrown by, and from the first words he felt as if a thick internal veil had been torn aside, and as if a new world of ideas, luminous and dazzling, had been opened to him. The readers of John Stuart Mill's 'Autobiography' will remember that the dark mental cloud which hung upon him was similarly dissipated by his coming accidentally on a passage in the *Memoirs of Marmontel*. The day after the intellectual glow came upon young de Ségur he was seized with a literary fit, during which he composed comedies. Then, after a serious semi-religious turn, a melancholy meditative mood came over him, when, convinced of the vanity and nothingness of all things including human life, he alternately contemplates suicide *à la Werther* or the isolation and solitary musings of a hermit. The spell is fortunately broken by a call to Paris.

'The view of the world sufficed to originate a fresh transformation, so accidental and contrary to nature was the tendency in which I was well nigh lost: self-love and very soon other kinds of love completed the work.'

Society was just beginning to revive under the Directory, and he was immediately introduced to the best of it by his uncle the Vicomte de Ségur. Dazzled by its novelty and fascinated by its charm, his sole ambition is to shine in it, to sustain the renown of his family for wit, courage, and gallantry. The method he pursued was precisely that of the hero in *Les Premières Armes de Richelieu*: he fought duels, he compromised female reputations, he wrote love verses. He was indifferent to the political position, ever verging on a crisis; and if he deigned to think of the glories accruing to the French arms, it was to sneer at them, and speak of the young commander in the full career of victory as 'Monsieur' Bonaparte, after the fashion of his clique. Yet this dissipation and frivolity were but another crust or layer which covered and concealed his genuine qualities of head and heart: when these were fairly reached and roused, there was an end of vacillation, folly, weakness, and uncertainty. His real instincts were military; his true vocation was for arms; although here, again, the impulse was accidental; but once given, it determined the whole colour of his life.

'Time pressed, and the humiliation of remaining a burthen on my family. Already I was mournfully making up my mind to become a middling

middling clerk, when a last journey took me to Paris. On that day, after passing the barrier, a singular emotion, which I remarked in the attitude and on the countenance of all, inspired me with a vague hope. Revolutions succeeded each other rapidly. I foresaw one. I could not lose by change. Disenchanted of my dreams, and restored to the real world by misery, I felt interested in public matters for the first time. I was utterly ignorant of what was about to happen. I dared not ask, but a powerful instinct guided me; it led me straight towards him whose destiny was speedily to involve my own.

'It was at the very hour when, in the Tuileries, Napoleon, summoned by the Council of Ancients, began the revolution of 18 Brumaire, and was haranguing the garrison, to be sure of it against the Directory and the other Council. I was stopped by the garden railing. I pressed my face against it: I gazed eagerly on this memorable scene. Then I ran round the enclosure and tried all the entrances. At last, on reaching the gate of the Pont Tournant, I saw it open. A regiment of dragoons, the 9th, came out; they were on their march towards Saint Cloud, fully equipped, sword in hand, and in that state of warlike excitement, with the proud and determined air of soldiers, when they go to encounter an enemy, determined to conquer or to die. At this martial aspect the warrior blood I had received from my fathers boiled in my veins. My vocation was decided; I was a soldier from this hour. I dreamt of nothing but battles, and held every other career in contempt.'

Up to this time he had been in the habit of regarding the revolutionary army with hatred and distrust. How were these feelings to be reconciled with his new-born enthusiasm for arms? his love of glory with his antipathy to the only flag under which it could be won? What would be said when he, the champion of the white flag, was first seen in uniform under the tricolour? It was something that Bonaparte was more of a reactionary than a revolutionist: that he was the restorer of order, the declared foe of proscription, and in the very act of holding out the right-hand of fellowship to the Royalists, and calling on all true Frenchmen to co-operate in defence of their common country. One of the First Consul's projects was the levying of a volunteer regiment, to be exclusively composed of young men, armed, equipped and mounted at their own expense. The organisation was intrusted to General Dumas, an ex-Royalist and acquaintance of M. de Ségur, who had the good fortune, as it turned out, to be the first recruit upon the list. One motive that actuated him, besides military enthusiasm, was the hope of advancing the cause he was apparently deserting.

'My imagination, fruitful in expedients, conceived that of engrafting my Royalism on this army, all made up of Republicans. I was bold enough to suppose that I should induce a considerable



number of my friends to imitate my example; that this counter-revolutionary seed would take root; and as hitherto revolution had followed revolution, judging the future from the past, there might come one by which our party might benefit. This idea, absurd as it was, had a commencement of execution; this is why I speak of it, for I soon gained many proselytes.'

But he is here anticipating; and we are induced to follow him closely, if not quite step by step, in this part of his career, because he was then a type of the period, the representative of a class, and strikingly illustrates the manner in which the Consulate and Empire were consolidated, and the old order of things gradually brought into some sort of harmony with the new. His father, whom we suspect to have been somewhat of a timeserver, approved the step; but before quitting Paris he had to run the gauntlet of the aristocratic fauxbourg, who overwhelmed him with sneers and sarcasms, against which he rebelled and bore up with a spirit of defiance that failed him altogether in the parting interview with his grandfather. The old marshal received him much as an old Roman would have received a son who had broken the military oath or returned without his shield—*parmâ non bene relictâ*.

'I arrived early, and approached his bed in the most submissive attitude. "You have proved wanting," he sternly began, "to all the traditions of your ancestors. But it is done; think well of it; you are voluntarily enrolled in the Republican army. Serve in it frankly and loyal, for your course is taken, and it is no longer the time to turn back from it." Then seeing me bathed in tears, he melted, and with his only remaining hand taking mine, he drew me towards him; then giving me twenty louis—it was almost all he possessed—he added: "Come, there is something to help you in completing your equipment; go, and at least sustain with bravery and fidelity, under the flag you have thought fit to select, the name you bear and the honour of your family." Fifty years have passed, and I never think of this noble and painful counsel, of this manly and touching benediction, without being moved to the bottom of my heart.'

He was really fulfilling an important mission; and he does himself less than justice when he says that the opportune junction of parties would have taken place without him, although it was he who began it. The importance of the service rendered was seen and duly appreciated by Napoleon, who, at the end of a few months, appointed him to a sub-lieutenancy in the corps.

These Memoirs were composed piecemeal, and the detached portions have been somewhat hastily and carelessly thrown together. The transitions are abrupt, and the general history is intersected with the personal adventures in a way that renders

it

it no easy matter to extract a consecutive and consistent narrative. Thus, after passing over the summary of the early life of Napoleon, filling more than half a volume, we find, to our surprise, that an interval of two years occurs between M. de Ségur's first commission and his complete adhesion to the First Consul, during which he was more than once on the point of siding with the rivals of his chief. His first campaign was in the Grisons, under Macdonald; and his first great battle Hohenlinden, under Moreau. On the eve of Hohenlinden, he was engaged in an affair which throws light on the discipline and the relations between officers and subordinates in an army thus exceptionally composed. His colonel was M. de Labarbée, a man about fifty, renowned for his ready wit, his martial bearing, his herculean strength, his extraordinary skill in all athletic exercises, and his reckless, always happy, temerity. It was recorded of him, that one day, confronted by the Austrian cavalry, he ordered his men to keep still, dashed sabre in hand at the opposing line, traversed it, wheeled round, cut his way back, and covered with blood, calmly resumed his place at the head of his regiment.

He was once quartered in a garrison town, where the officers of a crack regiment had practically monopolised a café, by insisting that any officer of another regiment who made use of it should be deemed their guest and regaled at their cost. Enraged at this pretension, M. de Labarbée, when his money was refused, first broke everything within his reach, then calling for a bucket of lemonade, gave it to his horse, saying, that as 'it was Messieurs the officers who paid, there was no need for sparing anything.' This left him with some half-dozen duels upon hand, each of which terminated in his favour. A quarrel with such a man was anything but agreeable, yet one was forced upon M. de Ségur in a way which left him (he thought) no alternative. The evening before the battle, the colonel, who had dined, was on his way to the bivouac of his regiment, when he rode against the lieutenant, coolly pushed him aside with a thrust of his boot, and went on without apologising or taking the slightest notice of him.

'Struck dumb and motionless for a moment by so unexpected a blow, my imagination was inflamed. I passed the whole night, one while in transports of rage, and one while, not knowing what to do, in tears. Finally, at break of day, seeing my colonel walking by himself in the plain, I ran to him and tendered my resignation, giving him to understand that, immediately afterwards, having become again his equal, I should use my right to demand satisfaction for the insult he had offered me. M. de Labarbée either had no recollection of the incident

incident, or had not recognized me when he pushed me from his path. All surprise at first, he measured me from head to foot with a glance of disdain so expressive, so full of the exclamation of the Cid: "*Mais l'attaquer à moi, qui l'a rendu si vain?*" that, in truth, Daguerre, interpreting this look with his new method, might, I believe, have traced this verse, word for word, on my slender person. At the same time the colonel simply replied that in presence of the enemy I could not resign my commission without the loss of honour. I replied that I deemed myself already dishonoured by his violence; and that after having disposed of what was most urgent, I could always re-engage as a private under another chief.

'He was too much a man of head and heart to abuse his position. He did not prolong the scene, but calling several officers together, nobly explained the wrong of which he had inadvertently been guilty; and taking them publicly to witness his avowal, he accompanied this generous and complete reparation with the most honourable words.

'The rest of the day was devoted to the battle. As for us, some manœuvring and skirmishing, followed by bivouacs on the ice, such was our small share in so grand a victory; after which, having to go to receive the orders of Moreau and breakfast with him at Nymphenbourg, I returned by long stages, alone, without money, but provided with everything by the country, to rejoin General Macdonald in Valteline.'

Whilst quartered in Trent, he pursued his military studies with an ardour which contrasted strongly with the idleness and love of pleasure of the other young officers, and led to his being intrusted with the correspondence and general orders of Macdonald. With the aid of these materials, he subsequently composed an account of the campaign in the Grisons, little guessing (he adds) that it would see the light at Paris, and would help to get him appointed to the home staff, and especially to that of Bonaparte, to whom at that time he neither expected nor desired to be attached. But his rank and birth had more to do with his advancement than his military ardour or his acquirements. Early in 1801 Macdonald was sent on a special mission to Denmark. 'The First Consul, who neglected no detail, recalling the brilliant renown my father had left of the Court of the great Catherine, ordered that I should be diplomatically attached to this mission on June 1st. I received my nomination, and soon afterwards I started with Macdonald as attaché and aide-de-camp.' He passed six months at Copenhagen, and made excellent use of his time, as was his wont, 'interviewing' all the personages of note to whom his position gave him access, and taking notes of what he saw and heard. He had there the good fortune to attract the notice of Duroc (who was passing

passing through on a special mission to Petersburg) by his ready answers to questions relating to the Danish army and fleet. But the favourable impression thus made and conveyed to Napoleon threatened to counteract instead of forwarding his views.

At the first Consular levée he attended on his return, Macdonald presented him as *aspirant* (diplomatic cadet) instead of aide-de-camp, and Bonaparte remarked, 'Yes, I know he has excellent dispositions.' Regardless of etiquette, he exclaimed, "Citizen Consul, if I have dispositions, it is not for diplomacy, it is for the military calling."

'This boldness surprised and displeased him: absorbed for the moment in peace and negotiations, it ran counter to his views for me; with a severe look and a rude sharp voice he replied, suddenly turning his back on me, "Well, then, you shall wait till war."'

As they left the Tuileries, Macdonald ironically congratulated him on the success of his *début* and the rapid promotion it foretold. He retorted that it was all owing to Macdonald, who had presented him against his earnest entreaties as an *aspirant*; but that it mattered little, since he should continue attached to the general; when he learnt for the first time that the rules of the service only allowed Macdonald three aides-de-camp, and that he was the fourth. He was kept in a most embarrassing state of uncertainty until the 24th of May, 1802, when he received a note from Duroc, saying that the First Consul wished to see him, and requiring him to be at Malmaison at noon, when he would be introduced by the aide-de-camp on duty, Duroc being otherwise engaged. He obeyed in a state of feeling in which fear predominated over hope, when, to his surprise and joy, he was received with a winning smile, and told in a caressing tone by the First Consul that, 'satisfied with the reports he had received of me, he intrusted me with a mission to the King of Spain; that I should have to deliver ostensibly a letter to the King, and another to the Prince of Peace secretly, and without the knowledge of General St. Cyr, our ambassador, these two persons not being on good terms; that Citizen Talleyrand would give me such further instructions as might be required.' The precise object of this mission does not appear, but he succeeded in keeping St. Cyr in ignorance of it; and soon after his return Napoleon publicly expressed his approbation in these words, 'You have ably and rapidly fulfilled your mission; rest yourself, and be at ease: I will make you make the tour of Europe.'

Three months after his return from Spain, October. 27,  
1802,

1802, he is summoned to St. Cloud, and this time introduced by Duroc. A presentiment of what was about to happen had come over him on first receiving the summons, and from a mixture of royalism and republicanism he had thoughts of declining the anticipated honour; but all hesitation and reluctance were instantaneously dispelled when the great man, surrounded by a brilliant suite, addressed him thus:—‘Citizen Ségur, I have placed you on my personal staff: your duty will be to command my body-guard: you see the confidence I place in you; you will justify it; your merit and your talents promise a rapid advance.’ He left the Consular presence more than half intoxicated by this stroke of fortune, and henceforth his feeling towards Bonaparte and the new order of things is one of unmixed enthusiasm. He even goes the length of giving the preference to the society of Paris during the Peace of Amiens over that of the ancient régime, and little less *couleur de rose* are the pictures of the Consular interior which he drew from the life and upon the spot. It is new to find Bonaparte the charm of the domestic circle, not merely by amenity and affability but by putting forth his powers as a talker and *raconteur*:

‘How often during these late evenings did the youngest women forget the hour, believing they saw what he related, and as it were, chained to these admirable recitals, coloured and animated by an inexhaustible vein of ingenious analogies, of new, bold, the least expected and the most piquant images. One evening amongst others at St. Cloud, when he was describing the desert, Egypt, and the defeat of the Mamelukes, seeing me hanging on his words, he stopped, and taking from the card-table he had just quitted a silver coin or medal representing the Battle of the Pyramids, he said: “You were not there, young man?” “Alas, no.” “Well then, take this and keep it as a souvenir.” Such was his habitual amenity; and I well remember that when our bursts of laughter in his saloon, growing too loud, disturbed him at his work in the adjoining cabinet, he half-opened the door, and good-humouredly complaining of these interruptions, merely recommended us to moderate our explosions of mirth.’

Private theatricals were amongst their amusements; and Bonaparte was often present at the rehearsals, which were under the direction of the celebrated actors, Michaud, Molé, and Fleury.

‘These were followed by concerts, and often by little balls, without crowd, without confusion, composed of three or four *contredanses* at a time. He joined in them gaily in the midst of us, calling for the tunes, already grown old, which recalled his youth. Thus ended towards midnight these charming soirées. Hence arose those absurd reports of dancing or posture-lessons which the First Consul was reported to have taken from sundry actors.’

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This manner of life was cut short by the preparations for war ; most of the members of the suite, he states, being simultaneously dispersed on different missions, and transformed from men of pleasure into men of action. His mission was to examine and report upon the state of the fortresses and fortifications on the coasts of the Channel and on the Rhine.

' After Strasbourg, my mission finished at Neubrisach, whence I returned to Saint-Cloud. I found the First Consul breakfasting alone in the cabinet looking on the garden of the orangery, from which on the 18th Brumaire he had expelled the Representatives of the people. He wore the uniform of the grenadiers of his guard. I never had so favourable a reception. After a hundred questions, in listening to my answers, having spilt his coffee over the white facing of his coat, he cried out that he had completely spoilt his fine uniform.\* Then he asked me if I had breakfasted ; and I verily believe that, satisfied with my reports and my replies, he was on the point of ordering me a cup of the coffee which he took but twice a-day, and never more, let people say what they will.'

It has often been made a question whether Napoleon really meditated an invasion of England. The more recent and better informed historians have arrived at a confident conclusion that he did ; and this is confirmed by M. de Ségur, who contends that success was infallible if the ill-fated Villeneuve had appeared at the appointed time in the Channel :—

' But he was possessed by the spectre of Nelson. His fear dared to disobey. After a hesitation of four days on an open sea, this fear—not of the soldier, for Villeneuve was personally brave, but of the general who is overcome by his responsibility—took counsel only of a feeble breeze which unhappily blew that day from the north-west. If it had blown from the south, I have been assured by another witness (Reille, afterwards Marshal), Villeneuve would perhaps have sailed with it, and would not have been found wanting to the expectations of the Emperor, of our army, and to the fortunes of the Empire.

' In this fatal irresolution of Villeneuve, this feeble incident, a puff of wind finally decided all. See, then, on what hung the fate of the world ! on a puff of wind, not even on a storm ! It pleased destiny to overthrow by this puff the entire work of Napoleon, and the greatest hope ever entertained. So light in the scales of fortune are the greatest men, their grandest conceptions, and the most powerful empires.'

The absurdity of forming plans of naval co-operation on the

\* A point in common between Bonaparte and Pepys is worth noting : ' This day I got a little rent in my new fine camlet cloak with the latch of Sir G. Carteret's door ; but it is darned up at my tailor's, that it will be no great blemish ; but it troubled me.'—*Pepys' Diary*.

most comprehensive scale, without allowing for wind or tide, never once occurred to the Emperor or his military Staff. He not only expected fleets and armaments, coming from opposite points of the compass, to rendezvous at a given time and place, like concentrating troops; but it was of the very essence of his plan that two thousand vessels, including transports and flat-bottomed boats, distributed along more than two hundred miles of coast, should arrive simultaneously on that part of the English coast which was deemed most favourable for the disembarkation. Well may M. Lanfrey exclaim that, 'calmly analysed and considered in detail, it was the wildest venture that ever tempted the imagination of a gamester.'

The news of Villeneuve's detention at Ferrol reached the Emperor at 4 A.M. on the 13th of August, 1805 :

'Daru was summoned : he enters, and gazes with wonder at his chief, whose air, he told me, was wild (*farouche*) ; his hat forced down upon his eyes, his look black as thunder. Coming close to Daru, he apostrophises him : "Do you know where this j . . . f . . . de Villeneuve is ? He is at Ferrol. Can you conceive ? at Ferrol ! Ah, you do not understand ! he has been beaten ! he is gone to hide himself in Ferrol. It is all over ; he will be blocked up there. What a marine ! What an admiral ! What a useless sacrifice !"

'With increasing agitation, during nearly an hour he paced up and down the room, venting his first anger in a torrent of oaths, reproaches, and painful words. Then stopping suddenly and pointing to a desk loaded with papers, he said to Daru, "Seat yourself there ; write." And immediately, without transition, without apparent meditation, and with his sharp, short, and imperious accent, he dictates, without hesitating, the plan of the campaign from Ulm to Vienna. The army of the coasts, on a line of more than two hundred leagues, was to face about at the first signal, break up, and march on the Danube in several columns. . . The fields of battle, the victories, even the very days on which we were to enter Munich and Vienna, all was announced, was written down as it happened ; and *that* two months beforehand, at this very hour of the 13th August, and at these quarters-general on the coast.'

Napoleon was a consummate actor, with a dash of the charlatan. We strongly suspect that he had given up the project of invasion some time before, and was merely using it as a blind to organise an army for a sudden and crushing blow in another and unsuspected quarter. 'The sacrifice was made, his resolution taken ! Immediately all the Grand Army, ranged along the coast facing England, wheeled about, broke into a hundred columns, and hurried towards the Rhine.' Before hurrying after them, we must revert to M. de Ségur's account of the impression produced upon himself and others by the execution of the Duc d'Enghien,



d'Enghien, which is one of the most valuable of his reminiscences.

On the night of the execution he was on duty at the Tuileries; and the next morning, at nine, he went to make his report to the Grand Marshal, Duroc, when he encountered Hulin, the President of the Military Commission which sentenced the Duke, in the waiting-room :

'I found Hulin very red, very excited, walking up and down in the greatest agitation. This colonel of the guards was very tall and strongly built. The adjutant-major went up to him, and I heard Hulin exclaim repeatedly, "He has done well! better kill the devil than let the devil kill you." I foresaw a catastrophe.

'I was ignorant of the arrival of the Prince at Vincennes. I could not yet believe that they were talking about him. However, in my anxiety, approaching Hulin, I hazarded these words: "People say the Duc d'Enghien has been arrested!" "Yes, and dead too!" was his brusque reply. Duroc coming in then, we surrounded him. When my report was made, to a short and almost mute interrogation, d'Hautencourt (the adjutant-major of *gendarmerie* charged with the execution) replied: "He was shot in the ditch at three this morning." Then producing from his pocket a packet about three inches square, squeezed and stained as if carried for some time, the adjutant-major added: "The moment before his death he drew this paper from his breast, begging me to have it delivered to the Princess.\* It contains the hair of . . ." These last words were spoken with an affectation of indifference which chilled me with horror from head to foot. I felt growing pale; it seemed as if the earth was slipping from under me. My service was over, I withdrew on the instant in a state of inexpressible distress . . .

'On reaching my father's, I hardly knew how, I dropped on a chair at the foot of his bed, saying: "The Duc d'Enghien has been shot this night. We are carried back to the horrors of '93. The hand which drew us from them thrusts us back. How henceforth can we continue his associates?" My father, prostrated, remained dumb; he could not believe me. I repeated to him what I have written down, and he, revolted by it, could think of no sufficient motive for such vindictiveness. His first belief, like mine, was that after this first step in blood, no genius would be sufficiently master of itself to stop in so fatal a course, and that we must, in short, think seriously of separation.'

Such, he states, was the unanimous feeling of his friends, and it would seem that they were at no pains to conceal what they felt. When, on the Sunday following, they met at the Tuileries,

\* The Princess de Rohan, to whom the Duc d'Enghien was tenderly attached. The words are '*cheveux du*' . . . i.e., of a man, but it seems improbable that he should have carried about a lock of his own hair.'

Caulaincourt looked aged by ten years; 'his paleness, when I pressed his hand, redoubled, but his attitude remained of marble.' When Bonaparte crossed the circle to enter the chapel, no change of countenance could be detected; and although M. de Ségur watched him narrowly during the service, expecting some symptom of remorse before God and, haply, the disembodied spirit of his victim, he betrayed none; 'his face retained its imperturbable calmness, and struck the observer as that of a severe and impassive judge.' It was as such that he assumed to have acted; and even those of his followers who remained unconvinced of either the justice or expediency of the act, ended by agreeing to regard it as an insulated and exceptional one, out of keeping with his character, and of a kind which he lay under no temptation to repeat:—

'As to a future of blood, why suppose it. Fear alone could drag the First Consul into it; and we know that, after the explosion of the infernal and Royalist machine of 3 Nivose, on one of his counsellors asking him, "Are you not afraid, Citizen Consul?" he replied, "Ah! if I was afraid, it would be a sad misfortune for France."'

It would be no easy matter to account on this theory for the numerous executions of political offenders, many for pretended conspiracies, or for the violent and secret deaths of Wright and Pichegru in their cells. M. de Ségur states, as a matter of which no reasonable doubt could be entertained, that all or most of the assassination plots directed against the First Consul were set on foot or encouraged by Pitt!

The confidence with which Napoleon planned the campaign on the Rhine and Danube was speedily justified:

'That very day (September 26th, the day of his arrival on the field of action) on the reports of Murat, he judged his anticipations realised, Mack misled by his first manœuvre, and success indubitable. Here is the proof. I had just received orders to precede him first at Ettlingen, then at Ludwisbourg, when on my taking leave of the Empress, she said, "Go; my prayers go with you, and be as happy as the army and France." Then, on seeing my astonishment at so positive an assertion, she added: "Never doubt it; the Emperor has just announced to me that the enemy's army will infallibly be made prisoners within eight days." This was the 1st of October: the 8th, in point of fact, Mack was completely turned; and some days later it fell to me to arrange at Ulm that capitulation which the Empress had announced.'

This was not an exact fulfilment of the prophecy, which had well-nigh been falsified altogether by somewhat more than the average allowance of mistakes and accidents. On the 6th of  
October

October the Emperor was at Donauwerth, hastening the repairs of a bridge over the Danube :—

'The rain which continued through this month and rendered the first part of this campaign so harassing, had just begun. Wrapped in our cloaks, we stood around Napoleon, Mortier, Duroc, Caulaincourt, Dapp, and I, receiving and executing his orders. He multiplied them. One while he despatched me to hasten the advance of Soult, and then again to press that of Vandamme. As to himself, I always found him before this burnt bridge of Donauwerth. In his haste to see it re-established on the two banks, he ordered me to cross the river. It was a first trial, and of the most startling kind. There was simply a long, narrow, and badly-fastened plank thrown from one pile to another. However, under the eye of Bonaparte I started with so prompt an impulse that, notwithstanding the mobility of the plank which slipped from under my feet and the cloak which embarrassed my movements, and the storm, I reached the middle of the second arch without wavering. But there the oscillations of the thin and quivering prop made me pause and totter. I lost my balance; I saw below the half-burnt joists, thrown into the river above, dashing against the foundations with a violence which threatened to drown and crush me between them. Unable either to advance or recede, hanging and already bent over this abyss, I felt lost, when a cry of Napoleon : "*Ah, mon Dieu, il va se tuer !*" sustained me. This cry coming from his heart reanimated mine; I made one effort more, and recovering myself, I reached the right bank.'

Instead of using this bridge, which he had been so impatient to restore, the Emperor ordered Ney to force a passage at Elchingen at a large and unnecessary cost of life. On arriving at this bridge in person he found it encumbered with the dying and the dead.

'He made his way with difficulty along this narrow passage covered with blood and shattered remains, when, seeing our wounded interrupt their moans to salute him with their usual acclamation, he stopped. Amongst them was an artilleryman whose thigh was shattered. The Emperor leant over him, and unfastening his star, put it into the man's hand : "Take this; you have earned it, as well as the Hôtel of the Invalides; and take heart, you will yet live and be happy!" "No, no," replied the brave fellow; "I have lost too much blood! But it is all one (*c'est égal*), *Vive l'Empereur !*"'

On the other side of the bridge a veteran Grenadier of the army of Egypt was lying on his back, with his face exposed to the rain, which fell in torrents. In his prolonged excitement he was still crying out '*En avant!*' to his comrades. The Emperor recognised him in passing; and taking off his own cloak, threw it over him, saying: 'Try to bring it back to me, and in exchange

exchange I will give you the decoration and the pension you well deserve.'

Finding everything to his mind on the left bank, the Emperor recrossed the river to see that his orders were properly executed on the right, and chose for his post of observation a rising ground so near the enemy, that the Staff were obliged to act as skirmishers, and employ their pistols to keep off the Austrian dragoons.

"He was not satisfied till a few minutes before dark, when he returned to pass the night at Ober-Falheim, at a curate's, where Thiard made his bed, and one of his aides-de-camp an omelette; but where, all having been pillaged, all was wanting, dry clothes and the rest, even to his Chambertin, of which (he gaily remarked) he had never been deprived before, even in the middle of the sands of Egypt.\*"

After dictating his orders at 3 A.M. (his usual hour) on the following morning, he was again seized with a fit of impatience, and about 11 passed the outposts of Ney (who commanded the vanguard), followed only by twenty-five Chasseurs of the Guard and some of the Staff. Coming under fire, and seeing a body of Hulans in front, he turned to Ségur and said: 'Take my Chasseurs, advance, and bring me some prisoners.' The Hulans stood firm; the Chasseurs, badly led by their lieutenant, instead of charging, halted, and were within an ace of suffering Ségur to be taken prisoner along with a brigadier, who alone had followed him and had received a lance-wound by his side:

'Turning back, angry enough, it may be believed, I apostrophised the Chasseurs, their officer particularly, and dispersed them as skirmishers. Thus commenced the Battle of Ulm. It was by the Emperor, and by his personal escort, that it was engaged.'

Without waiting to see the result of this incipient movement, the Emperor sought a short interval of repose and shelter from the weather in a farmhouse at Haslach, where M. de Ségur found him slumbering in a chair on one side of a stove, whilst a young drummer, also slumbering, occupied the other. Astonished at this spectacle, he ascertained that on the Emperor's arrival they tried to turn out the drummer, who resisted, saying that there was room enough for all; that he was cold, was wounded, was very well there, and would remain where he was:

'On hearing this, Napoleon laughed; and ordered that he should be left on his chair, since he so strongly insisted on it. Thus the

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\* 'Then some glasses of Beaune—to dilute—or mayhap Chambertin, which you know 's the pet tippie of Nap.'

*Moore's Fudge Family in Paris.*

Emperor

Emperor and the drummer-boy were sleeping *vis-à-vis*, surrounded by a circle of generals and great dignitaries, standing, waiting for orders. The sound of the cannon came nearer and nearer; and Napoleon, from ten minutes to ten minutes, woke up and sent to press the arrival of Lannes; when Lannes, hurrying in, exclaimed: "Sire, what are you doing here? You are sleeping; and Ney, quite alone, is struggling against the whole Austrian army." "And why did he engage?" replied the Emperor. "I told him to wait: but he is always the same; he must fall on the enemy the moment he catches sight of them." "Good good," rejoined Lannes; "but one of his brigades is repulsed; I have my Grenadiers at hand; we must go to him. There is not a moment to lose." And he carried off Napoleon, who, getting warm in his turn, pushed so far in advance that Lannes, unable to stop him by remonstrances, brusquely seized the bridle of his horse and compelled him to occupy a less dangerous position.'

The details of the capitulation of Ulm, which was conducted by M. de Ségur, are well known. We pass on to the night before Austerlitz; when the Emperor's bivouac consisted of a large round wooden barrack, lighted from the top, with a fire in the middle. It had been constructed by his Grenadiers on a rising ground commanding a view of the plain. His carriage, in which he had slept the preceding night, was close at hand. There was also hard by, towards the main road, an isolated peasant's hut, where his cantine was established, and where the Staff dined with him in the low only chamber, and at the long only table, surrounded by the benches which were found in it. Before the dinner began he had satisfied himself that the Russians were about to commit the fatal error of weakening their centre and their right to concentrate an overwhelming force on their left, where they hoped to carry all before them. He was, therefore, in excellent spirits when he sat down.

'Murat and Caulaincourt were seated next to him, then Junot, General Mouton, Rapp, Lomarois, Lebrun, Macon, Thiard, Yvan, and myself. The repast was long, contrary to the Emperor's custom, who remained hardly twenty minutes at table; the attraction of the conversation detained him. As to me, persuaded that the great event about to decide his fortune would supply the subject, I listened attentively, but quite the contrary fell out. The Emperor, addressing Junot, who prided himself on some literary acquirement, turned the conversation on dramatic poetry. Junot having replied by citing some new tragedy, Napoleon—as if he had forgotten the Russian army, the war, and the battle of the morrow—protested, entered fully into the matter, and, getting warm, declared that in his eyes none of these authors had comprehended the new principle which ought to serve as the base of our modern tragedies. He had told the author of *Les Templiers* that his tragedy was a failure. He knew full well the poet would never forgive him; one must praise these gentlemen to be praised

praised by them. In this piece a single character was carried out, that of a man who wished to die. But this was not in nature, and came to nothing; men should wish to live, and know how to die.

"Take Corneille," he went on, "what strength of conception. He would have made a statesman. . . Now that the prestige of the pagan religion exists no longer, we want another motive power for our tragic scene. It is politics that ought to be the mainspring of modern tragedy. It is that which should replace on our stage the antique fatality, that fatality which makes *Cædipus* criminal without being guilty, which interests us in *Phèdre* by making the gods responsible for a part of her crimes and her weaknesses. Both principles are found in *Iphigenia*. This is the masterpiece of art, the masterpiece of Racine, who is most unjustly accused of wanting force."

He then proceeded to show that political necessity might supply subjects as well as ancient fatality; that thus, what is called a *coup d'état*, a political crime, might become a subject of tragedy, in which, the horror being tempered by necessity, a new and sustained interest would be developed.

'Then came several examples, but not probably that one of his reminiscences which inspired him most at this moment. One of them carried him back to the campaign of Egypt, apropos of which, passing to another subject more conformable to our present situation, and the habits of those about him: "Yes," he resumed, "If I had taken Acre I should have assumed the turban; I should have put my army into wide trousers; I should no longer have exposed it to the last extremity; I should have made it my sacred battalion, my immortals! It is by Arabs, by Greeks, by Armenians, that I should have finished the war against the Turks! Instead of a battle in Moravia, I should have gained a battle of Issus, have made myself Emperor of the East, and returned by Constantinople."

Here M. de Ségur hazarded a suggestion, which was repeated by Junot, that, if there was any question about Constantinople, they were already on their way. To which Napoleon replied that the French were too fond of France to like distant or long expeditions; and when Junot enlarged on the acclamations of the army, Mouton rudely interrupted him, declaring that these acclamations signified nothing; that the army was tired and only showed so much ardour on the eve of a battle in the hope of ending with it on the morrow, and returning home. The Emperor, little pleased with this blunt declaration, though he assented to it, rose, and broke up the conversation with: '*En attendant, allons nous battre!*'

After again inspecting his parks of artillery and ambulances, and renewing his orders, he threw himself on the straw of the bivouac and fell into a deep sleep, which lasted some hours;

hours; and he was with some difficulty awakened by an aide-de-camp, who brought intelligence that a warm attack on the French right had been repulsed. This confirmed his calculations; but wishing to reconnoitre in person, by the fires of the bivouac, the positions of the enemy, he remounted his horse, and, followed by a few of his suite, ventured between the two lines. In spite of repeated warnings, he went on till he fell suddenly on a post of Cossacks, who would have taken or killed him had he not put spurs to his horse and galloped back, protected by the Chasseurs of his escort. His return was so hurried, that in repassing the marshy stream which divided the two armies, many men and horses of his suite were swamped in it, amongst others Ywan, his surgeon since 1796, whose duty it was never to be separated from his person. After clearing the stream the Emperor regained his bivouac on foot. In passing from one camp-fire to another, he stumbled in the dim light over the trunk of an uprooted tree, on which the idea occurred to a Grenadier to twist his straw into the form of a torch, set fire to it, and raising it above his head, give light to the Emperor. This flame in the middle of the night, on the eve of the anniversary of the Coronation, which illuminated and placed in broad relief the figure of Napoleon, struck the soldiers of the neighbouring bivouacs as a signal:—

‘The cry arose: “It is the anniversary of the Coronation; *Vive l’Empereur!*”—a burst of ardour which he tried in vain to check, calling out “Silence and till to-morrow; think only for the present of sharpening your bayonets.” But the cry swelled, and the torches multiplied, till the entire line, five or six miles long, was lighted up, and the whole camp rang with acclamations. Thus was improvised, before the eyes of the astonished enemy, the most memorable illumination, the most touching fête with which the admiration and devotion of an entire army ever saluted its general. The Russians, it is said, imagined that we were burning our sheds and tents in token of retreat, and their presumption increased. As for Napoleon, vexed at first, but speedily moved and softened, he exclaimed that this soirée was “*La plus belle de sa vie.*”’

It is remarkable that none of the particulars of this memorable evening have been mentioned by preceding writers, with the exception of the illumination, which they describe as the result of a regular and premeditated inspection of the bivouacs.\* The precise occurrences of the next morning, with some important details of the battle, also appear for the first time in these *Mémoires*:—

‘During the rest of the night, despite of fatigue, whether emotion

\* Lanfrey, vol. iii. p. 387; Thiers, liv. xxiii.



or repeated intelligence of the Russian movements kept him awake, he slept little. At last, when the morning of the 2nd of December began to break, he summoned us all into his barrack. A short repast was served, of which he partook with us standing; after which, buckling on his sword, "Now gentlemen," were his words, "let us begin a great day." An instant afterwards, there arrived on the summit of the mound, which our soldiers called Emperor's Hill, from different points of our line, each followed by an aide-de-camp, all the chiefs of our corps d'armée. It was the will of Napoleon that they should come thus, all at a time, to receive his last orders.'

These were Murat, Lannes, Bernadotte, Soult, and Davoust. His general instructions to them were summed up in these words: 'Within half an hour the whole line must be *en feu*.' As he dismissed each in turn, he simply said, '*Allez!*' with the exception of Bernadotte, whom he distrusted to such a point that he harangued the two divisions under that Marshal's command as they advanced to the attack.

'At this moment some dark vapours raised by the sun which intercepted its first rays, seemed to the Russians to favour the flank movement towards their left; on the contrary, it veiled our columns of assault ready to take advantage of this imprudent and foolish manœuvre in the fact. Their attack had already begun upon our right, which was drawn back and refused. It was not yet eight o'clock: silence and obscurity still reigned over the rest of the line, when suddenly, and at first upon the heights, the sun dissipating this thick fog, showed us the plateau of Pratzen, which they were denuding more and more by the march of columns to the flank. As to us, remaining in the ravine which marks the foot of this plateau, the smoke of the bivouacs and the fog, thicker at this point, hid from the Russians our centre which was formed in column and ready for the attack.

'At this sight, Marshal Soult, whom the Emperor had kept the last, was for hurrying to his divisions and giving them the signal; but Napoleon, more calm, allowing the enemy to complete the blunder, retained him, and pointing to Pratzen, asked: "How long will it take you to crown that height?" "Ten minutes." "Away with you, then; but give them another quarter of an hour, and it will be time enough then."'

We turn to the description of the same scene by M. Thiers:—

'The Marshals Lannes, Murat, Soult, with their aides-de-camp, surrounded the Emperor, waiting the order to begin the battle on the centre and the left. Napoleon moderated their ardour, wishing to allow the completion of the fault which the Russians were committing on our right, so that they should be unable to get back from these low grounds in which they were seen engaging. At last the sun appeared, and dissipating the mists, inundated this vast field of battle with

with light. It was the sun of Austerlitz, the sun whose recollection, retraced so many times to the present generation, will doubtless never be forgotten by future generations. The heights of Pratzen were getting stripped of troops. The Russians executing the plan agreed upon, had descended into the bed of the Goldbach to take possession of the villages situated along this rivulet. Napoleon then gave the signal of attack, and his marshals galloped off to place themselves at the head of their respective corps.

The plateau was carried and the Russian army cut in two, when a gallant attempt was made by the Russian cavalry of the Guard to redeem the battle by retaking Pratzen. M. de Ségur was at the Emperor's side when they made their charge :

‘It was so impetuous that the two battalions of Vandamme’s left were crushed. One of them only recovered enough to make off at a run, with the loss of their eagle and most of their arms. They were nearly passing over us and over Napoleon : our efforts to stop them were vain : the poor devils had lost their heads : their only answer to our reproaches for their abandonment of the field of battle and their Emperor was by the cry “*Vive l’Empereur !*” which they uttered mechanically whilst accelerating their pace. Napoleon smiled with pity : then with a gesture of contempt, he said, “Let them go,” and, calm in the midst of the *mêlée*, he dispatched Rapp to bring up the cavalry of his Guard.’

The encounter between the French and Russian cavalry of the Guard was the turning-point. The Russians were driven a second time from the plateau, and the victory was complete :—

‘Rapp returned alone on the gallop, with his head erect, his eyes on fire, his sabre and forehead covered with blood, such, in fact, as a celebrated picture represents him,\* but with this difference, that there were there, close to Napoleon, neither wrecks of battle, nor broken cannon, nor dead bodies, nor the numerous staff with which the painter has surrounded him. The soil trodden down by the combatants was bare. On this summit, the Emperor was two or three paces in advance of us : Berthier by his side, and behind, Caulaincourt, Lebrun, Thiard, and myself. The footguards, the very squadron on service, were at some distance in the rear. The other officers were dispersed along the whole line. Rapp, on coming up, said in a loud voice : “Sire, I have made bold to take your Chasseurs : we have overthrown, crushed, the Russian Guard, and taken their artillery.” “It is well done, I saw it,” remarked the Emperor ; “but you are wounded.” “It is nothing, a mere scratch,” replied Rapp ; and he resumed his place in the middle of us. Savary then coming up at a

\* ‘The Battle of Austerlitz,’ painted by Gerard in 1810. It is said that Napoleon was in the habit of sending people to see it as an exact representation : ‘*Allez voir comme nous étions, c’est parfait.*’—‘Nouvelle Biographie Générale,’ art. “Gerard.”

foot's pace, showed us his Turkish sabre broken, he said, in the same charge by which Rapp had just immortalised himself: but Rapp, who detested him, happening to be near me at the moment, disputed this fact; and as he was still all on fire, he told me a good deal more about it.'

Savary has maintained a discreet silence on this subject in his 'Memoirs.' M. Thiers merely says that the Emperor, surrounded by his Staff, received Rapp, covered with blood, and gave him the most striking tokens of satisfaction. Painters in general may be excused for inventing accessories; but historical pictures should be true, or they may aid in the falsification of history. Thus Maclise's fresco in the Houses of Parliament, which places the meeting of the Duke of Wellington and Blücher after Waterloo at La Belle Alliance, will certainly be cited to prove that the Prussians had a greater share in the battle than we can possibly concede to them. The meeting really took place at the *Maison du Roi* or *Maison Rouge*, between two and three miles from the battle-field.

The battle of Austerlitz ended about four; and the Emperor was occupied till long after nightfall in going over the field and looking after the wounded, frequently stopping whilst Ywan and his Mamelouk administered brandy from his own flask:—

'It was ten before he took up his quarters for the night in the mean post-house of Posorsitz. He supped on the provisions which the soldiers brought him from the neighbouring bivouacs, stopping every moment, and sending order upon order to collect the wounded and have them carried to the ambulances. It was there, that finding Rapp, with the wound in his forehead, he said to him, "It is an additional quarter of nobility; I know of none more illustrious."'

It is difficult to understand how the line of retreat of a numerous body of troops can be matter of doubt, yet for two days after the battle of Ligny Napoleon was uncertain what direction the Prussian army had taken, and the morning after Austerlitz he was similarly at a loss. Deceived by Murat, he pushed the pursuit in the wrong direction for some hours; but before the day closed the Emperor of Austria had sent to notify his abandonment of the coalition, and to demand an armistice, an interview, and peace.\* A suspension of arms was granted—the more readily because a portion of the French army might have been compromised by the continuation of hostilities; and about

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\* M. Thiers states that Prince John of Liechtenstein was sent directly after the battle, and had an interview with Napoleon that same evening at the post-house.

10 A.M. on the morning of the 4th, Napoleon, surrounded by his suite, galloped along the Hungary road till he reached a rising ground above Urchut, overlooking a valley, one side of which was occupied by the French Guard and the opposite by the remains of the Austrian troops. Here he pulled up, and ordered M. de Ségur to descend into the low ground and have a fire lighted by the Chasseurs. A tree, cut down the night before by the Russians, about ten paces on the left from the main road, indicated a suitable spot:—

‘It was there that I established this celebrated bivouac, where the interview of the two Emperors was about to take place. The fire was lighted; Napoleon had just put foot to ground: several of his Chasseurs were emulously carpeting the ground with straw: others were fixing a plank of the felled tree for the two Emperors to sit upon; when, smiling at all these preparations, he said to me: “There, that will do,—and it took six months to regulate the ceremonial of the interview between Francis I. and Charles V.”’

Treating as an ungenerous fiction the statement in one of Napoleon’s bulletins to the effect that the Russian army was completely at his mercy when he granted the armistice, M. Lanfrey adds that the same might be said of the words which he puts into the mouth of the Emperor of Austria in the recital of the interview: ‘France is in the right in her quarrel with England. The English are traders who set fire to the Continent to secure the commerce of the world.’ But if these were not the exact expressions, they do not differ substantially from what M. de Ségur overheard. After contrasting the cold inexpressive air and look of the Austrian Emperor with the cordial address and manner of Napoleon when they met, he continues:—

‘His (the Austrian Emperor’s) first words, however, were appropriate: he hoped, he said, that our Emperor would appreciate the step he had first taken to accelerate the general peace. But immediately, with a strange and obviously forced smile, he added: “Well, so you wish to strip me, to deprive me of my States?” To some words of Napoleon, he replied: “The English! ah, they are dealers in human flesh.” We did not hear any more, having remained on the road with the Austrian officers, ten paces from the two monarchs and Prince de Liechtenstein, the only person admitted to the conference. But it was easy for us to see that it was especially Liechtenstein who sustained the discussion.’

Napoleon’s last words, uttered in a raised voice, were: ‘So your Majesty promises me not to recommence the war.’ Francis II. replied, that he swore it, and would keep faith. They then embraced and separated. Napoleon’s first words on remounting his horse were: ‘We shall soon see Paris again; the peace is

as good as made.' But on his way back to Austerlitz, after dispatching Savary to arrange with the two Emperors, he became uneasy and thoughtful, and exclaimed with bitterness, that 'it was impossible to trust to these promises; that they had given him a lesson he should never forget; that henceforth he would always have four hundred thousand men under arms!'

When this peace was concluded, M. de Ségur's eagerness for active service, and wish to visit Italy, led him to solicit the appointment of aide-de-camp to King Joseph; and he acted as a sort of military adviser to that unmilitary monarch in the campaign undertaken to conquer the newly-acquired kingdom of Naples. When the conquest was complete by the capture of Gaeta, M. de Ségur became equally eager to return to Paris; and persisted in the intention, notwithstanding the most flattering offers and entreaties from King Joseph. His accounts of his parting interview with Joseph and first colloquy on his return with Napoleon, are full of curious and characteristic matter, on which we cannot afford space to dwell. In reference to this colloquy, after stating that its tone of kindness towards himself was quite paternal, he adds:—

'I will only repeat the last words, because they prove that the Emperor was then far from believing in the aggression, though so near, of the King of Prussia. These were: "Rest yourself, then, and marry; there is time for all things, and there is no question whatever about war!" Six weeks later, however, and married, I rejoined him at Wurtzbourg; passing thus, without more repose, from the campaigns of Ulm, Austerlitz, and Naples, to those of Prussia and Poland.'

• We are disposed to give the Emperor full credit for good faith in thus negating all immediate expectation of a renewal of hostilities; for no one could have calculated on the degree of fatuity which hurried the Prussians into a declaration of war at the most ill-chosen time, with divided councils, without allies, with an army led by incompetent commanders, who confidently relied on the traditional (and misunderstood) tactics of the great Frederic. There is nothing like it in history, except the fatuity of the French in declaring war against Germany in 1870; when the parallel is complete, even as regards the illustrious personages who were most instrumental in accelerating the catastrophe, as well as the want of preparation, the presumption and incapacity of the chiefs, and the sudden collapse of spirit and energy under the ensuing catastrophe. In fact, the positions were exactly reversed; and it looked as if the two nations had undergone an entire transformation of character to fit them for an exchange of parts.

Napoleon

Napoleon saw his advantage, and foretold that the war (of 1806) would be neither costly nor long.

'It is certain, that before his departure from Paris, on the 24th September, he announced the annihilation of the Prussian army towards the 15th of the following month, and that he designated Clark as Governor of Berlin towards the end of October. Daru, from whom I have these facts, of which he was witness, added that at Mayence, the 2nd October, when he demanded the order for the *Trésor* (the military chest), to follow, Napoleon replied that the Treasurer would suffice. The *Trésor* remained in France. The Emperor reckoned so much on the plunder of Prussia, that he carried with him only 80,000 francs, to keep and pay two hundred thousand men.'

What is commonly called the battle of Jena, consisted of two battles; and M. de Ségur fully confirms the charge brought by M. Lanfrey against Napoleon of purposely confounding them, with the view of monopolising the glory. On the night of the 13th, the night after the battle, he was quartered in an inn, and sleeping in a common inn bed.

'He was not then surrounded by all those comforts which subsequently contributed to make war less fatiguing to him, and perhaps too easy. I entered (at midnight), lamp in hand, and approached his bed. In an instant the dull light of this lamp woke him from a deep sleep, for he could endure no light at night, and the feeblest glimmer was enough to prevent him from sleeping.'

After listening to M. de Ségur's report, he asked whether no cannonade had been heard towards Weimar, remarking, that a considerable affair must have occurred in that direction. Two hours afterwards he was awakened again by Bourke, an officer of Davoust's, who came to announce the victory of Auerstädt, a victory so independent of Jena, that eight or ten hours after its conclusion the Emperor knew nothing of it.

'There is ground for astonishment, therefore, if, in the following bulletin, it was his pleasure to confound this victory with his own. It was especially at Auerstädt, and by one of his lieutenants, that, three times more numerous, the *élite* of the Prussian troops, with their most renowned generals, their princes and their king, had been annihilated; whilst at Jena, the Emperor, as strong as the enemy, found he had only conquered two lieutenants, whom he had surprised separated from the rest. The glory was too disproportioned to be avowed before the world by him who lived on glory.'

All that can be urged in excuse for this mystification is, that the success of both battles was conjointly owing to his strategy: this is the view apparently taken by M. Thiers; but

but what are we to think of the portentous audacity of the statement that he had 80,000 men before him, whilst Davoust had only to encounter 50,000, a statement which, after being published in a bulletin, was regularly recorded in the archives of the War Office.

The same night during which he was twice disturbed, he had made inquiries about a numerous body of Saxon prisoners :

‘I afterwards ascertained that they had defiled before him whilst, stretched on the ground with his maps, he was marking out to Berthier those bold movements which followed his victory. He was so overcome by fatigue that, in the middle of this work, he fell asleep. His Grenadiers saw it, and, on a sign from Marshal Lefebvre, they silently formed round him; thus protecting the sleep of their Emperor on the ground where he had just treated them to so splendid a spectacle!’

This illustrates some remarks of Napoleon at St. Helena, when he censured what he called historical silliness (*niaiseries*) on the part of historians who judged ill of men and events. ‘It was wrong, for example, to expatiate on the calmness of Alexander, Cæsar, and others, for having slept on the eve of a battle. There are none of our soldiers, of our generals, who have not repeated this marvel twenty times, and nearly all the heroism lay in the foregoing fatigue.’ M. de Ségur describes him passing the night before Wagram, within reach of the enemy, on the alert, the horses bridled.

‘The Emperor was in the middle of his Guard . . . A spread mantle served him for tent. He slept under it scarcely three or four hours, but as profoundly as usual. It was necessary to wake him in the morning. This will excite no astonishment if we reflect that at these critical moments history shows us hardly any great men without sleep or appetite; not that robust health is indispensable to these great actions, but rather because they require elevated and firm characters which maintain their calm.’

Condé was an excellent sleeper: so was the Duke of Wellington: so was Pitt, till his health became fatally shattered;\* and the power or habit is quite as essential in civil as in military affairs, for without it both mind and body must prove unequal to a strain. One striking exception was Nelson, who, when

\* Striking instances are given by Lord Stanhope: ‘Life of Pitt,’ vol. iii. p. 39, and ‘Life of Condé,’ p. 18. We have heard the late Earl of Westmoreland relate that the Duke, on arriving before St. Sebastian, was informed that the breaching batteries would not open for two hours, ‘Then,’ said he, turning to his aide-de-camp, ‘the best thing we can do, Burghersh, is to go to sleep.’ He got off his horse, slipped into a trench, sat down with his back against the side, and was asleep in an instant. ‘I was only too glad,’ added Lord Westmoreland, ‘to follow his example.’



everything was ready for the attack on Copenhagen, and he was only waiting for a wind, was with difficulty persuaded to attempt an hour or two of rest. He allowed his cot to be placed on the deck and lay down on it, but never closed his eyes a moment; and at brief intervals during some hours, kept anxiously inquiring about the wind. Napoleon or Wellington would have ordered himself to be called when the wind was favourable, and gone quietly to sleep. Yet Nelson was a hero in the brightest acceptation of the word—

‘The fiery spirit working out its way,  
Fretted the puny body to decay.’

At Wagram there was a time when the French left was routed, and the artillery of Boudet taken. Intelligence of this disaster and of the threatening advance of the Austrian right to operate on the French rear being brought by one of Massena’s aides-de-camp, the Emperor remained silent, impassive, as if he had heard nothing, with looks fixed on the opposite side, on Neusiedl and Davoust. It was not till he saw the fire of Davoust, and his victorious right wing pass the high tower of this village, that he turned to the aide-de-camp: ‘Boudet’s artillery is taken. Well, it was there to be taken. Go and tell Massena that the battle is won.’ It was then far from won; a desperate effort was required to redeem it, and he was obliged to order up his reserve, to which he never resorted except in the last emergency.

‘Having given this order, confident of its execution by Lauriston, Davoust, and d’Aboville, and sure of its effect, tranquillised, moreover, by the progress of Davoust and our right wing, Napoleon alighted, and that which will astonish, but is certain, is that, calling Rustan (the Mamelouk), he caused his bearskin to be spread out, stretched himself upon it, and fell into a deep sleep! This sleep had already lasted nearly twenty minutes, and was beginning to create disquiet, when he awoke, without surprise, without eagerness to know what had come to pass during this absence of his consciousness. We could even see, by the direction of his first look, and by the orders which he redoubled, that he resumed, or rather followed, his train of thought as if it had undergone no interruption.’

The connection of subject has led us to neglect the order of time. Between Jena and Wagram M. de Ségur’s stirring career is crowded with exploits and adventures enough to set up half-a-dozen ordinary autobiographers. He is taken prisoner in a skirmish with Cossacks and carried to Siberia, where he is detained till the Peace of Tilsit. The scene then changes to Spain, where we find him (November, 1808) *tête-à-tête* with the Emperor in the Imperial head-quarters at Burgos, which he had been

been sent forward to get ready and had established in the archiepiscopal palace.

‘I had not yet placed the first posts, when the Emperor himself arrived, with only his Mamelouk and Savary. He had travelled all the night like myself; he arrived post haste, covered with mud, and half dead with hunger, cold, and fatigue. This palace had not been spared much more than the rest of the city. The apartment destined for the Emperor was still in the greatest confusion; strewn with pieces of broken glass, overturned bottles of wine, and broken articles of furniture. We did our best to restore some order; then, Savary having gone to prepare some provisions with Rustan, I was left alone with the Emperor, who assisted me to light his fire.

‘I had completed this duty by the help of a candle, when Napoleon, whose fine sense of smell was offended by the rank odour of the place, called to me to open a window near which he happened to be seated. I hastened up, and we began by drawing the curtains, but what a surprise! Behind these curtains were three Spaniards, armed to the teeth, upright, motionless, with their backs pressed against the shutters, who had taken refuge there to escape our plunderers, or had come with plundering intent, of which their army was accused like ours. During more than ten minutes, whilst Napoleon, alone with me, was there without distrust, one while seated, one while bent over the fire, and with his back to them, they might ten times over, by a single blow, have terminated the war. But, fortunately, they were soldiers of the line, not insurgents. These wretches, seeing themselves discovered, remained frozen with fear. The Emperor did not even think of laying his hand upon his sword; he smiled with a gesture of pity. I disarmed them, and delivered them to our soldiers; and, after making sure that there was no other hidden enemy in the room, I hastened to reconnoitre the rest of this immense building.’

In his advance towards Madrid, the Emperor sustained a check which had well-nigh proved fatal to M. de Ségur. The main road lay through a defile bordered by high rocks, at the end of which was a narrow and steep ascent to mount before gaining the plateau of the Sommo-Sierra. On the top were a redoubt commanding the pass, twelve thousand Spaniards, and sixteen guns. The rocks on each side of the defile swarmed with skirmishers. On arriving at this defile, Marshal Victor paused till the arrival of the Emperor, who was both surprised and angry at the delay. He ordered his escort, composed of eighty Polish light horsemen under seven officers, to charge and sweep the obstacle from his path. They held back on recognising its character; and the Emperor, who, in his eagerness, had come under the fire of the skirmishers, was told that to carry the position by a charge in front was impossible. ‘How? Impossible?’

possible? I do not know such a word. Nothing should be impossible for my Poles.' He would not listen to Walther, the commandant of his Guard, who urged that the position might be turned, and that nothing would be lost by waiting. 'Impossible! What! my Guard stopped by peasants! before armed banditti!' At this moment balls whistled round him, and M. de Ségur advanced to cover him, fearing every moment to see him hit, and 'too much heated (he owns) by his expressions, for Walther was right.' But the Emperor, seeing the sympathetic animation of the aide-de-camp, exclaimed, as if in response, 'Yes, yes, away with you; go, Ségur, make my Poles charge. Get them all taken, or bring me some prisoners!' Ségur obeyed without hesitation, and addressing the Polish commander, told him that they must charge directly, and charge home. As the most conclusive answer, Piré led him to the sharp turn in the road where the ascent began, with the preparations for their reception.

'There were full forty thousand musket balls and twenty discharges of grapeshot to receive per minute. Nothing was more convincing, no doubt; but the order was too imperative, and there was no drawing back. "It's all the same" (*c'est égal*), I exclaimed; "the Emperor wishes us to make an end of it! Come along, colonel, be ours the honour, *rompez par pelotons et en avant*." Any other soldiers would have been intimidated by the foregoing colloquy uttered aloud; they would have hesitated, but with these heroic troops there was nothing of the kind. I had hardly time to unsheath my sabre before the charge had begun. We charged at full speed. I was ten paces in advance, with my head bent down, replying by our war-cry (which I needed to keep me up to the mark) to the roar of the enemy's guns, and to the infernal hissing of their musket-balls and grapeshot. I reckoned on the rapidity of our impetuous attack: I hoped that, astonished at our audacity, they would fire badly: that, after all, we should have time to arrive in the middle of their cannon and their bayonets, and throw them into confusion. But they fired only too well.'

He is shot down with more than half the party. Besides several slighter wounds, a grapeshot grazing his breast nearly laid bare his heart; and a musket-ball in the side, by suspending his respiration, compels him to stop. He quits his wounded horse, and, whilst making the best of his way back, comes upon a boy-trumpeter weeping over an officer, whose horse, by the lad's aid, he mounts, and contrives to reach the covering rock from which he started on the charge. Utterly exhausted by the effort, he falls into the arms of the Grenadiers, who are carrying him to the rear, when the group, passing  
near

near the Emperor, attracted his attention. 'Ah, poor Ségur!' he exclaimed, on hearing who it was; 'quick, Ywan, and save him for me!' Ywan obeyed, and was in the act of assisting the Grenadiers to carry him, when another musket-ball from the crest of the defile 'chose him out alone in the middle of the heads bending over him.' It grazed without hurting them, and entered his right thigh. The bearers stopped. 'Ah!' exclaimed Ywan, 'there is his thigh broken into the bargain.' 'No, no,' he exclaimed, moving it; 'but, quick, get me out of this, for it seems that fate is decidedly adverse to me this day.'

'When my wounds came to be examined, Ywan showed no emotion at the wound over the heart, or that in the thigh, from which he extracted the ball without difficulty, but from the contraction of his features when he saw the shot which had penetrated my entrails above the liver, and of which he vainly sounded the depth, I comprehended that he had lost all hope of saving me. I collected as much still more clearly from his gestures in answer to the eager and numerous inquiries of the officers of the Old Guard, and their exclamations of regret, final adieux which their friendship addressed to me.'

As the Spanish position was eventually turned and carried, Napoleon thought proper to confound this charge with the general attack, and during two or three days was ignorant, or affected to be, when and where Ségur had been struck down. It was on the road to Madrid that, sending for Larrey, the surgeon-in-chief, he asked if he had seen Ségur and could answer for his life. On Larrey's replying in the negative, after some questions addressed to Duroc and Berthier, Napoleon turned towards the officers of his suite and said, 'Do any of you know how Ségur got wounded? Could it be in carrying some order?' There was no answer, till Piré, a bold Breton, as much surprised at the question as (remarks Ségur) he himself could have been, pushed his horse forward, and said, 'Alas, Sire, it was in charging by your order at the head of the Polish squadron in attendance on your person. I heard and saw it.' This was confirmed by General Montbrun and Ywan. The Emperor then remained pensive, and had a bulletin of Ségur's state brought to him daily.

Short of admitting an error, he did all in his power to make up for it by promoting Ségur to a colonelcy, and causing two highly flattering letters to be addressed to him, remarking, however, to Berthier, that to be so frequently wounded was a bad sign. 'I have been at fifty battles without being wounded; and he,—here are two, one after the other, in which he has been hit. Luck is indispensable in war.'

Ségur's

Séguir's condition was still critical in the extreme. The young doctor left in charge of him thought him dying, and was actually giving directions to his servant for his decent interment and the disposition of his effects, when Séguir, who felt stifled, managed to articulate a few words, intimating a determination to be bled.\*

'The doctor recoiled with an exclamation; and I saw from his look raised to heaven that he dared not, fearing to see me expire under his lancet. Then, stretching out my arm with an imperative sign and word, I decided him; my blood flowed, and I was saved. That very evening he proudly declared me out of danger.'

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he was sent to Paris with the Spanish colours taken in the campaign, which he had the distinguished honour of presenting to the Corps Législatif. But he saw from the first that what little glory was to be gained by French arms in Spain would be dearly bought; and he condemns in the strongest terms the lust of conquest which induced Napoleon to persist in reducing to subjection a people like the Spaniards, who were rising on all sides against the French.

'Our first army had learnt too well by experience how atrocious monkish anger can be: what hatred and revenge can be concentrated in the soul of an insulted Spaniard. They (the Spaniards) had seen tears in the eyes of the images of their saints. Thenceforth, our sick, our stragglers, our officers sent with orders, surprised and seized, had been, the most fortunate of them, murdered on the spot; others thrown into cauldrons of boiling water; others again either sawn between planks or roasted by a slow fire. Amongst a thousand victims of similar atrocities our soldiers cited one of the worthiest and most humane of their generals, whom they found still living, hanging on one of the trees by the roadside, where these monsters had sawed off his four limbs.\*'

The Emperor told the Abbé de Pradt (who repeated it to M. de Séguir), that, if the conquest of Spain were likely to cost him 80,000 men, he would not attempt it, but that it would not cost him 12,000. 'It is child's play. The Spaniards do not know what a French army is. The Prussians were the same: you have seen what they have made of it. Believe me, this will soon be over. *I wish no harm to anybody*; but when my grand political car is launched, evil to all who are found upon its track.' The abortive attempt lost him more than 300,000 men, when he most wanted them; and the final upset of his car was mainly owing to the obstacle which he went out of his way to drive against in Spain.

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\* This is confirmed to the letter by Colonel Comté de Sonnenville in his highly interesting 'Memoirs,' recently published.

Early in 1810 M. de Ségur formed one of the mission, headed by Hortense, Queen of Naples, which was despatched to the Austrian frontier to receive Marie Louise and escort her to France. He says that the Austrian gentlemen who accompanied her were affable enough, but that he never saw a more stiff, constrained, silent set of women than the ladies, who seemed bent on revenging by their repelling manners the humiliation inflicted on their country by French arms:—

‘Custom requires from a foreign princess thus situated a sudden transformation so complete that, about her as on her, nothing must remain which attaches her to the country, the persons, and the habits from which she is to be separated. The Queen of Naples did not neglect the observance of this rule. The change of articles of dress, the most complete, was but an amusement; that of persons being foreseen, there was nothing to do but submit to it. This painful transition would have passed without too evident a mortification if the jealous anxiety of the sister-in-law of Napoleon had not been attracted to a little Viennese dog, the parting with which, inexorably exacted, cost Marie Louise many tears.’ . . .

‘On the 20th March he (the Emperor) had come to Compiègne to meet her. On the 28th he started incognito with Murat. He met us, at nightfall, at Courcelles, where we saw him, through a pouring rain, run up hastily, open the carriage of Marie Louise, throw himself into it, and embrace the Archduchess with an ardour which it is impossible to paint.’

This marriage completed the mental intoxication in which he had been habitually indulging for the last two or three years. Until the actual overthrow was impending, checks and reverses only served as stimulants, and M. de Ségur compares his imperial patron to a gambler who, spoilt or *blasé* by a long run of good luck, seeks a new excitement, if not a new pleasure, in running extraordinary risks against the known calculation of chances. All his most sagacious counsellors were agreed in deprecating the expedition to Russia, and the common opinion was that his head was turned when he conceived the insensate project of reducing the whole of Europe to a state of vassalage. M. Lanfrey says that he sought war as a diversion and an exercise indispensable for his spirits and health. This cannot be said of his later campaigns. It was one of his favourite maxims that health and youth, as well as luck, are indispensable in war, and his own powers of exertion and endurance were prodigious till he had passed middle age. One day, at Alexandria, in 1802, he rode over the whole of the fortifications and the surrounding country, tiring out five horses, and so completely knocking up his escort, that they could hardly keep their legs, whilst

whilst he remained standing and at work far into the night. His constant mode of accounting for the failures and reverses of his decline was, that he could not be everywhere; and it was undoubtedly true that his quasi omnipresence at the earlier and more auspicious periods was a main element of success. Before the end of 1810, when he was in his forty-second year, he had contracted an inconvenient degree of *embonpoint*, and he told M. de Ségur's father that he could not ride the shortest distance without fatigue. Nor was this the worst. He was obliged to be constantly on his guard against a painful malady, an access of which might prostrate him at any moment when he required the unimpaired energies of both mind and body. There were four or five occasions on which the destinies of the empire, of the world, were more or less influenced by this complaint.

'It is certain that at Schönbrunn, shortly after the great efforts of Essling and Wagram, towards the end of July, a malady that has remained mysterious suddenly attacked him. The most intimate of his chief officers knew its nature and have kept it secret. The others are still ignorant of it; but the entire sequestration of the Emperor during eight days, mysterious conferences between Murat, Berthier, and Duroc, their evident anxiety, and their prompt summons of Corvisart and the principal physician of Vienna, all proves that serious alarm prevailed at the Imperial headquarters.'

M. de Ségur attributes to exhaustion and depression, premonitory of this attack, the suspension of arms at Znaim (July 11, 1809), to which the Emperor agreed against the earnest remonstrances of his marshals and amidst the clamorous disappointment of the army.

At Borodino, Ney, Davoust and Murat called simultaneously for the Young Guard. 'Let it only show itself, let it only follow in support, and we answer for the rest.' Their messenger, Belliard, returned in alarm and haste to announce the impossibility of obtaining the reserve from the Emperor, whom he had found at the same place, with an air of pain and depression, a dull drowsy look, the features drawn, giving his orders languidly and indifferently. At this recital Ney gave free vent to his indignation:

"Had they come so far to be content with a battlefield? What was the Emperor about behind the army, where he is only within reach of a reverse and not of a success? Since he no longer makes war in person, is no longer General, let him return to the Tuileries, and leave us to be his generals." Murat was more calm. "He remembered seeing the Emperor the day before, when reconnoitring the front of the enemy's line, stop frequently, get off his horse, and  
leaning



leaning his brow against a cannon, remain there in an attitude of pain."

The morning after the battle, when it was agreed on all hands that a grand opportunity had been missed, when Murat declared that the genius of Napoleon was not to be recognised on that day, and the Viceroy (Eugène) owned that the indecision of his father-in-law was unaccountable, M. de Ségur remarks that, 'those only who never quitted him saw that the conqueror of so many nations had been conquered by a burning fever, and especially by a fatal return of that painful malady which was renewed by every over-violent and too prolonged movement.' They recalled his own prophetic exclamation at Austerlitz: 'Oudinot is worn out. One has only a given time for war. I shall be good for six years more; after which I must stop.' In specifying six years from Austerlitz, he gave himself too long.

The third occasion, when he was similarly prevented from following up the last of his great victories, that of Dresden, is minutely described by M. de Ségur:

'The day of this attack was the 28th August (1813); the hour, mid-day; the place, a meadow, on the right of the main road to Prague, a quarter of a league from Pirna. He stopped there to breakfast. From the first moment of this short meal a deep disgust took possession of him; convulsions of the stomach, pains in the bowels, came on. To state the exact fact as admitted by himself to Haxo in 1815, from whom I have it, a little garlick mingled in his breakfast contributed to decide the fate of the campaign. There was an instant when he thought himself poisoned.'

The halt which was to last twenty minutes, lasted some hours, and one result of the delay was the disaster which befell Vandamme and completely changed the whole aspect of events.

A few days before he left Paris for Waterloo the Emperor told Davoust and the Comte de Ségur *père* that he had no longer any confidence in his star, and his worn depressed look was in keeping with his words.

'Some days later, at Charleroi, the morning of the battle of Fleurus (Ligny), the Emperor having sent for Reille, this general, on seeing him, was affected by a painful surprise. He found him, he told me, seated near the fireplace in a state of prostration, asking questions languidly, and appearing scarcely to listen to the replies; a prostration to which Reille attributed the inaction of one of our corps upon that day, and the long and bloody indecision of this first battle.

'As to the second, that of Waterloo, Turenne and Monthyon, general of division and sub-chief of the Staff, have told me a hundred times that during this battle, which was deciding his fate, he remained a long time seated before a table placed upon this fatal field, and that

that they frequently saw his head, overcome by sleep, sink down upon the map spread out before his heavy eyes. Monthyon added that, when the catastrophe was declared, he and the grand-marshal Bertrand could only enable the Emperor to make good his retreat to Charleroi, by holding him up between them on his horse, his body sunk (*affaissé*) and his head shaking, overcome by a feverish drowsiness.\*

The disgust at food which came over him in the meadow near Dresden may have been the result of fatigue; and writers on gastronomy have recorded on the authority of Hoffman, the novelist, who was in Dresden at the time, that the dish which caused the mischief was a shoulder of mutton stuffed with garlic. With regard to the other occasions, there is no longer room for mystery or doubt. Two short extracts from attestations signed by Yvan, his body surgeon, confirmed by Mestivier, the body physician during the Russian campaign, will suffice:

‘L’Empereur était très-accessible à l’influence atmosphérique. Il fallait pour lui, pour que l’équilibre se conservât, que la peau remplît toujours ses fonctions. Dès que son tissu était serré, soit par une cause morale ou atmosphérique, l’appareil d’irritation se manifestait avec une influence plus ou moins grave, et la toux et l’ischurie se prononçaient avec violence. Tous ces accidents cédaient au rétablissement des fonctions de la peau.

‘Il était soumis aux influences morales, et le spasme se partageait ordinairement entre l’estomac et la vessie. Le déplacement à cheval augmentait ses souffrances. Il éprouvait l’ensemble de ces accidents au moment de la bataille de Moskowa.’

In 1812, Napoleon told the Comte de Ségur *père*, that ‘from his youth he had suffered from attacks, getting more frequent it is true, of this infirmity which he believed to be merely nervous,’ and enjoined him to observe the strictest secrecy. M. Thiers, who is not quite satisfied upon the point, admits that Jerome Bonaparte, and a surgeon in attendance, told him that at Waterloo Napoleon was suffering from the malady described by M. de Ségur.

When the Emperor’s marshals and generals, foreseeing to what his restless ambition must inevitably lead, counselled peace, he accused them of a selfish love of ease inspired by the

\* ‘Mélanges,’ forming an Appendix or Supplement to the ‘Histoire et Mémoires,’ also published in 1873. Amongst other verses, the production of his advanced years, they contain some addressed to France, December, 1869, beginning:

‘Des temps de Marengo, vétéran solitaire,  
J’élève encore vers toi ma voix nonagénaire.’

honour and riches he had heaped upon them. But as one after the other of his bravest and most devoted followers was struck down, he began to feel that victories were bought with blood, and that his wars might end by leaving him friendless and alone. When, at the battle of Essling, Lannes, with both knees shattered by a cannon-ball, was carried by, he stopped the bearers, threw his arms round the dying marshal, and bursting into tears, covered his brow with kisses, and cried out amidst sobs: 'Lannes, my friend, do you not know me? it is I, Bonaparte, your friend. Lannes! Lannes! you shall live, you shall be saved to us!' At the sound of this well-known voice, the marshal, opening his eyes, replied by an effort, 'I wish to live, to serve you still and our France . . . but I believe that within an hour you will have lost him who was your best friend.'

Mortally wounded on the 22nd May, Lannes lived till the 30th, and the Emperor visited him daily; but he had lost all consciousness after the second day; and a story, accredited by M. Lanfrey, got abroad that he repelled the caresses of the Emperor; and gave vent to imprecations or complaints against ambition and 'the insensibility of the reckless gambler, in whose eyes men were nothing more than the current coin which one risks without scruple and loses without remorse.\* This is hardly reconcilable with the devoted attachment of Lannes, a rude soldier little given to sentiment or reflection; and M. de Ségur states that the last time he was visited by Napoleon, he was found in a prophetic delirium, making gestures, fancying that he was defending Bonaparte, and crying out that he saw an assassin ready to attempt the life of his Emperor.

It was within six weeks after the death of Lannes (July 11th) that the Emperor was on the point of yielding to Davoust, who wished to follow up a success, when news was brought that the general of cavalry, Bruyères had been wounded: 'You see,' said he, addressing Davoust, 'death is hovering over my generals, and who knows that within an hour or two I shall not hear that you too have been hit? No; enough of blood has been shed. I accept the suspension of arms.'

About the same time his self-confidence was seriously undermined. Writing (June 16th) after the battle of Essling to the King of Bavaria to announce the victory of Raab, gained by Eugène, he says: 'I congratulate you on the success of your son-in-law, more fortunate than I. He has just beaten the enemy who beat me.' 'Whilst on this subject,' adds M. de Ségur, 'I may add that shortly afterwards, in intimate conversation, far

\* Lanfrey, vol. iv. p. 538.

from pretending to infallible uninterrupted victory, he said to my father, recalling Saint Jean d'Acre, the bridge of Arcola, and this reverse of Essling, "That it would be wrong to suppose him invincible, and that he had often been vanquished."

On May 22, 1813, Duroc, the Grand Marshal, his almost inseparable companion and most attached adherent since 1796, was mortally wounded by a cannon-ball, which, after cutting in two a general of engineers, tore open the bowels and shattered the hip of Duroc. The ensuing scene is thus described :—

'Ywan, Berthier, Soult, Caulaincourt, the Duc de Plaisance, the Comte de Canouville, and Bonneval, Duroc's aide-de-camp, were present; all turning aside, were in sobs. Berthier drawing Canouville convulsively towards him, exclaimed: "Oh, my friend, behold our destiny! this horrible, this eternal war will be the death of all of us." Duroc kept entreating the Emperor not to remain longer in this atmosphere of death. But Napoleon could not subdue his consternation; his knees trembled under him. Ywan saw it, and whispered to Soult: "Support him, he is sinking;" and the marshal tried to take him away. Then the Emperor pressing this dying and devoted hand which he still held, pronounced the cruel adieu, adding that they should both see each other again in a better world. "Yes, Sire," replied the Grand Marshal, "in a world where we shall never be separated again."

A better world! and this from the man who had done more than any human being to make the world we live in a bad and wicked world, to render bare existence in it a misery and a curse to millions, to encourage rapine and murder, to let loose every baneful passion, to deface and desolate the fairest quarters of the globe! What an idle mockery it sounds! Yet such is the force of habit, that these incongruities pass uncensured or unobserved, like the *Te Deum* (in 'Candide') chanted in both camps to the God of Peace and Mercy after a battle in which the souls of some thirty thousand sinners had been sent unshriven to their last account.

Napoleon deliberately asserted at St. Helena that he had done no wrong, that he should appear before his Maker without a fear; yet he had no pure, firm, elevating faith. He was never a believer in the common acceptance of the term. He had no more scruples about self-destruction than dread of futurity. He alternated, according to his spirits or his prospects, between gloomy fatalism and credulous confidence in his star. On the 20th of March, 1814, before Arcis, he persevered in ignoring the proximity of the Allied Army till he was assailed

in overwhelming numbers, and his Guard fell back in confusion:—

‘In the middle of this affray he tried in vain to draw his sword. It was so rusted in the sheath that it required two of his equerries, Foulcr and Saint Aignan, to draw it, and with such an effort that Foulcr was wounded by it. At this moment a shell fell before the Emperor; he pushed his horse upon it. Exelmans was on the point of crying out to warn and turn him back, when Sebastiani exclaimed: “Let him alone, will you: you see plainly that he does it of set purpose; *il veut en finir.*”

‘Sebastiani was right; Napoleon then, as at St. Jean d’Acre, despaired of his fortune. The shell burst; he disappeared for a moment in the smoke, but the explosion only wounded his horse.’

Shortly after this escape, he was riding, followed by St. Aignan, along the crumbling crest of a ravine, so near to the edge that the least land-slip must have precipitated him into the abyss. St. Aignan called to him to take care, that there was no *garde-fou* (railing). ‘What!’ exclaimed Napoleon, suddenly pulling up, ‘no *garde-fou*. There wants, you say, a *garde-fou*;’ and pre-occupied with the ominous derivation of the word, he kept murmuring, ‘Ah! Monsieur, un *garde-fou*. Vous dites qu’il manque ici un *garde-fou*.’

The most minute details of the Emperor’s attempt to poison himself at Fontainebleau are given by M. de Ségur. It failed apparently because both the poisons he tried—laudanum and a powder composed by Cabanis—had lost their strength; and while the officers of his suite were occupied in sustaining and restoring him, he complained to Caulaincourt that ‘all, even death, had proved false.’

Although much of Napoleon’s conduct during the campaign of 1814 was of a nature to require a *garde-fou*, his military genius was never more strikingly displayed; and the most perilous of his manœuvres, that of throwing himself in the rear of the allied army, the army commanded by Schwarzenburg, would have succeeded had it not been counteracted by treachery. They were on the point of retreating, when secret information reached them from Paris that they might reckon on active co-operation within the walls. After mentioning two intercepted letters from Marie Louise and Savary intimating as much, M. de Ségur goes on to say:

‘This is certain. What is less so is the following fact. A witness, however, has attested it to me, although Pozzo was unable to certify it. This witness deposed that an emissary from Paris had brought in a hollow cane, to the Emperor of Russia, these words: *Vous pouvez tout,*

*tout, et vous n'osez rien ! Osez donc enfin.* The emissary was to supplement this communication.'

It is strange that Pozzo di Borgo was unable to give precise information upon such a point, still stranger that so much doubt should exist regarding it. Count de Nesselrode states in his Autobiography that whilst with the allied army at Troyes, he was told that a peasant wished to speak to him, and that, on being admitted, the so-called peasant, announcing himself as the Baron de Vitrolles, drew from the heel of his boot a slip of paper, on which when held to the fire there appeared, written in sympathetic ink, in the handwriting of the Duc d'Alberg, these words : '*L'homme qui vous remet ceci, mérite toute confiance. Écoutez-le, et reconnoissez-moi. Vous marchez sur des béquilles. Il est temps d'être clair. Servez-vous de vos jambes et voulez ce que pouvez.*' This slip of paper is now in the possession of Count de Nesselrode (the son of the celebrated statesman), a popular and most agreeable member of English society as we write. The Autobiography, which by his kindness we have read in the original French, has never been published except in a Russian journal and in Russian. It is unluckily little more than a sketch.

This is clearly what lawyers call the best evidence ; yet, such is history, there is equally good evidence for a contradictory version which we had from Buchon (the editor of the '*Chroniques*'), who took it down from the Duc d'Alberg's own lips. According to this version, as the emissary (Vitrolles) would have to traverse both armies, he refused to carry writing, which Talleyrand and d'Alberg were equally reluctant to give. He simply requested a *mot d'ordre*, which would show that he was duly accredited by them. 'You have only,' said d'Alberg, 'to ask for the Comte de Stadion, and utter these words, "*Madame — et vos deux contretemps.*" He will know that you come from me.' The allusion was to a singular affair of gallantry known only to the Comte and the Duc.

M. Louis Blanc says that the Duc d'Alberg and the Comte de Stadion had been connected by ties of tenderness with two young girls at Munich whose names were recollected by the Duc. These he wrote on a card which served as letters of credit to the adventurous ambassador. '*Voilà de quelle sorte il plaît à Dieu de disposer du sort des peuples.*' \* M. Thiers,

\* '*Histoire de Dix Ans.*' Introduction. This is just the sort of historical puzzle about which Mr. Charles Greville might have been expected to know something. He obviously knew nothing. His version is improbable, and utterly untenable on the face of it.

'January 22nd, 1820.—Just before the advance of the allied army on Paris a council of war was held, when it was unanimously resolved to retreat. The Emperor

M. Thiers, who writes on the authority of Vitrolles, whom he knew personally and whose unpublished Memoirs he had read, substantially confirms Buchon :

‘There was only one man who could ensure the reception of an individual who should come in his name, that was M. de Talleyrand. But never would he have entrusted to anyone whatever a positive proof of his action against the established government; and he refused to send anything beyond sound advice which should be orally communicated to the sovereigns and the ministers of the coalition. M. d’Alberg, who did not spare himself when he could make a step towards his end, supplied what M. de Talleyrand left wanting. German by origin, he had been very intimate with M. de Stadion at Vienna: he furnished M. de Vitrolles with some tokens of recognition sufficient to convey the certitude that the bearer came from him.’

After a most interesting account of the events which immediately preceded the abdication at Fontainebleau, M. de Ségur exclaims :

‘What can I add? Grand Army, Empire, Emperor,—there is an end of all of them. This genius which supported me has departed with Napoleon. Arrived at that fatal termination of so much greatness, I feel that my literary life is closed like our military life, that history is now wanting to the historian as war was then wanting to the warrior.’

His literary life was far from closed, and history was not wanting to the historian. He soon resumed his pen, and found materials for valuable additions to his reminiscences. But we are compelled to act like the genius which parted company with him when he parted company with his Emperor.

In giving more—more both new and true—about Napoleon, we have proceeded upon a conviction that we can hardly have too much. He fills so great a space in the history of the world, he exercised so extraordinary and so sustained an influence on the very framework of society, he wrought so many changes, he left his mark on so many institutions, civil, military and political, that the slightest trait or illustration of him has a value and an interest of its own; the more especially because men’s minds are not yet definitively made up about him, are still wavering between the rival and conflicting estimates of M. Lanfrey and M. Thiers.

Our readers will judge for themselves, but we do not think

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Emperor of Russia entered the room, and said he had reasons for advancing, and ordered the advance; the generals remonstrated, but the Emperor was determined. Woronzoff told Sydenham that that day a courier arrived at his outposts with a letter for the Emperor in the handwriting of Talleyrand. This was told me by Frederick Ponsonby.’

that



that M. de Ségur's tribute to the memory of Napoleon will essentially vary the sentence which the right-minded portion of posterity, the lovers of truth, justice and free government, must pass upon him. He is shown to have had winning manners when it suited him; to have yielded to kindly or generous impulses when they cost him neither power nor glory, in other words, nothing that he really cared about. But his capacity for self-sacrifice and magnanimity stopped there. His sensibility was little more than an exaggeration of that which led Sterne to weep over a dead donkey and neglect a dying mother; and his good qualities did more harm than good in the long run, by helping to gloss over the detestable nature of his policy, and by withdrawing attention from the crimes and vices, especially his insensibility to human suffering on a large scale, which have given him a bad pre-eminence amongst the worst scourges of our race. Any apotheosis of Napoleon must resemble that of Hoche (in Gillray's cartoon), who ascends to Heaven amidst emblems of cruelty and violence, from an Earth of burning towns, devastated plains, and battle-fields heaped with the dying and the dead. To invoke the image of the exile of St. Helena is to invoke along with it a succession of images, like the night scene in Richard III., when the ghost of victim after victim utters a malediction and passes on. As regards the portrait which M. de Ségur has placed before us, we are at first sight attracted and to a certain degree misled by it. But on a careful study, the features seem out of keeping with the gentler feelings: the expression repels sympathy: falsehood and treachery lurk beneath the smile; and the gaze becomes riveted on the cold, smooth, severe, inflexible brow, with the indelible stain of blood traced on it.

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ART. VIII.—*Queen Mary.* A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson.  
London, 1875.

AS the true end of the drama is action, and no play can be a thoroughly good one which is not fitted for representation on the stage, it is but seldom that great plays are written where the stage is either in its decline, or where it has no genuine motive for existence. In any dramatic work of genius composed in such a period, it will almost invariably be found that action is subordinate to idea; the interest of the poem lies not so much in the imitation of nature by means of actors, as in the form which expresses the thoughts and feelings of the poet himself.

There

There are, in fact, two distinct classes of dramas: those which are primarily meant to be acted, like the plays of Shakespeare and the Greek tragedians, and those which, like the works of Seneca and Guarini, are intended only to be read.

It can scarcely be disputed that the great days of the English stage have gone by. Perfected, like the theatre of Athens, when the nation itself was at the height of its greatness and activity, the era of our dramatic productiveness was as brief as it was glorious. The golden age of our theatre was, without doubt, the age of Elizabeth; yet, so long as the nation continued to occupy itself with arms as well as commerce, the traditions of the poetical drama never quite expired. The historical plays of Shakespeare, above all, retained their popularity on the stage till within comparatively recent days. A constant succession of great actors, Garrick, Kemble, Kean, Macready, did justice to their heroic style; and old playgoers still recall with enthusiasm the favourite parts of King John, Richard II., Richard III., and Wolsey.

It was not till after power passed into the hands of the middle classes, at the time of the first Reform Bill, that the poetical drama received its death-blow. Then, as the interest in foreign affairs and public action declined before the all-engrossing pursuit of wealth, a fresh set of anti-poetical motives came into play in the theatres. Since that period the old love of imaginative action has gradually given place to a taste for domestic or melodramatic incident; invention, character, passion, all the elements that constitute a great drama, have been sacrificed to the craving for scenic effect. Even the plays of Shakespeare himself have been 'adapted' to gratify the new taste. It was but lately, for instance, that we witnessed the revival of 'Antony and Cleopatra,' for the sole purpose, as it seemed, of exhibiting a magnificent show of ancient millinery. And if now and then a play has been acted which appeared to have been inspired by more elevated motives, the spectator has felt that the old and noble traditions of the stage have become obsolete. We remember a year or two ago witnessing a drama full of grand tableaux, and performed amid nightly rounds of applause, in which the actor represented the most unfortunate of English monarchs, lying on his back, and tossing about his children like a street tumbler, while the poet had introduced the Protector of England, the master of Blake, and the terror of Spain, cringing and craving for a title, like any grocer under Louis Philippe.

Nevertheless, with such a dearth of true dramatic motive in our theatres, most observers must have been struck with the

the number of poems published in a dramatic form, and though evidently unsuitable for the stage, proving that the idea at least of action is still present in the minds of our poets. These compositions have now received an addition which cannot fail to excite great interest in the literary world. The Laureate himself has written a drama, and what is more, a historical one. Naturally enough his work has been received with every symptom of enthusiasm and delight. We are told that here at last is a poem full of true 'dramatic fire;' that the play 'is the most dramatic since the days of Shakespeare;' that it is the worthy sequel of the great series of dramas that 'were culminated and crowned with Henry V.' If this be so, none ought to welcome the event with more pleasure than ourselves. We have long protested against the effeminate and luxurious motives of modern poetry; a genuine revival of the drama would be real evidence of increased public spirit; while if 'Queen Mary' be in any way like the parallel suggested for it, nothing but great acting and proper appreciation is required to ensure its success on the stage.

The historical plays of Shakespeare are the most splendid monument of poetical patriotism that any country can boast. In them, as in a mirror, we see a representation of whatever is famous in the life of our nation, reaching back to distant periods, extending into modern days, starting from the great wars with France, covering the Wars of the Roses, proceeding to the dawn of the Reformation. Here are embalmed the great and generic names of English chivalry, the Pembrokes, the Salisburys, the Northumberland: here are the life-like figures of our heroes, Henry V. and Talbot: here all those scenes of tragedy and pathos of which English history is so full; the fortunes of Constance and Arthur, and Katharine of Aragon; the captivity and death of Richard II.; the downfall of Wolsey. Here, too, are represented the humours and manners of the people themselves in the market, the inn, and the battle-field; manners not studied with an eye to antiquarian effect, but painted with a genial enjoyment of real life, as the old painters filled in their pictures of sacred subjects with the details of the life about them. Action, action, action, is the key-note of every play. The poet has not been simply inspired by a love of artistic form; nor does he group his incidents so as to express any central idea: he is content to follow the order of events; to imagine with ardour the motives of heroes, and to utter them in heroic words. This is Shakespeare's historical method: let us see whether Mr. Tennyson's resembles it as closely as his critics declare.

And first as to the subject. Queen Mary. Not Mary, Queen  
of

of Scots, the subject of ballad and romance, but Mary of England—Bloody Mary. The nation has passed its judgment on this Queen in the epithet attaching to her name, and the verdict has been thus expanded by a great, if not a picturesque, historian:—

'It is not necessary to employ many words in drawing the character of this Princess. She possessed few qualities, either estimable or amiable, and her person was as little engaging as her behaviour and address. Obstinacy, bigotry, violence, cruelty, malignity, revenge, tyranny, every circumstance of her character took a tincture from her bad temper and narrow understanding. And amidst that complication of vices which entered into her composition, we shall scarcely find any virtue but that of sincerity, which she seems to have maintained throughout her whole life, except in the beginning of her reign, when the necessity of her affairs obliged her to make some promises to the Protestants which she never intended to perform. She appears also, as well as her father, to have been susceptible of some attachments of friendship, and that without the caprice or inconsistency which were so remarkable in the conduct of that monarch. To which we may add, that in many circumstances of her life she gave indications of resolution and vigour of mind which seems to have been inherent in her family.'

The judgment of Hume, which is scarcely likely to be reversed by the industry of later historians in collecting facts, or their 'picturesque sensibility' in interpreting them, does not promise a character suited to the heroine of a romantic drama. Nevertheless Shakespeare, who found materials for a play in King John, might possibly have also found them in Queen Mary. Had he done so, we may be quite sure that he would have concentrated all his interest on the salient points of action in the reign, and on the characters engaged in it, the revolt of Northumberland, the execution of Lady Jane Grey, the rising of Wyatt, the absolution of Pole, the death of Cranmer, and the loss of Calais. The Queen herself would certainly only have appeared in so far as she was mixed up with public affairs. A brief analysis of Mr. Tennyson's play will show how far he has built on the Shakespearian lines.

The first act represents the eagerness of Mary for her marriage with Philip, both for personal reasons and on account of her zeal for the Roman Catholic faith. In the first scene the citizens, watching the progress of Mary on her accession, comment on the State changes the reign is likely to produce. In the second, Cranmer is sent to the Tower. Then we are introduced to a crowd listening to the Catholic preacher, Father Bourne, stirred up to a riot by the arts of Noailles, the French Ambassador, and quieted by the influence of Courtenay, one of the popular pre-tenders

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tenders to Mary's hand, who in the fourth scene is shown making advances to Elizabeth. In the last scene, the climax of the act, Mary, sitting with Philip's miniature, expects the decision of the Council on the marriage; and pending their judgment, gives audience to Gardiner, Noailles, and Renard, each of whom she questions respecting the person and character of Philip. Gardiner and Noailles, depreciating these, are dismissed with displeasure; while the Queen's infatuation for Philip is brought out in the colloquy with Renard, who advises the execution of Lady Jane Grey:—

'RENARD. Too much mercy is a want of mercy,  
And wastes more life. Stamp out the fire, or this  
Will smoulder or re-flame, and burn the throne  
Where you should sit with Philip: *he will not come  
Till she be gone.*

'MARY. Indeed, if that were true—  
But I must say farewell. I am somewhat faint  
With our long talk. Tho' Queen, I am not Queen  
Of mine own heart, which every now and then  
Beats me half dead: yet stay, this golden chain—  
My father on a birthday gave it me, :  
And I have broken with my father—take  
And wear it as a memorial of a morning  
Which found me full of foolish doubts, and leaves me  
As hopeful.

'REN. (*aside*). Whew—the folly of all follies  
Is to be love-sick for a shadow.'

The Queen meets her Council, who consent to the marriage; and Mary, quitting them, sinks into a chair, concluding the first act with the passionate exclamation—

'*My Philip is all mine.*'

In the second act the poet, still holding the thread of the Spanish marriage, shows the public indignation embodying itself in Wyatt's revolt, the loyalty of the citizens of London, and the energetic conduct of Mary in crushing the rebellion. At the close of the act, Mary determines to send Elizabeth to the Tower, a step which Gardiner opposes, out of consideration for Courtenay. Once more Renard steps forward, recalling his innuendo of the previous act:—

'REN. (*advancing*). I trust by this your Highness will allow  
Some spice of wisdom in my telling you,  
When last we talk'd, *that Philip would not come*  
Till Guildford Dudley, and the Duke of Suffolk,  
And Lady Jane had left us.

'MARY.

'MARY. They shall die.  
 'REN. And your so loving sister?  
 'MARY. She shall die.  
*My foes are at my feet, and Philip King.'*

Mary has now reached the climax of her fortune. She is married to Philip, and she expects a child, a hope to which she gives expression in the following speech:—

'He hath awaked! he hath awaked!  
 He stirs within the darkness!  
 Oh, Philip, husband! now thy love to mine  
 Will cling more close, and those bleak manners thaw,  
 That make me shamed and tongue-tied in my love.  
 The second Prince of Peace—  
 The great unborn defender of the Faith,  
 Who will avenge me of mine enemies—  
 He comes, and my star rises.  
 The stormy Wyatts and Northumberlands,  
 The proud ambitions of Elizabeth,  
 And all her fieriest partisans—are pale  
 Before my star!  
 The light of this new learning wanes and dies:  
 The ghosts of Luther and Zuinglius fade  
 Into the deathless hell which is their doom  
 Before my star.  
 His sceptre shall go forth from Ind to Ind!  
 His sword shall hew the heretic peoples down!  
 His faith shall clothe the world that will be his,  
 Like universal air and sunshine! Open,  
 Ye everlasting gates! The King is here!—  
 My star, my son!'

To crown her private happiness with public joy, Pole, the Legate, pronounces the absolution of the realm. But the tide of fortune now begins to turn. At the opening of the third act, Bagenhall, who has related the pitiful death of Lady Jane Grey, gives utterance to his forebodings for the future. During the absolution he alone refuses to kneel, and his foresight is proved by the dissensions that arise between Gardiner and Pole; while the star of Elizabeth, who is summoned from Woodstock, at Philip's instance, to marry Philibert of Savoy, begins to be in the ascendant. On the other hand, Philip himself signifies his intention of leaving the Queen, and, in answer to her earnest entreaties, barely grants her the reprieve of a single day:—

'PHILIP. Then one day more to please her Majesty.  
 'MARY. The sunshine sweeps across my life again.  
 O if I knew you felt this parting, Philip,  
 As I do! 'PHILIP.

' PHILIP. By St. James I do protest,  
Upon the faith and honour of a Spaniard,  
I am vastly grieved to leave your Majesty.  
Simon, is supper ready?

' REN. Ay, my liege,  
I saw the covers laying.

' PHILIP. Let us have it. [Exeunt.]

And now, disappointed and doubtful of her husband's love, Mary seems to have hardened her heart, and gives commands that, in spite of his recantation, Cranmer shall be burned; a sentence which meets the approval of Pole. The fourth act is the most stirring and vigorous in the play. After Mary's decision we are shown Cranmer in prison, where, insulted by Bonner and comforted by Thirlby, he strengthens himself to endure the fire, and represses the natural promptings of his imagination:—

' Fire—inch by inch to die in agony! Latimer,  
Had a brief end—not Ridley. Hooper burn'd  
Three-quarters of an hour. Will my faggots  
Be wet as his were? It is a day of rain.  
I will not muse upon it.'

He is then brought into St. Mary's Church, and 'set on a scaffold before the people.' Cole calls on him to make proclamation of his faith, to which appeal he replies in a fine speech, opening as follows:—

' And that I will. O God, Father of Heaven!  
O Son of God, redeemer of the world!  
O Holy Ghost! proceeding from them both,  
Three persons and one God, have mercy on me,  
Most miserable sinner, wretched man.  
I have offended against heaven and earth  
More grievously than any tongue can tell.  
Then whither should I flee for any help?  
I am ashamed to lift my eyes to heaven,  
And I can find no refuge upon earth.  
Shall I despair then?—God forbid! O God,  
For thou art merciful, refusing none  
That come to Thee for succour, unto Thee,  
Therefore, I come; humble myself to Thee;  
Saying, O Lord God, although my sins be great,  
For thy great mercy have mercy! O God the Son,  
Nor for slight faults alone, who thou becamest  
Man in the Flesh, was the great mystery wrought;  
Oh God the Father, not for little sins  
Didst thou yield up thy Son to human death;

But



But for the greatest sin that can be sinn'd,  
 Yea, even such as mine, incalculable,  
 Unpardonable,—sin against the light,  
 The truth of God, which I have proven and known,  
 Thy mercy must be greater than all sin.  
 Forgive me, Father, for no merit of mine,  
 But that thy name by man be glorified,  
 And thy most blessed Son's, who died for man.'

Then follows his last sermon and confession of faith, after which he is led away to be burned. His death is related by Peters, and commented on by Tib, a country-wife, who prophesies 'that the burning of the owld Archbishop 'ill burn the Pwoap out o' this 'ere land vor iver and iver.'

The fifth act is the last. Disappointed of her hope of bearing children, disappointed in her schemes for the conversion of the kingdom, disappointed in her love of Philip, the close of Mary's tragedy approaches. Once more, in spite of her entreaties, her husband leaves her. Then, as the forerunner of her own end, Pole comes to her with the news that all his grand hopes have fallen, that he has been deprived of his legateship, and cited to Rome for heresy. 'I have done my best,' he says—

'Have done my best, and as a faithful son,  
 That all day long hath wrought his father's work,  
 When back he comes at evening hath the door  
 Shut on him by the father whom he loved,  
 His early follies cast into his teeth,  
 And the poor son turn'd out into the street  
 To sleep, to die—I shall die of it, cousin.'

Presently comes the news of the taking of Calais, and in the bitterness of her heart Mary exclaims:—

'I am a byword. Heretic and rebel  
 Point at me and make merry. Philip gone!  
 And Calais gone! Time that I were gone too!'

The Comte de Feria arrives from the Netherlands, and even then the Queen looks for some comfort:—

'I am not well, but it will better me,  
 Sir Count, to read this letter which you bring.  
 'FERIA. Madam, I bring no letter.'

This is the last stroke. Quite broken down, and knowing that Feria is in reality commissioned to Elizabeth, Mary sends for that Princess—

'Tell her to come and close my dying eyes,  
 And wear my crown, and dance upon my grave.'

Then

Then follows a scene of policy between Feria and Elizabeth, in which the former makes covert advances, on behalf of his master, for the hand of the heiress-apparent; she on her side replying enigmatically, till Feria discloses to her her sister's state, when, breaking off the colloquy by an impulse of natural affection, she hastens to the side of the Queen. In the last scene, Mary is discovered talking with her ladies before Philip's portrait, which brings into her mind all the cruelties of which she has been guilty for his sake, and of the unworthy return he has made her:—

' Women, when I am dead,  
Open my heart, and there you will find written  
Two names, Philip and Calais; open his,—  
So that he have one,—  
You will find Philip only, policy, policy,  
Ay, worse than that—not one hour true to me!  
Foul maggots crawling on a fester'd vice!  
Adulterous to the very heart of Hell.  
Hast thou a knife?

' ALICE. Ay, Madam, but o' God's mercy—

' MARY. Fool, think'st thou I would perill mine own soul  
By slaughter of the body? I could not, girl,  
Not this way—callous with a constant stripe,  
Unwoundable. Thy knife!

' ALICE. Take heed, take heed!  
The blade is keen as death.

' MARY. This Philip shall not  
Stare in upon me in my haggardness;  
Old, miserable, diseased,  
Incapable of children. Come thou down.

[Cuts out the picture, and throws it down.

Lie there (*wails*). O God, I have killed my Philip!'

Elizabeth arrives in time to witness the last moments of her sister, and the drama ends with her recital of the death-bed scene, and the acclamation that hails the new Queen of England.

Such is an outline of the plot of 'Queen Mary.' The reader will, we think, have perceived that, whatever merit the poem possesses, it does not in the least resemble a historical play of Shakespeare. In a Shakespearian sense it is neither historical nor dramatic. It is not historical, for history is merely concerned with the actions and motives of men as far as they are exhibited on the stage of public affairs; it condescends not to follow them into their closets, or to pry into the personal secrets of their hearts. And accordingly we find that  
Shakespeare

Shakespeare always draws his characters as they appeared in the broad light of their public conduct. It is true that he never neglects any opportunity that history affords him for a study of human nature, as in his character of Richard III.; that his imagination seizes with eagerness on any tragic scene like the captivity of Richard II.; that he delights to arouse our pity by pathetic episodes like that of Constance and Arthur, or the narrative of the murder of the little Princes in the Tower. But he does not go out of his way to imagine what history does not reveal; he follows the chronicles closely; his actors never put off the buskin; they behave like heroes, and speak like famous Kings and Queens. In all external points Mr. Tennyson has kept to his authority as closely as Shakespeare; he has evidently studied Mr. Froude's volumes with extreme minuteness, and there is scarcely one of the many picturesque details collected by the latter which does not reappear in 'Queen Mary' in a dramatic form. But here the resemblance ends. The chief person of Mr. Tennyson's drama, the heroine who gives it form and unity, round whom all the other characters are grouped, on whom all the interest is concentrated, is she who is still known to the people of England as Bloody Mary. The motive of the drama is in fact purely feminine. Our attention is drawn off from those public actions which have branded Mary's name with its execrable epithet, and pity and compassion are aroused on her behalf, for the terrible situation in which she is placed, for the suffering and loving wife, for the downfall of the hopes of the enthusiastic and aspiring Catholic, as though it were expected that we were to waive our judgment on the Queen out of our sympathy with the woman. Thus the dignity of history is lowered for the sake of imagination and sentiment. Who would ever recognise in the passionate wife, whose nerves are always on the edge, in the pitiful and sentimental woman shrinking from the execution of Lady Jane Grey, in the hysterical mother-expectant, the dull, vindictive, and narrow-minded Princess described in the sober pages of Hume?

Besides, the central position assigned to Mary in the play prevents it from being dramatic in the same sense as a play of Shakespeare. In the outward form of his play, indeed, Mr. Tennyson has been very careful to imitate Shakespeare's practice. There is the same number of acts as in any one of the latter's historical dramas; the same quick succession of scenes; parallel stage directions; similar 'walking' personages, 'first gentleman,' 'second gentleman,' 'Old Nokes,' &c. &c.; attempted episodes of broad humour and common life; in all these particulars 'Queen Mary' bears a superficial family likeness to 'Henry IV.' But that is all. Of the two most stirring actions that

that distinguish the reign of Mary—the conspiracy of Northumberland and the loss of Calais—one is only hinted at incidentally, and the other is related by the mouth of messengers. Other actions of the reign, such as the execution of Lady Jane Grey and the burning of Cranmer, which would as far as possible have been acted in a play of Shakespeare, are described in 'Queen Mary;' while many of the persons seem to be merely introduced, like a Greek chorus, for the sake of criticism and comment; a practice which, while it doubtless gives more form and unity to the poem, is quite contrary to the spirit of the English stage.

We have seen what 'Queen Mary' is not; let us now say what it is. It is a drama of the second of the two kinds we have described, a literary drama, which may be read in the study, but which is below the dignity of a truly great stage; a drama in which action is subordinated to idea; subtle analysis is substituted for active imagination; motive is exhibited rather than effect. Now, the method of analysis, as opposed to the method of imitation, is what distinguishes works produced in the decay of imagination from those produced in its maturity. For instance, there is not one of Shakespeare's plays which is grounded on his own unaided invention; he is indebted for the plot of each of them to some well-known story, either true, or so like truth, as to render it easy of representation on the stage. And in the same way we find that all Sir Walter Scott's novels are built on a groundwork of fact, enlarged within the proper limits of nature so as to meet the requirements of the imagination. On the other hand, a novelist like Balzac, or a dramatist like Mr. Browning, first analyses his facts, and then reconstructs them out of his own fancy. He resolves facts into ideas; and after reducing the ideas to the utmost simplicity of which they are capable, he proceeds to erect upon them an edifice absolutely and entirely original. In one sense such a process requires more invention than we find in the works of Shakespeare and Scott, but it is invention misapplied. For it is not the function of true art to be perfectly original, but to *imitate* nature, and the analytical method, proper for the anatomist and the general scientific inquirer, is improper for the painter, the novelist, and the poet.

'Queen Mary' is the product of imaginative analysis. And it must be allowed that, if we grant the lawfulness in art of this quasi-scientific process of the imagination, there can be no more fruitful field for its exercise than history. The historian, enamoured of his subject, sees in the collections of his own labour the materials for a new Creation. Here are the dry bones of the past, the remains of what once was living, and

seems but to need an informing spirit to live again. Over these relics the Imagination will brood with the ardour of Frankenstein, tracing effect to cause, supplying actions with motives, detecting the springs of character. It darts from the fresh-discovered record, the private letter, the speaking portrait, the picturesque anecdote, forming the rapid and unfaltering inferences whence it may recompose the men and women of antiquity. And when it has constructed its ideas it lavishes upon them all the affection of a parent; with a maternal sympathy and perception of motive it upholds every action of its children against the gross judgments of common sense, and from the intuition of a moment will often redress the injustice of centuries. So great is its passion for its own paradox, that it seems only necessary that tradition should pronounce a man a tyrant or a scoundrel, for Imagination to discover that he was a hero and a saint. Within our own recollection, almost every supposed villain of history, from Catiline to Marat, has, in the name of truth and candour, been canonised like George de Barnwell.

'Barras loves plunder; Merlin takes a bribe;  
What then? should Candour these good men proscribe?  
No! Ere we join the loud accusing throng,  
Prove not the facts, but that they thought them wrong.'

And now Imagination claims our pity and sympathy for the *motives* of Bloody Mary. There is no occasion to regard this Princess as a tyrant in the worse sense of the word; her public character appears to us to be admirably estimated in the passage we have quoted from Hume. But that is not the light in which she discovers herself to Mr. Froude or Mr. Tennyson.

'No English Sovereign,' says the former, 'ever ascended the throne with larger popularity than Mary Tudor. The country was eager to atone to her for her mother's injuries, and the instinctive loyalty of the English towards their natural Sovereign was enhanced by the abortive efforts of Northumberland to rob her of her inheritance. She had reigned little more than five years, and she descended into the grave amid curses deeper than the acclamations which had welcomed her accession. In that brief time she had swathed her name in the horrid epithet which will cling to it for ever, and yet from the passions which in general tempt men into crime she was entirely free; to the time of her accession she had lived a blameless, and in many respects, a noble life, and few men or women have lived less capable of doing knowingly a wrong thing.'

How does Mr. Froude know that? But the idea so ardently conceived, and so eloquently expressed, contains in itself all the germs of romantic tragedy, and the poet has seized with eagerness on the imagination of the historian. The tragic conception

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of a loving and high-minded woman, actuated by great public motives, and yet impelled by destiny to the performance of bad actions, in pursuit of objects which she is fated never to achieve, is worked out by Mr. Tennyson, as we have shown by our analysis of his drama, with extraordinary skill. The Idea has its rise, its climax, its catastrophe; all the characters and incidents are grouped so as to give it artistic prominence; as the Idea expands the play advances; and the sense of vanity, defeat, and disappointment in the final series of calamities, Pole's citation for heresy, the loss of Calais, and the cruelty of Philip, is brought out in the last act with an astonishing knowledge of artistic effect. '*Queen Mary*' is in fact far more like a Greek than an English play; we are expected to pity the Queen as we pity the just *Œdipus* or the pious *Antigone*, expiating the sins of their fathers in the second and third generation. But we cannot forget that Mary Tudor was not a legendary shadow, but a historic sovereign. Nor can we forget that the idea of Nemesis represented in the best Greek tragedies was but the embodiment of a religious belief, which, though the first principle of action in the Greek world, is contrary to the Christian doctrine of free-will. It is because the motive of Shakespeare's plays is essentially Christian that action predominates in them over idea, and that men are represented as moral agents, and no longer as the mere puppets of destiny.

On the other hand, as in '*Queen Mary*' idea predominates over action, so the actors themselves dwindle into unreality. Shakespeare, dramatising the chronicles, seems to have simply filled in their large outlines with his own free and vigorous imagination. But Mr. Tennyson, following on the minute analysis of Mr. Froude, and occupied with the study of motives, supposed to be real, has suffered the loss of his poetical freedom. His characters are puppets; we see how they were made; we follow the palæontologist putting together his motive-bones, clothing them with speech as with flesh and blood, and giving to each a particular air of external reality. He seems to have risen from the perusal of his authority with an abstract conception of his various characters, and to have adapted their speeches accordingly. Thus Pole, being represented by Mr. Froude as a weak idealist, is always made to speak in high-flown tropes and metaphors, consciously contrasting with Gardiner's blunt directness. Paget's '*latitudinarianism*' is emphasised in his remarks, and so is Philip's '*brutality*.' A certain Bagenhall is incidentally mentioned in history, as the single member who refused to kneel during Pole's absolution, and out of this isolated fact the dramatist has constructed a character evidently intended



tended to be typical of the great 'country party' afterwards so distinguished in English history. He has made a careful study of contemporary portraits, and has transferred his own impressions of them into the mouths of his imaginary actors. Elizabeth is made to speak of being frightened by

'This fierce old Gardiner, his big baldness,  
That irritable forelock that he rubs,  
His buzzard beak, and deep incaverned eyes;'

sentiments not exactly in keeping with the style of a Princess who wrote thus to another bishop: 'Proud prelate, you know what you were before I made you what you are. If you do not immediately comply with my request, by G— I will unfrock you.—Elizabeth.' Gardiner himself forms a judgment of Pole from his face.

'Pole has the Plantagenet face,  
But not the force that made our mightiest kings;  
Fine eyes—but melancholy, irresolute—  
A fine beard, Bonner, a very full, fine beard,  
But a weak mouth, an indeterminate—ha?

:'BONNER. Well, a weak mouth, perchance.'

It does not seem to us quite the right thing dramatically for two famous actors in English history to talk about a third, as if they were discussing the points of a horse. In truth, however, it is not Gardiner or Bonner who is speaking, but Mr. Tennyson, who makes use of them as vehicles for his own descriptive genius and power of analysis. To give an exact and local colouring to the piece, two old country-wives, Tib and Joan, are introduced, gossiping in the rustic dialect about their cows and the burning of Cranmer. It has been said that these figures are as life-like as the 'Northern Farmer,' a criticism that appears to us strangely beside the mark. The 'Northern Farmer' was a genuine type of living character with which Mr. Tennyson was familiar, and which he has reproduced with admirably vigorous humour. But 'Tib' and 'Joan'—who, we may remark with diffidence, do not appear to us to speak in the Oxfordshire dialect—are mere scenic studies, introduced without effect upon the action, and with much the same kind of 'historical' motive as makes Mr. Holman Hunt so anxious to put nothing but real Jews' heads into his sacred pictures. Let any one compare them with an episode of common life represented by Shakespeare—say that of the two carriers in the inn-yard at Rochester, in 'Henry IV.'—and he will see what is the difference between dramatic poetry and dramatic scene-painting. These are but a few instances of the result of throwing ideas

into



into a dramatic form. The actors in this play, in spite of all the poet's devices to make them live, recall the speech of the melancholy Jaques :

'All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players.'

As we read, the events and the characters of history seem no more substantial than the 'shadows' in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' This is not what we feel in reading 'Henry V.'

The style of 'Queen Mary' is such as might be expected by the students of Mr. Tennyson's poems. It has a dash of archaism derived from Shakespeare, wanting, indeed, the heroic greatness of the latter's historic manner, but distinguished by all the vivid colour and peculiarity of the author's own narrative verse, which, however, is toned down and corrected by the use of dramatic forms. His epic mannerism has, in fact, produced a kind of dramatic mannerism; and though 'Queen Mary' is far less precise and affected in its versification than 'The Idylls of the King,' it contains many more lines that are harsh, rugged, and abrupt. The occasional use of the tribrach as a relief to the iambus is well, but there is a limit to the reader's indulgence, and this is really exceeded in 'verses' such as these, which we select almost at random :—

- 'Of half that subsidy levied on the people.'—(p. 39.)
- 'On Penenden heath a thousand of them—more.'—(p. 65.)
- 'The Queen of England or the rabble of Kent.'—(p. 80.)
- 'For thro' thine help we are come to London Bridge;  
But how to cross it balks me. I fear we cannot.'—(p. 86.)
- 'And leave the people naked to the crown,  
And the crown naked to the people; the crown  
Female, too!'—(p. 104.)
- 'Our letters of commission will declare this plainlier.'—(p. 141.)
- 'The heretic priest, workmen, and women, and children.'—  
(p. 271.)

If lines like these, and the like may be found on almost every third page of 'Queen Mary,' be good blank verse, there must be many M. Jourdain among us who may congratulate themselves on having written *poetry* all their lives.

In the following line the emphasis seems to be placed on the wrong word :

'And ev'n before the Queen's face Gardiner buys them.'

And this is obscure :

'And child by child, you know,  
Were momentary sparkles out as quick  
Almost as kindled.'

Yet

Yet the composition is careful and studied, and every desire is shown to keep up the reader's attention by novelties of expression. The following passage, in its argumentative dialectic, with its brevity, pregnancy, and antithesis, is in the poet's own unmistakable manner:—

'GARDINER. The end's not come.

POLE.

No—nor this way will come,

Seeing there lie two ways to every end,

A better and a worse—the worse is here

To persecute, because to persecute

Makes a faith hated, and is furthermore

No perfect witness of a perfect faith

In him who persecutes : when men are tost

On tides of strange opinion, and not sure

Of their own selves, they are wroth with their own selves,

And thence with others ; then, who lights the faggot ?

Not the full faith, no, but the lurking doubt.

Old Rome, that first made martyrs in the Church,

Trembled for her own gods, for these were trembling—

But when did our Rome tremble ?'

This would not do for the stage ; it is too subtle and metaphysical ; but it is the right sort of style for the literary drama, as it keeps the reader's mind on the alert by a constant succession of intellectual puzzles. Characteristically enough, Mr. Tennyson is always at his best when he is descriptive. For instance :

'His eighty years

Looked somewhat crooked on him in his frieze ;

But after they had stript him to his shroud,

He stood upright, a lad of twenty-one,

And gathered with his hands the starting flame,

And washed his hands, and all his face therein,

Until the powder suddenly blew him dead.'

On the other hand, he is not so successful in expressing emotion in act ; the speeches have less of ardour than sentiment ; what is meant to be tragic is often only painful, and what aims at being passionate, hysterical. The curious want of humour, which Mr. Tennyson so often betrays, may be seen in the following speech of Cranmer:—

'Last night I dreamed the faggots were alight,

And that myself was fastened to the stake,

And found it all a visionary flame,

Cool as the light in old decaying wood ;

And then King Harry looked from out a cloud,

And bad me have good courage.'

Really

Really we thought it had been impossible to improve on Mr. Froude's canonisation of Henry VIII. But here is an apotheosis that quite throws it into the shade. If "the gods" are not tickled with the exquisite picture of this royal cherub floating on a cloud, it will be a sign that the British stage has degenerated even more than we are inclined to believe. Mary's speech on the quickening of her child is as wanting in dramatic motive as in good taste; but the dying speech of Cranmer is really dramatic, and is rendered into blank verse from the original with great skill and fidelity.

We are glad to see a lighter crop than usual of the monstrous compounds which Mr. Tennyson has helped to produce in modern English; indeed, the only one of which we greatly care to complain is 'brain-dizzied.' We can only repeat what we have said of similar words on a previous occasion, that this compound is bad English. 'Brain-dizzy' would be correct, but by every analogy of participial compounds—'storm-tost,' 'iron-bound,' 'fancy-riden' (to quote a compound of Mr. Tennyson's own in this play)—'brain-dizzied' ought to mean 'dizzied *by* the brain,' not 'dizzied *in* the brain.'

To sum up our opinion of 'Queen Mary,' we are inclined to think it the best specimen of the literary drama which has been written in our time. It is, at least, admirable in form. It is better than Mr. Browning's dramatic studies, which have no form at all. It is better than 'The Spanish Gipsy,' which has a hybrid form. It is better than 'Bothwell,' as it has more backbone, and less of the enormous volume and verbosity, which, we think, would always prevent Mr. Swinburne from achieving success as a dramatist. Of the dramatic *spirit*, in the Shakespearian sense, the play, as we have said, has nothing; it lacks the personal interest which might recall the genius of national action, and excite the ardour of patriotism by the representation on the stage of great historic examples. It is guilty, too, of the blunder at once historical and dramatic, of making a heroine out of Bloody Mary. Of course it will be acted. Tib and Joan will appear in miraculously accurate costumes of the period; Aldgate will be very 'richly decorated;' we shall be delighted with the exact representation of Lambeth Palace and St. Mary's Church; and a popular actress will doubtless draw tears from sympathetic eyes when she exclaims that 'she has slain her Philip!' It will be acted, and then, like all plays that want the soul of action, it will disappear from the stage. But as an intellectual exercise, as a scientific study of abstract motives, as a stimulant of those subtle ideas which the luxurious modern imagination delights to substitute for action, as a monument of ingenious and refined

refined expression, in all these points Mr. Tennyson's drama may long continue to afford pleasure to the reader. And more than this, at a time when the tradition of the poetical drama has been forgotten on the stage, it would perhaps be idle to expect.

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ART. IX.—1. *Lawlessness, Sacerdotalism, and Ritualism.* By Malcolm MacColl, M.A. 1875.

2. '*Contemporary Review.*' June and July, 1875.

THE whole country has watched with much anxiety, if from various motives, the attitude of those on whose demeanour the peace, and perhaps the existence, of the National Church depends, with regard to the Public Worship Regulation Act which has just come into operation. It might have been hoped that those who have for a long time supported the so-called Catholic revival, which others persist in considering as an attempt to undo the Reformation, would have admitted that they had reached and overpassed the limit of what was possible for them. It might have been hoped that that great High Church party, which does not sympathise with Rome, would have spoken out by its most influential members, and would have shown that in a collision with law and authority the extreme party could no longer count upon its support. It might have been hoped that some serious attempt would have been made to arrive at a general understanding as to ritual usages, extending not only to the two sections we have mentioned, but to every party in the Church. It did not seem absurd to expect that the Evangelical party would have been content to modify their own usages in some points for the sake of the great object of allaying our unhappy divisions.

To those who have formed such hopes, recent events must have carried much disappointment. The Pastoral Address of the Bishops was a sign that the episcopal body had arrived at an amount of agreement never perhaps before attainable in respect to subjects so much controverted; whilst the flying off of a single bishop at either flank was a proof, if any had been wanted, that the compact array was not marching under orders, but had thought out the subject, and formed a deliberate and almost unanimous conviction. Amongst the bishops, at least, there were many who, having looked with no disfavour on the beginning of the 'revival' movement, felt bound to join in an exhortation to observe the law, and in view of a great crisis to remember the high interests, national and ecclesiastical, which a prolonga-  
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tion of strife would endanger. To some extent the same feelings and convictions have made themselves felt in other classes also. But, on the other hand, it is but too plain that a policy of resistance has found active and numerous supporters, and that the new procedure of the Public Worship Regulation Act will not be allowed to go to rust from disuse.

We are obliged to refer first to a book of which it would have been more agreeable not to have spoken at all. But besides the theological interest attaching to the questions touched in it, this work is a conspicuous example of a particular style of controversy, and the consideration we are about to give it may possibly teach some other controversialists the important lesson what to avoid.

Lord Selborne had given utterance in the debate on the third reading of the Public Worship Bill to an opinion shared by all the laity of every shade of opinion, that there is considerable lawlessness at present. The Rev. Malcolm MacColl addresses himself to answer this in a book of about 500 pages, but of the texture of a pamphlet, with the title '*Lawlessness, Sacerdotalism, and Ritualism.*' It is natural that, defending himself and his friends from the charge of disobeying the law, he should try to show that the legal decisions are such as ought not to be obeyed. He goes much further. By liberal abuse of the Supreme Court, for inaccuracy and dishonesty, he tries to inspire the reader with a general impression of his own exactness; and he deals in the meantime with well-known facts with a careless disregard, to which we have known no parallel. That a man should write English history over again out of his own mind, as indifferent to obstructive facts as the Bessemer ship is to the wavelets of a calm sea, is a little surprising; that he should do so, dealing round him, to hide the process, every charge of unfairness and ignorance that imagination can supply, might perhaps warrant a severer feeling than surprise.

Here are some specimens of the language which he applies to the Court of Final Appeal. The charges are sometimes founded on the most frivolous grounds, and sometimes on a want of understanding of the subject. He says that the Court has given a 'flat contradiction to the language of the Prayer-Book' (p. 17); that 'an examining chaplain would refuse to pass a candidate for holy orders who displayed such gross ignorance' (p. 19); that the Court 'revels in ignorant assumption' (p. 20); that its 'blunders in matters of gravest import are extraordinary' (p. 21); that it is guilty of 'inaccuracies, mutual contradictions, and unfairness' (p. 31); that its ruling is 'inconsistent with one of the cardinal principles of the law of the land' (p. 32); that it uses  
'arbitrary

'arbitrary and illogical reasons' (p. 35); that one of its judgments is 'an outrage on law, logic, and history' (p. 40); and is a 'marvellous exhibition of everything that a judicial decision should not be' (p. 41); that its 'decisions' are 'miscalled lawful' (p. 41); that the Lords of the Council find it 'impossible to evade the plain meaning of a rubric,' and have 'recourse to various expedients for explaining it away' (p. 48); that they are 'determined to find arguments to support a foregone conclusion' (p. 49); that 'no lawyer would dispute' a statement which (by the way) the Court, with two Lord Chancellors upon it, had ruled against (p. 61); that something else is 'in defiance of all probability and of the plainest facts' (p. 70); that it is 'hard to speak with patience of some passages' (p. 71). Waxing even warmer, he asks, 'How is it possible to treat respectfully the decisions of a Court which commits itself to statements like this?' (p. 72); he finds 'surprising ignorance of the whole subject' (p. 73); indeed, 'the ordinary instincts of common sense ought to have saved the Judges from the folly of supposing,' &c. (p. 72); that the Court 'flagrantly misquoted them' (p. 74); that, 'My Lord! this is simply scandalous' (p. 74); that 'the Council was so set on condemning . . . that it adopted with careless avidity . . . anything,' &c. (p. 74); 'and carelessness of this sort is a crime' (p. 74); that it was 'inexcusable not to have known' something which could not have been known, as we shall show that Mr. MacColl invented it since (p. 76). 'How often,' he asks with magisterial dignity, 'must I remind their Lordships that they cannot take as much of an argument as they please?' (p. 77). Again, the unhappy Lords of the Council are guilty of 'superficial trifling with historical facts,' and of 'habitual inaccuracy' (p. 77); and of 'extraordinary argumentation' (p. 81); and of 'an inveterate habit of misquotation' (p. 82); their 'conduct' is 'extraordinary' (p. 85); 'they were utterly at sea on the subject on which they were adjudicating' (p. 86); 'I hardly know how to deal with such an assertion in becoming language' (p. 87); they are 'grossly and even ludicrously inaccurate' (p. 91); when they very briefly correct a mistake of the Court below, the importance of which Mr. MacColl fails to appreciate, they are able to combine a '*suppressio veri*' with a '*suggestio falsi*,' their interpretation is 'forced into the rubric in support of a foregone conclusion, and in violation alike of the rules of grammar and the facts of history' (p. 96).

At the end of the first hundred pages we pause for breath. It is by eloquence such as this, applied to the highest Court in the realm, that a clergyman persuades himself he is refuting the

the charge of lawlessness. Dr. Kenealy no longer stands alone.

When a respectable Scotch clergyman describes the prelates as unable to face their own examining chaplains, an ordeal which he himself has never faced, having been ordained elsewhere; and Lord Chancellors as contradicting the fundamental principles of English law, of which he has learned nothing; when he describes Chancellors and Bishops alike as having no better object in view than to find reasons for supporting a foregone conclusion; the first thought is one of utter humiliation at the failure of our social institutions. In voluminous judgments this writer has found no word to praise, no statement to welcome as true. All is barren. Once, we think, something was 'plausible,' but it was mentioned only to be dismissed; and once something was 'good,' but a footnote showed that it was not good at all. Amidst the crash of falling Chancellors and the collapse of unsubstantial prelates, one Scotch clergyman stands unmoved. A reconstruction of the social system with a very competent person as the new central figure, uniting in himself, according to ancient precedent, the highest judicial with the highest ecclesiastical functions; at that price, perhaps at no less, could we remedy the evils so vehemently denounced. Our new adviser, as far as can be gathered from public records—and privately we know nothing—was reared in the bosom of that much respected body, the Scottish Episcopal Church, and received his orders there. With his really fine powers of invective unabated by the tame training of an English University, he seems to have migrated to England, served as a Curate, and in 1871 was promoted, by favour of the Crown, to a benefice of some value in the City of London. He wrote two pamphlets, one on Mr. Gladstone, and his seat as member for Oxford, and the other on the disestablishment of the Irish Church. His pamphlets may have been quite as good as the performance now before us. We doubt not that his parochial labours are much better.

The judgment on Mr. Purchas was delivered in February 1871, about two months before Mr. MacColl entered on his preferment in the English Church, and accepted her as a step-mother, leaving his proper mother for that purpose. So that the pranks of these monstrous Courts, which could arrive at no truth, and which sought no justice, were not only well known to him, but the Purchas judgment was in every one's mouth at the very time that he took so important a step. It was not the case of a man who, early ordained in the English Church, found it arriving at unexpected legal



legal conclusions, and himself involved in the painful alternative of obedience to rulings which he disliked, or forfeiture of a position and duties in the Church which he loved. Mr. MacColl sought out this Church with all her imperfections on her head. He put himself under the present Bishop of London, one of the judges in the very case which excites him the most, and promised reverently to obey that prelate in all lawful matters. He accepted the Acts of Uniformity by a very explicit and formal declaration; and of course he therein accepted the machinery by which the Acts of Uniformity are interpreted and enforced. It seems a pity that this gentleman's opinion of the Courts should be so uncompromising, and at the same time his acceptance of them so speedy and so complete.

Mr. MacColl has written a book on a subject of which he knows little or nothing; and we are about to show a few of the errors which he has committed in the first 100 pages only.

The first is a small matter. He says that 'surplice and alb are but two names for one and the same vestment.' This mistake is small, but it is a complete scholar's-mate. Over and over again he contradicts his own statement; he says that the alb was consecrated, and the surplice 'as such' (*sic*) was not (p. 66); and that 'the mass was never celebrated in a surplice, but almost invariably in the chasuble, *etc.*' (p. 67), and the '*etc.*' is explained to mean 'alb and tunicle' (p. 66). The alb and surplice were different in shape, dignity, and uses. 'Item, an alb, whereof we have made a surplice,' is an example of a kind of entry very frequent in Mr. Peacock's accurate and important work.\* The alb and surplice are carefully distinguished in the first Prayer Book of Edward. This is a sort of mistake that the very beadle, who keeps the door of an ecclesiastical Court, would have avoided.

Commenting on the dictum that 'in the performance of the services, rites, and ceremonies ordained by the Prayer Book, the directions contained in it must be strictly observed,' Mr. MacColl thinks that this would be absurd if applied to the old missals of Hereford and York. Very possibly it might also be inapplicable to the hymns of the Rig Veda. But no one did apply it to either. It is expressly connected in the Mackonochie judgment with the Act of Uniformity. 'The object of a Statute of Uniformity is . . . to produce "an universal agreement in the public worship of Almighty God."† He is entirely unaware

\* 'English Church Furniture,' p. 30. The spelling we have modernised.

† Brook's 'Privy Council Judgments,' p. 119.

that the principle in question was first laid down by an ecclesiastical Court, in the case of *Newberry v. Goodwin*, about a generation before the present Committee of Council came into existence, so that when he says it is 'in contradiction with one of the fundamental principles of English law,' he is not launching this at the Privy Council, but at another and older tribunal. 'Our law,' he says, 'rests on the Roman, of which the maxim was, *Quæ lex non jubet permittit*.\*' The law permits what it does not order; by which rule one might officiate with a gold crown on the head. Out of church there is almost nothing which it would not cover. Here the writer does not know the judgment he is disputing, nor the origin of it; and loses himself in some general precept of Roman law till all meaning vanishes.

As a proof that there were two measures of ritual, a maximum and a minimum, the author says that, concurrently with the rubric, which orders four chapters to be read in the two services, 'the Advertisements sanctioned a minimum which fell short of it in the express permission granted to the parochial and other clergy to "read duly at the least one chapter of the Old Testament and another of the New."† Mr. Gladstone quotes this with approval.‡ It is a gross misrepresentation. The two chapters were for private study. 'I shall read daily at the least one chapter of the Old Testament and another of the New, with good advisement to the increase of my knowledge.'§ There is a separate pledge as to the use of the Common Prayer, 'I shall read the service appointed plainly, distinctly, and audibly, that all the people may hear and understand.'|| Thus what Mr. MacColl considers a choice between reading four chapters and reading two is really a pledge to read the four in church in addition to the two for private improvement. All things considered, this is rather hard upon Mr. Gladstone.

The next point is of more intrinsic importance.

The Puritan party at the Savoy Conference made an objection to the 'ornaments' rubric.' What this was and how it was dealt with let a writer tell, who has shown how little he likes either the Privy Council or the Public Worship Regulation Act.

'At the Savoy Conference of 1661,' writes the Rev. Canon Trevor,¶ 'a different construction was first heard of' [i.e., one which regarded the rubric as making legal the vestments, &c.]. The Puritans objected that the rubric, as it had stood ever since the accession of Elizabeth,

\* 'Lawlessness,' p. 32.

† 'Lawlessness,' p. 76.

‡ 'Is the Church of England worth preserving?'—'Contemporary Review,' p. 217.

§ Brice, 'Law of Worship,' p. 512.

|| Ibid.

¶ 'On the Eucharist,' p. 278.

"seemeth

"seemeth to bring back the cope, alb, and other vestments forbidden by the Common Prayer Book, 5th and 6th Edward VI." This language by no means implies that such was then the force of the rubric, or that any intention existed of making it so for the future. On the contrary, the objection assumes that the vestments were at the time illegal, and desires they may not be "brought back" by an undesigned construction. And there was good reason for such an apprehension, if Elizabeth's rubric, hitherto limited by the Advertisements and Canons, should be now re-enacted *absolutely* by Parliament. The remedy, of course, was to alter the rubric, but this was not what the objectors wanted. They demanded its entire *omission*, which would have left the Liturgy with no provision for any officiating vestments at all. It was, in fact, a further attempt to get rid of the *surplice*, to which they had before excepted unsuccessfully; and the bishops accordingly insisted on retaining the rubric for the sake of the surplice, without condescending to notice the *ad invidiam* argument about other vestments.

'In point of fact, however, the rubric was *not* retained after all. It was exchanged for another framed in the very words of the Proviso in Elizabeth's Act of Uniformity. But it is often overlooked that these words were not adopted without inserting a limitation directly to the point of the Puritan remonstrance. The insertion is shown in the italics:—"And here it is to be noted that such ornaments of the Church and of the ministers thereof, *at all times of their ministration*, shall be retained and be in use as were in this Church of England by authority of Parliament in the second year of the reign of King Edward VI." Brief as this insertion is, it cannot be supposed to have been made without a motive, at a time when all change was so jealously resisted. Neither will anyone, who has observed the nice and marvellous accuracy of the revisers in their choice of words and the composition of sentences, overlook the importance due to the precise terms and place of the interpolation. If the intention had been to restore the eucharistic vesture of 1549, the wording should have been "*at the several times of their ministration*," or at least, "*shall be retained and be in use at all times of their ministration*." Rather, indeed, the old rubric would have been left as it had stood ever since the accession of Elizabeth, and as the bishops at first declared that it should still stand. The subsequent alteration is of itself evidence that on further consideration some different order was felt to be requisite.

'By substituting the words of the Act for that of the rubric in the old Book, three changes were effected at once. (1) The "ornaments" became the nominative case, instead of the "minister;" (2) The separate mention of the Communion Service was omitted; (3) The words "in use," inserted in the old rubric before "authority of Parliament," were removed. But this was not all: having made the ornaments the subject of the sentence, the revisers proceeded further to define them by introducing words of limitation. These, again (after the invariable manner), are taken from the old rubric, but

but still rejecting the separate mention of the Communion which there preceded them. Lastly, the words were introduced at the exact part of the sentence where, by the laws of grammar, they refer to the *ornaments*, and not, as in the old rubric, to the *services* at which they are to be used.

'Coupling all this nice and careful recasting with the objection which we know to have been made at the Savoy Conference, and the force which really belonged to it, apart from the artifice of the objectors, we cannot escape the construction, that what is really enacted is that the ministerial ornaments *at all times of ministration*—as distinguished from the *special* vesture of the Communion—shall be retained and be in use; *viz.* as directed by the canons then and still in force. These are the proper ecclesiastical authority, and there was no occasion for the rubric to say anything more. For the vestment itself a parliamentary enactment was required to oblige the parish to provide it.

'This view is strengthened by the ornaments being restrained to such as "*were* in this Church of England by the authority of Parliament," instead of to such as "*were in use* by the authority of Parliament," in the second of Edward VI.

'On any other construction it is impossible to understand the motive, object, or even existence, of this rubric. It conceded nothing, guarded nothing, explained nothing; but only wasted a good deal of pains to say what was already more clearly said in the rubric it supplanted.'

The mistakes made by Mr. MacColl in dealing with the part of the Purchas judgment that relates to this incident are astonishing.

1. The learned Judge of the Arches had no suspicion that the Puritans were excepting against a rubric that had existed ever since the time of Elizabeth; he thought they saw a new danger in a new and untried form. The Privy Council pointed out the mistake. Strange to say, Mr. MacColl never, through the pages that he spends on this point, gets the benefit of this correction; he never sees why the Bishops treated the dispute as one relating to the surplice. The Puritans had a century's experience of the rubric; if it had brought back the vestments in any case they would not have been content to say '*seemeth to bring back*;' they would have said that it had brought them back in sundry cases, an argument much more to their purpose. His wrath is generally in an inverse ratio to the strength of his position; here it is vehement. 'Really, my Lord, this seems to me to be equivalent to saying that the Bishops were fools.' In short, he simply misunderstands the whole matter. 2. Immediately after, he says, 'the question of the Eucharistic vestments was not then before them.' It was the very question asked. 3. The Bishops' reply is "simply equivalent to saying, 'We  
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are quite aware that this rubric will legalise the use of the Eucharistic vestments, and we have justified their use in the general answer which we have given you.'"<sup>\*</sup> We leave it to the writer himself to choose from his own armoury of censure the proper words of condemnation for such a gross misstatement. 4. "'But,' say the Judicial Committee, 'the Bishops, after declaring they would not alter the rubric, did, as a matter of fact, alter it *in the interest of the Nonconformists* in such a way as to preclude the revival of the vestments.'"<sup>†</sup> The Judicial Committee said nothing of the sort; they seem to have guarded themselves with care against it. Their words are misquoted. After mentioning the arguments drawn from changes in the rubric, they only add: '*Whatever be the force of these two arguments*, the fact is clear that the Puritans objected to a rubric different from this, and that after their objections this rubric was recast and brought into its present form.'"<sup>‡</sup> Elsewhere they return to the subject, and add, 'whether this be so or not.'<sup>§</sup> 5. "'The Privy Council in the Purchas case ruled that the 25th Clause of Elizabeth's 'Act of Uniformity,' the rubric of 1559, the rubric of 1604, and the rubric of 1662 'obviously' do not 'mean the same thing.'"<sup>||</sup> In spite of the marks of quotation there are no such words in the judgment. 6. "It is hardly possible to read two consecutive pages of their judgment and not perceive [*sic*] that they were utterly at sea on the subject on which they were adjudicating, otherwise they could scarcely have felt free to adopt 'positive and negative conclusions' which to ordinary intellects appear mutually destructive."<sup>¶</sup> The conclusions here are that the rubric *does* refer to the Act 2 & 3 Ed. VI., and *does not* refer to canons or injunctions sanctioned previously by Parliament. Mr. MacColl knows they are not mutually destructive. Here are four misquotations at least.

Readers are weary; but worse charges remain behind. It is laid down in the Purchas case that the effect of Elizabeth's 'Act of Uniformity,' and of the Injunctions and Advertisements arising out of it, was to banish from the Church in a few years the vestments belonging to the mass, as chasuble, tunicle, and alb, and to leave the surplice as the dress of the minister for all ministrations, with the cope on certain occasions in cathedrals and collegiate churches. If this were not so, an essential portion of the Purchas judgment would be overthrown. We do not say that the decision as to the vestments would have to be reversed;

<sup>\*</sup> 'Lawlessness,' p. 89.

<sup>†</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 89.

<sup>‡</sup> Brook's 'Privy Council Judgments,' p. 175.

<sup>§</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 183.

<sup>||</sup> 'Lawlessness,' p. 81.

<sup>¶</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 85, 86.

that would depend upon the relation of the Act of 1662 and the Canons of 1603. But the notable theory of a maximum and minimum of ritual, intended by Queen Elizabeth to subsist side by side, would receive some countenance, and this the Privy Council has not accepted. The evidence for the disappearance of the 'vestments' is very strong. First, it is impossible to believe that in a reign so absolute the Advertisements, while prescribing one kind of habit for ministers, should leave them free to use another kind, associated in the minds of the whole people with the mass. Next, it is certain that the existence of any such practice would have caused those who stumbled even at the surplice to break out into the strongest lamentations and protests, whereas there is a general silence on the subject. Next, we have evidence that commissions were issued to make away with all the vestments, &c., that belonged to Popery, and from Mr. E. Peacock's book we can see how they performed their work. Next, there are extant the Visitation Articles of several bishops under Queen Elizabeth, which show that every clergyman was expected to wear a surplice in his ministrations, and of course everyone who complied could not also wear the other or Popish vestment at the same time. Lastly, there is much evidence still extant, to show exactly what it was which the Puritan party feared, and what they desired. In particular the 'Zurich Letters,' published by the Parker Society, are a most interesting and most complete body of evidence on the subject, none the less valuable that the testimony is unconscious. We do not stand alone in saying that the disappearance of the chasuble, alb, and tunicle from the English Church was completely effected during the earlier years of Elizabeth's reign. No other opinion is consistent with the known facts of the case. It is true that Elizabeth, placed in the midst of difficulties as great as any sovereign has ever had to encounter, acted with caution, with seeming vacillation, with inconsistency, with tortuous policy, and Fabian delays. 'Her finger was always on the public pulse,' says Mr. Green. But the march of events was in one direction always, in spite of many doublings and turnings. When she was asked by the dying Mary to give a pledge as to the religion of the country, her reply was: 'As to religion I promise this much, that I will not change it, provided only it can be proved by the Word of God, which shall be the only foundation and rule of my religion.\*' 'The Queen,' writes Jewel to Peter Martyr, soon after her accession, 'though she openly favours our cause, yet is wonderfully afraid of allowing

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\* Sandys to Bullinger, 'Zurich Letters,' 1st Series, p. 4.



any innovations. . . . She is, however, prudently, and firmly, and piously following up her purpose, though somewhat more slowly than we could wish.\* Determined that the Reformed religion should prevail, averse to sudden changes, afraid as much of the violence of the Puritans as of the doctrine and usages of Rome, she pursued a policy of moderation in spite of pressure from both sides, such as exactly reflected the tone of the Book of Common Prayer.

Mr. MacColl would traverse almost the whole of this account. According to him the vestments and ornaments were to be preserved 'till better times,' and the churchwardens were made responsible for their safe custody. 'We shall not be forced to use them,' wrote Sandys to Parker, 'but that others in the meantime shall not convey them away, but that they shall remain for the Queen.'

'A most incomprehensible provision if it was intended to abolish them altogether. What on earth was the Queen to do with them? Was she to convert them into dresses for herself or for her courtiers?'

The writer of such puerilities shows that he knows little of the financial relations of a Tudor Queen and her people. He would be astonished to hear that the Bishop of St. Asaph (Goldwell) fled from home and see because he owed the Queen 300*l.* and dared not face his Royal and ruthless creditor. The ornaments to be dealt with were of considerable value, and it was not likely that they would be left to be wasted by the various churchwardens. Mr. MacColl is clear that all through the reign of Elizabeth both uses prevailed, although no attempt was made to enforce the use of the vestments of the mass. He thinks that the Advertisements had no legal authority before 1603, if then. The Queen, he thinks, left it to the Bishops on their own authority to enforce so much of the ritual of the first Prayer-Book of Edward as they could, including, we presume, the whole of the vestments of the mass; a supposition the absurdity of which is shown by anticipation by Bishop Cox, when it was suggested that 'some made an improper use of the name of the Queen;' 'just as if there were any persons in England who would dare to frame laws by their private authority, and propound them for the obedience of their brethren.'† Coming after much that is mere blustering, and much that is mere blundering, to the real point, that of showing that somewhere or other at least the vestments were in use under Elizabeth, Mr. MacColl relies on three passages in the 'Zurich Letters,' and if these be all that can be produced, the case is practically closed.

\* 'Zurich Letters,' 1st Series, p. 10.

† *Ibid.*, p. 236.



The first passage is in a letter from Zanchius to Queen Elizabeth, written from Heidelberg in 1571.

“The most holy and consecrated vestments of the clergy are now resumed.” Now the Eucharistic vestments—that is the chasuble, alb, and tunicle—were always consecrated; the surplice as such was not.\*

Zanchius does not give these words as his own at all. ‘I seem,’ he says, ‘to see and hear the monks calling out from their pulpits, and confirming their people in this ungodly religion by Your Majesty’s example, and saying, “What? why the Queen of England herself, most learned and prudent as she is, is beginning by degrees to return to the religion of the holy Roman Church, for the most holy and consecrated vestments of the clergy are now resumed.”’ So that for a witness to the facts that the vestments of the mass were in actual use in England, we are offered a piece of rhetoric which a gentleman in Germany thinks that a monk will one day use.†

The next argument for supposing that the Eucharistic vestments were used in Elizabeth’s reign is even more unfortunate. Beza writes to Bullinger, in September 1566, complaining, among other things, that ‘of those very few teachers of the pure Gospel, some are turned out of their offices, and others even thrust into prison, unless they will swear that they will so inviolably approve all these things as not to impugn them by word or writing; and will resemble also the priests of Baal in their square caps, bands, surplices, hoods, and other things of the like kind.’ And the word hoods is in the original Latin ‘*casulis*.’‡

‘Here, then, we find,’ says Mr. MacColl, ‘indisputable evidence that chasubles were in use two years after the publication of the Advertisements.’§

He has avoided quoting the whole passage, and taken only the last clause, for even he shrank from the full absurdity of the statement that ministers had been sent to prison for not wearing the chasuble, a garment of the mass, just after the Advertisements. His ambition has overleaped itself: he only wanted to prove that the vestments of the mass were permitted; he has ‘indisputably proved’ that they were compulsory, and that clergymen who would not wear them were occasionally sent to prison! This, as every reader of the ‘Zurich Letters’ knows, is utterly impossible—even ludicrous. The mode in which the writer got into such a position may have some little interest. Why does he go to a foreigner, domiciled in Geneva, to know what is taking place in England? By that means it might be proved, upon French testimony, that Englishmen sell their wives

\* ‘Lawlessness,’ p. 66.

† ‘Zurich Letters,’ 2nd Series, p. 343. ‡ Ib., p. 130.

§ ‘Lawlessness,’ p. 69.

at Smithfield; although there is no such custom, and indeed no Smithfield either. Is it simply to get in this word *casulis*? In July of the same year Coverdale and others wrote to this same Beza and others, and they say nothing at all of chasubles. 'It is now settled and determined . . . that out of doors must be worn the square cap, bands, a long gown, and tippet; while the white surplice and cope are to be retained in divine service. And those who refuse to comply with these requirements are deprived of their estates, dignities, and every ecclesiastical office, namely, brethren by brethren and bishops, whose homes are at this time the prisons of some preachers.\*' Why did not Mr. Mac Coll quote that? It is written by Englishmen, from London, in July, and Beza's version from Geneva in the following September. There was no time for a crop of chasubles to spring up. The former is consistent with history; the latter, at least as our author understands it, was not. But he has probably achieved some other mistakes even on this limited field. The chasuble was, 'as Zanchius calls it, a peculiarly "sacerdotal vestment."†' Zanchius never mentions it at all; and whatever may have been the old English use, Beza knew very well a different story about *casula*. 'Cucullum nos esse dicimus quam alio nomine casulam vocamus,' says *Theodemar Abbas*; so that the *casula* may have been the hood after all. It means 'a little hut;' and a glance at Ducange (*casula*) shows that it was once 'a garment with a hood,' covering one like a little house; and as for its being sacerdotal, deacons and subdeacons wore it as a garment.‡ It is highly probable, indeed, that the reference here is to the outdoor clerical dress. Wiburn visited Beza in this same summer;§ and left with him, and afterwards with Bullinger, an account of the condition of the English Church.|| On comparison of Beza's letter with 'The State of the Church of England,' by Wiburn, preserved in the 'Zurich Letters,' there can hardly be a doubt that the document which Wiburn left is still before us: it corresponds with the letter both in matter and arrangement. This was the principal source of Beza's facts, and it is decisive enough:—

'29. In every Church throughout England during prayers the minister must wear a linen garment, which we call a surplice. And in the larger Churches, at the administration of the Lord's Supper, the chief minister must wear a silk garment which they call a cope. And two other ministers, formerly called the deacon and subdeacon, must assist him to read the epistle and gospel.

'30. The Queen's Majesty, with the advice of the Archbishop of

\* 'Zurich Letters,' 2nd Series, p. 121.

† 'Lawlessness,' p. 68.

‡ See quotations in Ducange.

§ 'Zurich Letters,' 1st Series, p. 188.

|| Ibid., 2nd Series, p. 128.

Canterbury, may order, change, and remove anything in that Church at her pleasure.

'31. In their external dress the ministers of the word are at this time obliged to conform themselves to that of the popish priests; the square cap is imposed upon all, together with a gown as long and loose as conveniently may be, and to some also is added a silk hood.\*

The third and concluding argument against the dictum of the Privy Council that 'there is abundant evidence that, within a few years after the Advertisements were issued, the vestments used in the mass entirely disappeared,' is drawn from a letter of Lever to Bullinger,† in which he says that some are using the Popish habits, 'and wear them, as they say, for the sake of obedience.' It is needless to consider what the Popish habits were; for Mr. MacColl has had the misfortune to select a letter written in July 1560, which cannot well prove the effect of the Advertisements, for the excellent reason that the Advertisements did not come into existence until several years afterwards!

Here there are three authorities to prove that the Advertisements did not cause the suppression of the chasuble, alb, and tunicle. The first is a misquotation from a foreigner; the second is the testimony of a foreigner, which is at variance with the sources from which that foreigner must have drawn; the third is utterly irrelevant, being written long before the Advertisements.

Glancing farther on, we see that the comedy 'broadens slowly down' into complete farce.

'There is in the north transept of Southwell Church a recumbent effigy of Archbishop Sandys (who died in 1588), wearing the following vestments:—a long tunic with tight sleeves, somewhat like an alb, but falling over the feet; a chasuble, a doctor's hood with good sized tippet, and a small ruff round the neck. The chasuble is a peculiar one. It reaches to about the middle of the leg in front, and is cut square. On the arms it comes about as far as the elbows; and it is so long behind that it would trail on the ground, and is turned back under the figure. It has no orphreys, and is fringed all round. Now, the question is, Does this represent the dress actually worn by Sandys? *Primâ facie*, I should be inclined to say, No. Sandys was a Puritan, and took part with those who opposed the vestments. But his opposition was not violent, like that of Hooper and others, and his promotion affords evidence that he knew how to temper his Puritanical proclivities with discretion. One thing, at all events, seems clear. The effigy cannot be a copy of the ordinary Eucharistic Vestments, for those on Sandys' tomb are by no means ordinary. Not

\* 'Zurich Letters,' 2nd Series, pp. 361, 362.

† Ibid., 1st Series, p. 84.  
only

only is the shape of the chasuble peculiar, but the collocation of vestments is such as no sculptor would have employed if he had not seen them in actual use at the time. On the other hand, it is such a *mélange* as a man like Sandys might be likely to invent for himself. Anyhow, if the dress depicted on his effigy was not worn by him, it must have been worn by some one at the time; for the sculptor would hardly have invented it, and there was certainly no ancient model of which it could be a copy.'

Archbishop Sandys, the friend of Bullinger, was about as likely to invent a '*mélange*' of vestments, as John Knox was to import a dance from Spain and to dance it with Queen Elizabeth. Let us extract some argument out of this bald, disjointed chat. On Bishop Monk's effigy in Westminster Abbey is a mitre. *Primâ facie* we should suppose he did not wear it; he was a scholar, and not likely to do unusual things; still he was a man who may have tempered scholarship with indiscretion; therefore, no doubt he went to his stall in the Abbey in a mitre. If he did not, some one else did; for the sculptor would hardly have invented it. And then this singular chasuble! Archbishop Sandys must have worn the Eucharistic Vestments, for here is a vestment which (we freely grant) is by no means ordinary, and it is worn in such a curious 'collocation,' being under what it ought to be over, and having no orphreys, and an awkward caudal arrangement, being 'turned back under the figure.' The one true solution never strikes us that, being so utterly unlike a chasuble that a sculptor could hardly have invented it, and being worn in such a curious 'collocation' as no chasuble ever was worn, it is not a chasuble at all, and was not intended for one. Here, then, is the argument. Sandys must have retained Eucharistic Vestments, because there is on his tomb something quite unlike them. By that sort of argument anyone, except a naked savage, can be proved to have worn them.

It is needless to go on. The feeling of the day is against vivisection. Wherever a mistake can be made we get it. Wherever a fact might be admitted against the author we go without it. As to the language applied to the Privy Council, the writer, guided by an instinctive feeling of what might be said of him, forestalled it by distributing all round his vigorous blows: 'Gross ignorance—blunders extraordinary—outrage on law, logic, and history—hard to speak with patience—my Lord, this is scandalous,' &c. This stratagem of the cuttle-fish has answered: the waters are darkened. Ritualist newspapers call on the Bishops to answer the criticisms, though it is not clear why Bishops should defend the Law Courts. Even a journal so well-informed

well-informed as the 'Spectator,' though it guards itself, is a little staggered, and thinks that if all this is true, Ritualists have had hard measure. Mr. Gladstone, who quotes one of Mr. MacColl's worst mis-statements, hints that historical inquiries about the rubrics 'have never yet emerged from the stage of chaos.\*' But Bishops and Law Courts may spare their pains. There is no case to answer. The writer, of whom we would fain think well, will turn to better things; and this book, weighted with unconscious unveracities enough to sink an argosy, will subside to the bottom, and the sea of history will show no trace of its wreck. But the Church of England, in her hour of trouble, needs other counsel and more prudent aid. It is not needful to say with Mr. MacColl, and of him, that 'Carelessness is a crime.' But, perhaps, the day may come that he will regret, as men with any generosity do regret, that to a strife already too hot he has brought words of anger; and by plunging unprepared into a difficult controversy, has left the prevailing confusion worse confounded.

In truth, the state of religion in England in Elizabeth's reign is painted in almost every page of the 'Zurich Letters' with singular distinctness. Many of the writers were morbidly sensitive to every breath of Popery. Had a chasuble but rustled in one church, we should have heard of it. Had the slightest pressure been brought to bear on any class of clergymen to wear the abhorred garments of the mass, the mutterings and grumbings wherewith they greeted the poor simple surplice would have shrilled into a universal wail. Over and over again they tell us most distinctly what was required of them. They rejoiced at many things; but 'that little silver cross, of ill-omened origin, still maintains its place in the Queen's Chapel.†' 'I smile when I think with what grave and solid reasons they will defend their little cross.‡' But God was good to us about the crucifixes; now 'only the Popish vestments remain in our Church, I mean the copes.§' The very vestiges of error should be removed, 'and I wish we could effect this in respect to that linen surplice; for as to matters of doctrine, we have pared everything away to the very quick.‖'

'Lo! good news was brought me, namely, that the crucifix and candlesticks in the Queen's Chapel are broken in pieces, and, as someone has brought word, reduced to ashes.'¶

'Respecting the subject of the habits, I wish you would again write me your opinion, either at length, or briefly, or in one word,

\* 'Contemporary Review,' p. 215.

† 'Zurich Letters,' 1st Series, p. 55.

‡ Ibid., 2nd Series, p. 68.

§ Ib., p. 74 (Sandys).

‖ Ib., p. 100 (Jewell).

¶ Ib., p. 122 (Parkhurst).  
first,

first, whether that appears to you as indifferent which has been so long established, with so much superstition, and both fascinated the minds of the simple with its splendour, and imbued them with an opinion of its religion and sanctity; secondly, whether at the command of the Sovereign (the jurisdiction of the Pope having been abolished) and for the sake of order and not of ornament, habits of this kind may be worn in Church by pious men lawfully and with a safe conscience. *I am speaking of that round cap and Popish surplice which are now enjoined us, not by the unlawful tyranny of the Pope, but by the just and legitimate authority of the Queen.\**

#### Bishop Horne speaks of

‘The Act of Parliament for repressing the impiety of the Papists, which passed before our return, by which, *though the other habits were taken away, the wearing of square caps and surplices was yet continued to the clergy*, though without any superstitious conceit, which was expressly guarded against by the terms of the Act.†

‘The religion of Christ is settled among us; the gospel is not bound, but is freely and faithfully preached. As to other matters, there is not much cause for anxiety. There is some little dispute about using or not using the Popish habits, but God will put an end to these things also.‡

‘The contest about the linen surplice, about which I doubt not but you have heard either from our friend Abel or Parkhurst, is not yet at rest. That matter still somewhat disturbs weak minds. And I wish that all, even the slightest vestige of Popery, might be removed from our churches, and, above all, from our minds. But the Queen at this time is unable to endure the least alteration in matters of religion.§

‘Nor is it true that we have obtruded anything upon our brethren out of the Pope’s kitchen. The surplice was used in the Church of Christ long before the introduction of Popery.¶

Bullinger, answering Bishop Horne, says: ‘I do not approve of the linen surplice, as they call it in the ministry of the Gospel, inasmuch as these relics, copied from Judaism, savour of Popery.’¶ Wiburn, describing the state of the Church, says: ‘In every church throughout England, during prayers the minister must wear a linen garment, which we call a surplice. And in the larger churches, at the administration of the Lord’s Supper, the chief minister must wear a silk garment which they call a cope.’\*\*

Did Mr. MacColl know of these passages, or did he not

\* ‘Zurich Letters,’ 1st Series, p. 134 (Humphrey), 1563.

† Ibid., 1st Series, p. 142 (Horne), A.D. 1565.

‡ Ibid., p. 146 (Horne), January 1566.

§ Ibid., pp. 148, 149 (Jewell), February 1566.

¶ Ibid., p. 236 (Cox), 1571.

\*\* Ibid., 2nd Series, p. 357.

\*\* Ibid., 2nd Series, p. 361.

know them? Did he know them and refrain from quoting? or did he overlook a hundred such places in his one-sided survey? At any rate they prove what no one whose mind, when not pre-occupied by a theory, can doubt at all, that the vestments had gone; that the surplice had become a trouble to the extreme party, a trouble renewed from time to time; and that the terror felt by many of 'the dregs of Popery,' 'of Judaism,' 'of the Lernaean hydra, or the tail of Popery,' was inspired by the surplice and cope, and not by the chasuble and alb. If we had nothing but the letter of Bullinger to Bishop Horne,\* that point would be established. These men, so sharp-nosed to detect a single crucifix in the Queen's Chapel, so full of joy at its removal, so well informed upon all that went on around them, could not possibly have boasted of the Church's peace and of the purity of doctrine, if the dresses and ornaments of the mass had still remained. The fiction of a number of persons keeping up in English parish churches Romish usages at and after the publication of the Advertisements, is utterly exploded by an hour's examination of the 'Zurich Letters.' As to Mr. MacColl's share in this matter, we will only repeat that either he knew these passages or he did not. And all the time that he is leading forth in pomp his ragged regiment of misquotations, he keeps up a *fanfare* of noisy abuse, to disguise the absurd weakness of his force.

We have confined ourselves mainly to the first 100 pages of Mr. MacColl's 'Lawlessness.' Worse far than his misquotations and misrepresentations is his suppression of the evidence, so very full and striking, of the abolition of the vestments of Elizabeth's reign. He passes dry-shod over a score of places where it is said expressly that the surplice and the cope and the outdoor habits were alone in question, to dip into some place where an obscure expression gives him a bare chance of supposing that the chasuble, &c., are alluded to.

In short, there are several points in the 'vestments' question which are now closed for all unprejudiced people. That they disappeared from all churches in the time of Elizabeth; that the Advertisements made them unlawful from 1564 to 1603; that the Canons of 1603 made them equally unlawful thenceforth; that Bishop Wren, at the restoration of Charles II., found that 'there is somewhat in that Act (2 Edward VI.) that now may not be used,'† thus admitting the force of the intervening

\* 'Zurich Letters,' 2nd Series, p. 341.

† This form of expression throws light upon the use of the word 'retained,' in the ornaments rubric. How could things be *retained*, it is said, which the Commonwealth



vening legislation. All these ought to be taken for settled questions.

Some argument might still be sustained upon the question whether the 'Act of Uniformity' (13 & 14 Charles II.) did not revive the rubric of Edward VI., and no doubt upon that point we shall have enough. Mr. Droop's excellent pamphlet throws much new light on the subject. We leave it, with one remark. If the Advertisements were recognised as good in law when they were published, and also in the Canons of 1603; and if the Canons of 1603, so far as they touch the ornaments rubric, were a lawful exercise of the powers conferred on the Sovereign by the Act of Elizabeth, then the Advertisements and Canons would remain in force, unless the 'Act of Uniformity' of Charles II. showed an intention to repeal them and all previous legislation. The 24th clause, on the contrary, shows an intention to preserve, and not to repeal former legislation.

So far the prospects of the new Court, of obtaining obedience to its decisions from the extreme party, do not seem very promising. Mr. MacColl, indeed, does not seem likely to find any Court to suit him. The change from a mixed Court of Appeal to a Lay Court will not suffice; he is as vigorous in denouncing the judgment of a Lay Court in the Gorham case as those of the mixed Court which decided the cases of Mr. Mackonochie and Mr. Purchas. That others are making up their minds in the same direction will hardly cause surprise. Reasons are being given for refusing obedience which it would be easy to refute; but if they were torn away a fresh crop would spring up. But there are many thousands of sensible men among the parochial clergy; and this is a moment when good sense is more precious than rubies. They will do well to consider anew

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Commonwealth had swept away since 1645? It might equally be asked how Wren, writing about 1660 ('Fragmentary Illustrations,' p. 45), before any fresh legislation had wiped away what the Commonwealth had done, could speak of the Act of Edward as in force. 'The very words, too, of that Act (2 Edw. VI.), for the Minister's Ornaments, would be set down, or to pray to have a new one made; for there is something in that Act that now may not be used.' The explanation in both cases is probably the same. All Churchmen thought that their Prayer-Book had been unlawfully suppressed during the Protectorate, and recognised the suppression as little as possible. The legislature did the same. No one would gather from the language of the 'Act of Uniformity' about the Prayer-Book of Elizabeth, that it had been suppressed from 1645 to 1660, by Act of Parliament. It provides (§ 32) that the Prayer-Book 'heretofore in use' . . . 'shall be still used and observed in the Church of England.' Whatever difficulty hangs about the word 'retained,' applies as strongly to 'shall be still used.' There had been an interruption from 1645 to 1660; then the book came into use again. By the time the new Prayer Book was prepared, the former one was again in use, and had been so for at least one whole year; and neither 'retained' nor 'still used' was inappropriate.

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the position of the Church of England, and of the clergy who have taken offices within her since the year 1840.

The union of Church and State implies a surrender on the part of each of some rights, for the sake of a great mutual benefit. In preserving the parochial system, by which each clergyman has a monopoly of the conduct of public worship, according to the rites of the Church of England; by which he is put in undisputed possession of the chief, and often of the only, house fit for worship within the parish; the State restrains in a sense the liberties, and lowers the relative position of other religious teachers. The clergyman whose position she protects may be quarrelsome, meddlesome, or inefficient; his teaching may be that of a small minority of his people, and not of the majority; and yet his position is assured by the law, and though an apostle himself should come within the borders of that parish, he could not open his mouth in the parish church to teach without the permission of two authorities—the bishop and the clergyman, on pain of violating the law, and committing an act of schism. This system is the law of the Church; but the State defends and upholds it, and provides a method for restraining any clergyman from violating it; and any layman she restrains at least by this consideration, that he is doing something which in a clergyman would be a penal offence. The outposts of the parochial clergyman's position are guarded by the enormous legal expenses which attend any assault upon it. Upon the whole, it may be said that there is not at this moment in any Church in the world, a position of such exceptional privileges as that of the rural rector or vicar. The laity freely own, even in times when their feelings are tried by controversy, that this position has with its immunities many hardships, and that upon the whole the clergy are devoted to their duties, and liberal far beyond the fair proportion to their means. Still the privileges are great, and are without a parallel; and the exercise of Church discipline is rendered more difficult thereby.

In securing to every incumbent, church, parsonage, endowment, exclusive parochial rights, the State does, and ever must, take some securities from those whom she so protects. We are not about to embark in that momentous controversy between the things of Cæsar and the things of God. But this much we dare to say—that no recent legislation, and certainly not the Public Worship Regulation Act, has made any such change in the relations of Church and State as to offend by legitimate scruples the conscience of any one who for the last generation, say since 1840, has been holding an official position in the Church.

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The acts of interference of Parliament with the law of the Church as affecting public worship have necessarily been many and great. By the Act of Uniformity of Elizabeth the Justices of Oyer and Determiner, or the Justices of Assize, were empowered to hear and determine offences connected with the Prayer Book, and the Bishop or Archbishop was empowered at his pleasure to join himself to the justices or to the justice of assize to hear and determine as to offences of that nature. This was in effect the creation of a mixed Court by Act of Parliament. Power was also given to the Queen, with the advice of her own Commissioners or of the Metropolitan, to make orders modifying the ornaments rubric, and also to ordain further ceremonies and rites.\* Appeals had been taken away from the Pope by a statute of Henry VIII., and transferred to the King, whose Commissioners or delegates were to determine causes appealed from the Archbishop's Court. The delegates were usually a mixed Court of clergymen and laymen, and their decision was by statute final. All this machinery was created by statutes of the realm. Those who treat the present Court of Final Appeal as an ecclesiastical anomaly, a plant of monstrous growth, forget that the Court of Delegates was in all essential features the same; that too was a mixed Court of clerics and laymen. Those who pretend that the modern Court was never intended to take cognizance of matters touching doctrine and ritual, forget that it was intended to replace a Court which had cognizance of all causes that could emerge from the Court of the Archbishop, causes of doctrine included. The Judicial Committee, established by two statutes of William IV., replaced another Court for ecclesiastical appeals, also founded on statutes. Any clergyman who has taken holy orders or preferment since 1840 has accepted his position knowing that he must rest for the ultimate vindication of his rights upon a Court established not by Convocation but by Parliament.

Acts that have affected more or less the law of worship in matters not sanctioned by Convocation have been very numerous. The Act of Uniformity of Charles II. prescribed a most stringent form of assent to the Book of Common Prayer, and deprived *ipso facto* without the intervention of the spiritual Courts the clergyman who neglected or refused to use it; allowing, however, the ordinary to judge of any alleged impediment that might excuse from compliance. It has been made probable by Mr. Milton, in his interesting letters in the 'Times' last year, that even in the Prayer Book itself one or two alterations were

\* 1 Eliz. ch. 2, sects. 17, 18, 25, 26.

made, and those not unimportant, after it left the hands of the Convocations. Nor can it be said that the arrangements were such that the synod of the nation, its two Convocations, were fully, freely, and completely consulted in that measure, so as to show that Parliament deferred to their authority and wished to register their acts. When Lords and Commons differed as to a proviso of great moment to the Church, which was in substance that clergymen should not be deprived for refusing to use the sign of the cross and the surplice, Parliament itself settled the difference between the Houses, although the consequence was the removal from their benefices of a great number of the clergy, without trial or appeal. Whilst certain points were reserved for, or referred to, Convocation, this was not. By the Act of Uniformity, incumbents not reading at certain times the forms of prayer prescribed by the Prayer Book, could be haled before two justices and fined. Two modern Acts of great importance to the Church, the Clerical Subscription Act and the Table of Lessons Act, have been passed since the revival of Convocation. The form of clerical subscription, which prevailed from 1662 to 1866, had been to many an offence and a snare. It was passed in all the bitterness which the Puritan severities had inspired; it was as much a stroke of vengeance as a security for worship. Attempts to modify or soften it were vain. As the right to benefices and posts of dignity rested upon that declaration, a material change in it was of deep concern to the Church. Yet it was not to Convocation that the duty was entrusted of devising a new form, which, while binding men to a loyal use of the Prayer Book and to an acceptance of its doctrines, might stop short of requiring assent to 'all and everything' contained in that large and various book. A Royal Commission dealt with the subject, and the Act founded on their report was passed with an amount of agreement that has seldom awaited an ecclesiastical measure. The Table of Lessons Bill was founded in like manner upon the report of a Commission, and this too has met with a general acceptance, notwithstanding the respite of seven years accorded to the scruples of a few. There was no disposition in either case to prevent Convocation from expressing its opinions, nor is there much doubt that the strong opposition of Convocation to either measure would have ensured its rejection. Parliament alone could undo what Parliament had done. And when it was necessary to resort for advice as to the best mode of undoing, Parliament did not turn to Convocation, because she did not believe that that body would best reflect the mind of clergy and laity alike. In each case that was done easily by the advice of a well-chosen and really representative Commission,

Commission, which if it had been left to Convocation would probably have failed. Convocation, if we remember right, has been thrice formally consulted in the constitutional manner since its revival. A royal licence was issued for altering the 29th Canon; another, during the late Parliament, for the revision of the rubrics; and a third in the present Parliament for the same purpose. As yet none of these has been carried to a successful issue.

The Clergy Discipline Act of 1840 completely remodelled the Church Courts and their procedure; and it is needless to observe that Convocation had no hand in that measure. The Bishop could not proceed in his own Court without a preliminary Commission—a cumbrous and foolish process, by which it was secured that no cause could come up for judicial hearing until it had first been dealt with in a less judicial manner, at a considerable additional cost. A new Bishop's Court was created, consisting of the Bishop and three assessors. Peculiar places and preferments were included in the Act, by which many jurisdictions were restrained and abolished. When a cathedral visitor proceeded to deprive, under his ancient jurisdiction as visitor, he found that he must proceed by the Act, or not at all. For a Court of Final Appeal all charges for offences against discipline were to be tried before a newly arranged Committee of the Privy Council. It is evident that this Act remodelled the legal procedure as to Church discipline from top to bottom. A previous Act (1 & 2 Victoria, ch. 106) had materially affected the position of the Bishops in reference to the Archbishop, by giving the right of appeal in various cases from the one to the other. It also created new offences and altered procedure.

Such, then, is the position of the English Church as to its discipline. A clergyman can only enter on his benefice after he has made certain statutable declarations. As a condition of tenure of his benefice, he must conduct the public services according to Statutes of Uniformity. Nor can he be removed from it, except by a certain process defined in an Act of Parliament. On the last Sunday in June several clergymen, we are told, rehearsed to their congregations their reasons for refusing to recognise the Judge under the Public Worship Regulation Act. They are worthy to be recited at length:—

‘1. Because the new Judge was created by the sole authority of Parliament, in order to decide Spiritual suits and to inflict Spiritual censures. 2. Because the new Judge was created without the consent and against the will of the Church, so far as it was formally expressed; apart from all authority from Convocation; and in defiance of a Resolution of the Lower House. 3. Because the constitutional rights of Convocation

Convocation have thus been violated and denied; and the Clergy have been deprived of their prescriptive rights by the House of Commons, from which they alone, as an order, are excluded. 4. Because, for certain causes, the Act virtually suppresses the Diocesan Courts, and, for all causes, actually suppresses the Provincial Courts. 5. Because, by the operation of the Act, the Spiritual Jurisdiction of the Episcopate is in some cases practically suspended, and in others absolutely abolished. 6. Because, by the office of the new Judge, the Spiritual rights of the Priesthood are infringed, both in the Courts of first instance and in those of appeal. 7. Because the Act (j.) violates the laws of Canonical Discipline even to a greater extent than the Bill originally introduced by the Archbishops; (ij.) creates a new Court for the decision of questions not only of Ceremonial but also of Doctrine, by enacting that the new "Judge shall become *ex officio*" the "Official Principal of the Arches' Court of Canterbury," and that "all proceedings thereafter taken before the Judge . . . shall be deemed to be taken in the Arches' Court of Canterbury;" and (iij.) furnishes unbelievers with a weapon of offence against Catholic Faith and Worship.

'THE DECISIONS, THEREFORE, OF THE NEW JUDGE CANNOT IN CONSCIENCE BE RECOGNIZED AS POSSESSING ANY SPIRITUAL CHARACTER, VALIDITY, OR AUTHORITY BY ENGLISH CHURCHMEN.'

Whether it was legal in clergymen to make such a publication in church, lawyers will probably have no doubts; but the 'Catholic party' have got far beyond asking the consent of their Bishops in such matters.

But the reasons themselves, like a bad weapon, are more dangerous from their recoil than from their missile. They threaten to deprive the Church at once of many of those who have just found out the unsuspected taint in their position. 'Created by the sole authority of Parliament.' This applies against the preliminary Commission, the Bishop's Court, and the Court of Final Appeal, of the existing Church Discipline Act. Every clergyman admitted since 1840 has, by the declaration under his hand, and by his oath of obedience to the Bishop, bound himself in solemn compact to the laws of a Church which, to this extent at least, rests on a Parliamentary foundation. 'Created without the consent and against the will of the Church.' So was the Clergy Discipline Act, with which the recent Act has to be construed and used. 'The constitutional rights of Convocation have been violated and denied, and the clergy deprived of their prescriptive rights;' but we have seen that, from the reign of Henry, down through Elizabeth and Charles II., to the present reign, Parliament has exercised this right of dealing with Ecclesiastical Courts and procedure. Lord Selborne, no mean authority, has told us that this has been the case.



case. 'Suppresses the Diocesan Courts;' but the present constitution of those Courts is Parliamentary, dating from the 3rd and 4th of the Queen. If the Public Worship Act does transfer certain cases from this modern Court to the provincial Court, it gives a large compensation; for it revives to a remarkable degree the personal action of the Bishop, which is older by far than the power of his Court, and commits to him a discretion so large that it can only be expected to continue so long as it shall be most wisely exercised; for it is nothing less than the power of closing the door to a suitor who alleges a grievance, and who must go away without redress if the Bishop only will it. 'Suppresses the Provincial Courts.' We were at first at a loss to find a meaning for this objection; but it seems that to have one Judge for two provincial Courts suppresses them both. In that case the Arches' Court has been in a state of suppression ever since Sir Robert Phillimore became Judge of the Admiralty; unless, indeed, an ecclesiastical Judge may be allowed to recreate himself with salvage and collisions at sea, whilst he may not try ecclesiastical causes in any Court but one. The Court of York has been still longer under a condition of suppression; for the present head of that Court is Official Principal, Vicar-General, and Chancellor of the Diocese. There are cases where four or five judicial offices have been concentrated in the same hands, and no one suspected that the Judge's powers in each office were suspended by the fact of his holding the rest. One may fairly ask by what Canon of the Church, under what principle, for what reason, a Judge forfeits his position and suppresses his Court, by holding two offices. The modern stomach is squeamish about pluralities; the ancient organ had a power of digestion that would have astonished Rabelais.

'The spiritual jurisdiction of the episcopate is in some cases practically suspended, and in others absolutely abolished.' For an explanation of this remarkable statement the reader must turn to a paper by the Rev. Orby Shipley, out of which these reasons appear to have been constructed.\* He is not very clear. 'The Bishops have been deprived by the authority of Parliament, not only without the consent, but against the will of the Church, of the legal jurisdiction which is essential to the due and full performance of their episcopal office. Such jurisdiction involves doctrine, and discipline, and ceremonial.' We assume that here the personal jurisdiction of the Bishop is at least included, otherwise the objection is only the same as that which sees some wrong done to the diocesan Courts; we mean

\* 'Contemporary Review,' June 1875, p. 140.



that jurisdiction by which the Bishop himself decides in doubtful and disputed cases arising out of the rubrics, determines the disposal of the alms, admits candidates to holy orders and clerks to benefices, holds visitations, orders the worship in churches and the like. But if a blow has been struck in that quarter, who should rejoice more than the Rev. O. Shipley? Here is his own language as to the so-called Catholic revival. It has been 'systematically, actively, ceaselessly opposed by the English Bishops.'

'Every single Bishop,' Mr. Shipley thinks, 'during the last forty years, twenty years, ten years, has pronounced more or less *ex cathedra* against one or more points of doctrine, ritual, or practice of the Catholic faith, as restored point by point to the English Church.' 'Workers in the Catholic revival have now, alas! to show obedience to the Church in spite of the Bishops.' 'The continued disappointment of years has made us almost indifferent and callous to episcopal opposition.' 'An order whose admonitions, and whose "judgments" are not "godly," how is it possible to "obey reverently," and to follow with glad mind and will?' 'It becomes a question which of the two are to be obeyed—God in the person of His Church, or man under the aspect of a chief shepherd.' 'I appeal to members of the Society of the Holy Cross' [by the way, we wonder under what Synod or Canon or Act of Convocation that branch of our Church system grew up] 'to declare whether or not this Catholic revival has not as a whole prospered . . . not by reason of episcopal support, but in direct opposition to almost every single Bishop who has unfortunately come across its divine course.'\*

Does Mr. Orby Shipley now come forward, after penning these and other like words, and bewail the diminished powers of those whom he thus describes? Is he really weeping or laughing at the success of years of reviling of and resistance to the episcopal body generally and individually? It requires no great research into Catholic principles to tell him that a movement carried on 'in direct opposition to every Bishop' is *ipso facto* condemned by the Church; and that 'showing obedience to the Church in spite of the Bishops' (and in spite as we all know of the legal decision of Church Courts) is to the mind of a Churchman mere nonsense, to serve as a cloke for wilfulness, disobedience, and division. There has been a constant effort, by the two extreme parties, to reduce the authority of the Bishop to the precise level of that which he could maintain by means of his Court. The party to which Mr. Shipley belongs has done this with a violence of language, a licence of

\* These passages are collected in 'Facts and Testimonies touching Ritualism.' London, 1875, p. 137.

speech, to which the other can make no claim at all. The result has been that in the recent crisis the proposal to revert to the episcopal power, to determine the disputed questions of ritual, met with no consideration. And yet Lord Selborne's Bill was more true to primitive Church principles than any other of the schemes that came to the surface. It is part of the duty of a Bishop in the course of his visitations to declare the law and give directions for its observance. When this has been done of late years, the extreme party have taken shelter behind the Church Discipline Act, adopting a Parliamentary protection from the catholic duty of obedience. Mr. Shipley and his friends have to some extent prevailed; the direct power of the Bishop is somewhat abridged. They may safely doff the crape and weepers and drop the white handkerchief of official mourning. They have been telling us for years their opinion of the defunct.

Something, however, has survived, and it is not inconsiderable; and we cannot admit that there is so much cause for grief, even on the part of more dutiful children. A power is given to the Bishop which, if wisely used, may yet be the means of healing many a breach. The Bishop may refuse to send on the plaint for hearing, stating in writing his reasons for the refusal. And he may also act as arbitrator between the parties if they agree to accept him; and upon them his decision shall be binding, though not of course upon others. Whether a persistent refusal to allow a statute to operate would be protected by law we do not know; but a power almost without parallel has been intrusted to the Bishops, and there is no reason to doubt that it will be used so as to bring about a settlement of disputes without resort to the Courts.

'The rights of the priesthood,' it is said, 'have been infringed.' This is explained to mean that the new Act of Procedure was passed by a House from which the clergy are excluded, and that the Convocation in which they are represented had no share in passing the measure. 'The clergy will now execute their sacred functions under the jurisdiction of a secular Judge, who interprets spiritual law by the sole authority of the temporal power.\*' What constitutes a secular judge? Here is an eminent lawyer, appointed to administer ecclesiastical law in two ecclesiastical Courts, and appointed by the two highest ecclesiastical officers. The only secular quality about him is that he is a layman. But in what respect is he more 'secular' than all the Deans of the Arches since 1840? The present Dean is actually a secular Judge, in the Admiralty

\* 'Contemporary Review,' June 1875 (Rev. O. Shipley).

Court. The procedure of the Court has been regulated and affected by the Clergy Discipline Act, and to that extent the word 'secular' may be applied to the existing Courts, though with doubtful accuracy. But that the new Judge will be, when the Act comes into full operation, a secular Judge in any sense in which the present Judges of the provincial Courts are not secular, we fail to perceive; and there has been no serious attempt to prove it. Let us be quite accurate. So long as the new Judge shall not have become, by vacancies, the Judge of the two provincial Courts, it must be admitted that Parliament has created a new Court with a limited jurisdiction. That it has not desired to exercise such a power in a wanton spirit of change, is proved by the arrangement that the new Judge shall become Judge of ecclesiastical Courts that already exist, so soon as circumstances permit; and this transition will probably be completed in a few months from the present time. When that shall be accomplished, every loyal and scrupulous clergyman will have the satisfaction of knowing that he is obeying a Church Court, not, indeed, one which, as Mr. Shipley says, 'synchronizes with Christianity,' but still, with all the claims of a high antiquity to recommend it. In the law of the Church the Public Worship Act has made no change whatever. If it can be proved that recent decisions as to incense and vestments are wrong, then it must be proved under the old law, and, if it cannot be proved, the failure will rest with the old law, for there is not one word in the Act to alter the law itself. It is an Act to regulate procedure only. Convocation cannot complain of attempts to improve procedure. That body has admitted, again and again, that the procedure under the Church Discipline Act was cumbrous, costly, ruinous. This had arisen, not so much from what the Act did, as from what it failed to do. It brought all cases affecting the clergy under one mode of treatment, but it did not simplify the old procedure of the Church Courts; and, in consequence, the costs of a modern suit, pursued with all resources and defended through all delays, would have served to purchase a respectable landed estate. Convocation has, again and again, condemned that state of things. It will now come to an end. Sensible men will rejoice at this, and will not endeavour to cast discredit on a change merely because it is effected by that Parliament which alone has power to make the needful alteration, and which has already made so many of a similar nature.

'Ought we to obey the new Court?' asks Mr. Shipley. There is an easy way of avoiding this question, and all the scruples that it seems to give rise to. We recommend a return

to first principles. The usage of refusing to obey the Bishop till he has resorted for compulsion to the ecclesiastical Courts; this, at least, is not coeval with Christianity; nor has it any sanction from Catholic antiquity. The clergy have little business with the Courts of Law. In better times the Bishop gathered his clergy together, heard their complaints, took counsel with the wisest whom he could select, as to difficult matters, and then gave his decisions and directions thereon; and these were binding on the clergy, unless, within a given time, they appealed to the Archbishop. This was the ancient practice. This, if Queen Elizabeth would have given her sanction to the *Reformatio Legum*, would have been the undoubted law of the Church of England at this moment; and this, even without that sanction, has survived in some measure in the shape of episcopal visitations. 'Ought we to recognise the Bishop? is a question precedent to the other.' *Quid iniquius, quam velle sibi obtemperari a majoribus, et nolle obtemperare majoribus?* asks Augustine. What can be more unfair, if we may attempt a modern application, than to exact from one's parishioners a deferential obedience to every whim and fancy, and to refuse obedience to the Bishop's lawful admonition? If conscience will not suffer a resort to a Parliamentary Court, the office of a Bishop is older than Parliaments; and by resorting to the Bishop for directions the difficulty may be avoided. The clergyman and the court need never come into contact; the question need never be answered. If such a proposal sounds absurd, this only shows how far the ship has drifted from her moorings; it is quite consistent with Catholic ideas. The avowal of Mr. Shipley that he has been pushing on his Order of the Holy Cross, with every Bishop opposed to him, is a naive confession of disobedient wilfulness, which no 'Catholic' could attempt to defend. It is, of course, conceivable that there may be a Church whose laws are not worthy to be obeyed, whose Bishops have no claim to be recognised, wherein there is no course open but to follow one's own ideas of what might be good laws; but the responsibility of abiding in such a Church would be great indeed. Admitted to a benefice by a statutable declaration, the benefice itself having perhaps been created by a statute, and endowed, perhaps, by an Ecclesiastical Commission which has, in virtue of a statute, stripped Bishops and Prebendaries of ancient endowments for the purpose; protected by a Discipline Statute which has created a new jurisdiction and has absorbed all the powers of archidiaconal and peculiar courts; amenable to a machinery of preliminary commissions, Bishops and Assessors, Appeals to Privy Council, all of them parliamentary

mentary more or less, an incumbent discussed with gravity before his congregation, a few Sundays back, the question, 'Ought we to obey the new Court?' Is it that the new Court is the last feather on an overstrained back? Is it that we fear that the new Court will possibly give judgments that may clog the wings of the 'Catholic revival'?

We are very far from casting ridicule on the honest scruples of those who think that churchès should regulate their own affairs. We value and respect their conviction, which has always prevailed, and has always borne a wholesome part, in the compact, never quite complete in harmony, between Church and State in various ages and nations. The theory of a 'free Church in a free State' has much to attract, even though attempts to realise it have met with imperfect success. The constitution of the Church of England does not lend itself readily to such a theory, nor, indeed, to any theory whatever. Her history, like that of the free people whose love she has secured; like that of the soil in which the foundations of her churches are sunk, abounds in seeming anomalies, in parts and organs that remain after their use has gone, in throes of transition, in marks of change by fire and by water, in tokens of ruin and defeat, which have proved steps to victory and germs of new life. Thereby she suits the heart and the moods of a people careless of theoretical symmetry, careful only for practical use. She has struck blows for freedom. She has suffered with the nation itself from the weight of a Tudor hand. She shared the eclipse of the monarchy under the Stuarts, and came back to be the spoil darling of the nation when the sun broke forth again. The English people have given her in bad times a love that she did little to justify; in better times they have pardoned her strifes and her wilfulness, cheerfully acknowledging, even over-estimating, the services she was rendering to the cause of civilisation and education, and to the immortal spirits to whom she administered the word of hope. The debates on the Public Worship Act in the House of Commons were a noble example of a generous moderation. Many a hard thing might have been said that was restrained; many a voice might have been raised in hostility, and might have wounded deeply, which chose the more excellent alternative of silence; and the greatest assembly in the world did itself honour by its demeanour towards an institution in which it saw mirrored so much of the nation's own history and struggles, which it felt to be so large an organ of the religious life of England. The Church has ever had a hand to prop the throne; she has seen that monarchy and liberty are no antagonists:—

'Fallitur,

'Fallitur, egregio quisquis sub principe credit  
 Servitium. Nunquam libertas gratior extat  
 Quam sub rege pio.' \*

If her constitution lacks symmetry, so does the national constitution; so do the scarped and primeval mountains of the north; but all have strength notwithstanding. Symmetry is an easy and attainable grace; recent constitutions, as in the French revolutionary time, would be sure to have it. The reproach that we are now parliamentary, now primitive; now governed by *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, now by *La Reine le veult*, may be brought against us. But had not the Church of England been bound up so closely with the nation, we might now have found ourselves under the infallible rule of an Italian ecclesiastic; or our religious life might have been fretted and frittered away in the pettiness of a hundred sects, proud each of a self-government which had all too little to govern. The standards of Church doctrine have remained more sacred from alteration through the three centuries of her reformed life, than those of Rome—with the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and of Infallibility, that have strained so hard the allegiance of many a faithful son—than those of the freest sects, whose flickering, waning lights of doctrine have perhaps borrowed some principle of continuity from the steady lamp which the Church has kept shining constantly over the waves of change. Her Articles of Religion stand unaltered since 1562; her Prayer Book, in all essentials, has remained unaltered as long a time. Is it wise? is it grateful towards the Providence that has led her safe so far upon her way to complain that she has been under the government of Parliament, if Parliament has practised a forbearance, and given an example of conservatism such as synods perhaps would not have been able to exhibit? Mr. Gladstone has drawn a picture of the Reformation under Elizabeth which would leave it doubtful † what the Reformation was or how far it went. Such language may suit the imaginative pages of Mr. MacColl; it seems hardly worthy of so illustrious a writer. It is very well to represent Elizabeth as a sly ritualist, who allowed her Bishops to suppress chasubles and albs, whilst she herself favoured 'a maximum of ritual;' but those who sketch a picture so grotesque must be well emancipated from all responsibility for accuracy. *Non capit regnum duos.* ‡ When that royal huntress was afoot, woe to the dog that

\* Claudian.

† 'Contemporary Review,' July, p. 219.

‡ Seneca in Thyeste.

would run its own prey. The thought of pursuing a different ritual from that which the Queen favoured, would have made Parker or Jewell grow somewhat pale. Elizabeth was not a religious woman; she was a queen. Here is the last new picture of her:—

‘Many points weathered, many perilous ones,  
At last a harbour opens; but therein  
Sunk rocks—they need fine steering. Much it is  
To be nor mad nor bigot—have a mind—  
Not let Priests’ talk, or dream of worlds to be,  
Miscolour things about her—sudden touches  
For him, or him—sunk rocks; no passionate faith,  
But—if let be—balance and compromise;  
Brave, wary, sane to the heart of her—a Tudor  
School’d by the shadow of death—a Boleyn, too,  
Glancing across the Tudor—not so well.’\*

Because she acted warily, it does not follow that she acted inconsistently. Because her policy was cautiously and slowly matured, it was not necessarily indefinite. To rule England well she would have altered her plans in many respects. All the more important is it to observe what she really did, because it will be an index of what the nation required, in the judgment of a most cautious and politic woman. Towards the creed and worship of Rome her demeanour was unmistakeable. Statutes, injunctions, advertisements, the letters of the time, all showed that the Mass and all that belonged to it, were vigorously removed. On the other hand it is equally clear that no amount of pressure from the Puritan side—no alarmist letters from Switzerland or Germany, would induce her to degrade to the level of slovenliness and licence the worship of the English Church. Her bishops and clergy at home soon learnt that arguments on that side were useless: they must wear the surplice in church and the out-door garb of ecclesiastics, or depart. Foreigners, from safe distance, uttered remonstrances: the Queen took them for what they were worth. The clergy conformed, and accepted surplice and cope, gown and square cap; and the arguments by which they defended this course to their brethren over the sea, show that her subjects trusted her, and knew that she would not go back from the real principles of the Reformation. With disorder and fanaticism she had no sympathy. Archbishop Grindal did not assist in suppressing irregular meetings, called prophesyings; he was disgraced, and continued in inactivity to the end of his life. ‘Our Queen, who is in

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\* Tennyson’s ‘Queen Mary.’



general most benign, was somewhat offended with him. She is herself chastising the papists and contentious in good earnest. She will have all things done with order and decency.' So writes Bishop Cox. The type and pattern as preserved in the Church of England in that reign has never since been obliterated or even changed. Its uniformity of worship, its clear severance from Rome and from all that belongs to it, its suspicion of all irregular ministrations, and of all novel and unclassified efforts of enthusiasm; for good, and sometimes for evil, it has kept them all. The divines of the time of Charles, and those of the time of James II., were free from the tendency to Romanism, and they held the enthusiasm of the conventicle in abhorrence. Long after the personal impress of Elizabeth's hand had worn off, the Reformed Church of England preserved the twofold character that it had received in her reign. This is a proof, not of her power, but of her perspicacity; she understood what the mind of England was, and endeavoured to guide the needful changes in the constitution of the Church into the forms most suitable to that mind.

That Church has now reached a great crisis of her history. To extenuate her dangers would be worse than waste of words. The year that has been given for re-consideration seems to have been lost, and demands made are as great as ever. The indisposition to submit to law or discipline, whether it was more or less, does not seem to have altered much in the year ending in this July. On our table lies a little work on the Church Catechism, illustrated with rude cuts; it was published early in this year. The story of Daniel is introduced into it; how 'Darius and his Privy Councillors' made a decree which Daniel did not obey. A figure of a herald blowing the trumpet to announce the decree, is introduced. Do our eyes deceive us? The arms of the United Kingdom are blazoned on the banner of the trumpet; and the herald is in ecclesiastical attire, and bears some resemblance, as acute friends discover, to the present Primate of all England. The application is sufficiently pointed; it is hardly, however, complete. The British Daniel will obey nothing. It is not merely 'Darius and his Privy Councillors,' but the entreaty of his Bishop, and the united voice of many Bishops that he is determined to resist. What does the British Daniel require? He insists on using Altar Lights, the use of Incense, the Eastward Position, Wafer-Bread, the Mixed Chalice, and the Vestments: some of these are of more importance than others in his eyes, but he will abandon none of them, and the Altar Lights, the Eastward Position, and the Vestments are imperative at once and in all cases. Whether a clergyman says  
prayers

prayers turning to the East, and whether he wears a white surplice and a chasuble of purple and gold, would seem to be in itself a matter of perfect indifference. Good prayers are good under any colour and in any posture. Mr. Gladstone, in his important paper, recommends that these questions should be divested of all devotional or doctrinal significance. But if they have no doctrinal significance, what significance have they? What has convulsed the Church so long? Is it a mere question of taste and harmonious colouring that we deal with as the 'vestments question'? This of course it would be absurd to suppose. We are accustomed to symbolical acts, and words, and things. To sit in the presence of a king, to pull down a national flag, to wear the uniform of a regiment to which you do not belong, to appear at court in a smock-frock, or at Church in a racing-jacket; these are all acts which may be conceived, by way of intellectual exercise, to have no significance in themselves; but unless all agree so to regard them, there will be grave consequences from the acts, and it is impossible to prevent them. When some veracious persons assure us that they kneel and stand in a particular position because it is the position proper to a sacrificing priest, it seems only bare justice to give them credit for a serious purpose in what they do; and when they add that their only reason for wearing a dress is that that too is suitable to a sacrificing priest, they are entitled to be heard as to that explanation also. On the other side, when thousands of persons sign memorials to Queen and Prime Minister, and Bishops and Convocations, deprecating these things for the very same reason as that for which they are insisted on, the probability is that the world has made up its mind to regard these things as doctrinal symbols, and not as things in themselves. And in that case there is no gain at all in the endeavour to regard them in a different light. It is the pastime of the child who shuts his ears with his palms and lets in the noise in little jerks. If our future depends upon a common agreement that vestments mean nothing but æsthetics and decorum, and that the eastward position is a convenient one for a minister who leads his people, and stands facing the same way for that purpose, the issue is decided already as far as these points are concerned.

If, however, these are but symbols, and that which lies beneath is important, then one element in the dispute is to ascertain which of the parties has usage and law on its side. The so-called Catholic revival has been condemned, in several of its usages, by the Convocations, by the Bishops, by Parliament, by the Courts of Law; one or all of these may review the  
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the opinion already formed : but the matter stands so at present. The acts claimed to be done, and the things claimed to be used, are changes ; and those who uphold them are bound to show some authority or other besides their own will. If individual will is law, then the licence must go much farther than it has gone. If A may introduce a vestment, X may drop out the Athanasian Creed. If A may stand with his back to the people in the Consecration Prayer, X may sit at the reception of the elements. It will be said that A contends that his usages are warranted by the rubrics ; but so long as he stands alone in that opinion, and the Courts are against him, that cannot be proved. What the Law Courts may do in future it would be alike uncertain and improper to predict. No doubt it is conceivable that the vestments and other usages may be legalised hereafter by a reversal of decisions already given ; but upon the whole this it not the general expectation. In the meantime these usages are insisted on against the Courts, against the opinion of Convocation more than once expressed, against the opinion of the Bishops, against the express declarations of both Houses of Parliament, and against the convictions of an overwhelming majority of the laity of the Church of England.

Who, then, is on the other side? An active and determined party, very desirous of these changes. It has a right to urge its opinions, and to procure, if possible, by all lawful means a change in the law of the Church. A few words in a rubric or two would give what is sought for. But is there any Church in the world, any religious community, any civil organisation, which could afford to allow a party within it to break continually the laws and rules of the society, by way of procuring their ultimate alteration, in defiance of the remonstrances of the governing body and of the decisions of those who interpret the rules? Surely such a condition of things would be regarded anywhere else as the forerunner of dissolution.

Amongst other consequences it involves an abandonment of the principle of uniformity, which has been the law of the Church of England for more than three centuries, and which has been distinctly and emphatically put forth as her principle at each successive review of her Book of Worship. It governed Queen Elizabeth, as it governed the House of Commons in the time of Charles II., when they rejected the King's proviso for relaxing the enactment as to the cross and surplice. It may be said that we are not bound by the past, and that in a period of great religious activity and freedom we cannot expect a principle to hold which was suited to the absolute rule of a Tudor Queen or the cruel temper of a reactionary Parliament after a Revolution.

tion. Are there, however, more than two ways in which the difficult problem of adjusting the worship of a national Church can be solved? Such a Church will comprehend persons differing widely upon doctrines, even upon doctrines that they consider vital; and this is the state of things which constitutes the difficulty. Variety in the details of services, a power to abridge in one place what is fully used in another; these may be accepted by all, simply because there is no doctrine involved in them, but only decorum and convenience. It is only essential that the limits of variation should be well defined. But we have to deal with considerable varieties of doctrine. One of the two solutions of the difficulty would be that of complete uniformity—that of providing a liturgy, carefully drawn up, that it may be ‘common ground upon which all Church people may meet, though they differ about some doctrines.’\* The other would be that of absolute freedom, so that any congregation which could agree upon a form of worship might have the use of the national Churches and a share of the endowments. The latter method would be so difficult to work that it need not occupy our limited space at present, especially as it is not contended for by any considerable section of the Church. What can be said for the former? This, at least, may be said, that it has served so far to bind together in one bond, and not an unsubstantial or unreal one, the three great parties of the Church for some time past. The Evangelical section does not heartily like some expressions in the Baptismal service; the High-Church party may have wished for changes in the Communion Office; but they have found it possible, with the help of the service, to surround with due regard and reverence that solemn act of our religion. In a given parish the clergyman proposes to introduce an organ, to fill his windows with stained glass; and these changes, fairly understood, do not at all violate the compact on which several parties have brought themselves within the Act of Uniformity, and have tacitly agreed to worship. But the clergyman adopts a new posture, and replaces the familiar surplice by an alb and a coloured vestment. One must be very innocent of past religious history if one expects this to be done without exciting alarm, even if no explanation be given of the well-intending innovator. But if he explains that he wishes thereby to revert to the first Prayer Book of Edward; to the names of ‘Mass’ and ‘Altar;’ to a higher doctrine of the Holy Communion; to a doctrine which requires acts of adoration to be done towards the consecrated bread and wine, in virtue of what they have become by consecration, then all those who

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\* Brook’s ‘Privy Council Judgments,’ p. 232 (Bennett’s case).

earnestly deprecate these doctrines, on finding themselves implicated in a service which sets them forth, will inquire why the former state of things has passed away and the service in which they could join has been changed to one which they cannot accept. Some very liberal or very moderate bystander says, that after all it is not necessary to give these things a doctrinal significance; that a position towards the east is as good as one towards the south, or better; and that purple satin and orphreys are more stately than white linen; and proposes a treaty of peace, on the ground of regarding all these matters from the æsthetical point of view. Is that course fair and practical for all parties? The reluctant parishioner naturally considers that such a construction is forced and artificial, and that if he complies with the new practice he will be accepting rather the explanation of the person who introduces it, than that of the kind adviser who, for the sake of peace, would overlook the interpretation altogether. It must be borne in mind, too, that in a great majority of cases there is not much choice of churches. In great towns the parochial may be replaced by the congregational system. In the country that cannot be. When Convocation discusses, as the Convocation of Canterbury has been doing this month, what may be done with the consent of the Bishop and the congregations, putting the parishioners aside, it is gliding away from the idea of a national Church to that of a voluntary body. It seems utterly hopeless, then, however well meant may be the advice, to ask the Church or the country to discharge the present controversy of all doctrinal significance. And the only present solution of the question, how to keep persons differing in doctrine so far united that they can worship and act together, is that of a liturgy wisely and moderately drawn, which shall serve to express the religious hopes and conscience of as many as possible, together with a general resolution to uphold that standard of worship loyally. We agree that a Church cannot subsist by prosecutions; these are the crisis of a disease. If people cannot agree to use one common Book of worship, from other considerations—as, for example, that ‘the Church of England is worth preserving’—they will not be compelled by Courts; and some kind of severance and sundering there is sure to be, whether it comes soon or late.

Readers of this Review will not suspect us of indifference to the union of Church and State; to that great constitutional principle which has done so much for religious knowledge, for civilisation and toleration in the past, and which may be expected yet to be so useful to the country in spite of present perils. But when we are menaced with disestablishment, unless

unless we fulfil some impossible conditions, then, however high the authority, however sincere the conviction, and however moderate the words of the adviser, it becomes needful to answer that possibly the surest way to precipitate disestablishment might be to say and do foolish things in the fear of it. Somewhere in the scale must be the point at which the price of establishment might be fixed too high. It would certainly be too dear at the price of continued anarchy. It would be too dear at the price of the perpetual presence of an active party pushing on a series of changes, the extent of which was unknown to itself, and threatening disestablishment as the penalty for any attempt to restore discipline against it. Throughout the Church there is more disposition towards toleration than ever there was before; but the most effectual enemies of toleration are those who avow their intention to take advantage of it for their own private views.

No one can tell us how far we are going; and this is one great reason for the alarm that has existed. Contrast the present demands with the utmost that the Caroline High Churchman required, and we shall see the difference. Bishop Wren, setting down in 1660 his suggestions for rubrical improvements, places the priest 'standing at the north of the table' in the Holy Communion Office; it is only for two prayers, the prayer of Humble Access and the Consecration Prayer that he is allowed to be 'before the table,' and when the distribution is ended he is to stand 'at the table as he did at first.\*' Amidst applause, a well-known clergyman† at a recent meeting of the Church Union Society announced that no such limitation as that could be accepted; that the eastward position throughout must be insisted on. Mr. Orby Shipley supplies, 'for the use of members of the Church of England,' these and many like stanzas:—

'O Mary, heaven is bright with thee,  
Earth's Queen and Lady of the Sea,  
Imperial next to Deity:  
Behold to thee ourselves we vow;  
Our suit in grace vouchsafe us thou,  
A spirit nerved for victory.

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\* See 'Fragmentary Illustrations,' by the Lord Bishop of Chester. London, 1874. Pp. 74, 80, 81, 83.

† 'To say that the eastward position is not applicable to the earlier part of the Eucharistic Service, but should be allowed only in the latter part of the Eucharistic Service, is certainly an ominous utterance at the present time. It is impossible we can accept that view (loud applause). We can never consent to such a division of the Eucharistic Service. It is one whole; we cannot disconnect the offerings at the commencement from the consecration at the latter part of it—we cannot but regard it as one priestly act throughout; and we cannot but hold that the mid-altar position is the only true and Catholic position of the offering priest, throughout the entire Service.'—*Rev. J. Carter*, of Clewer, June 15, 1875.

'O Virgin

'O Virgin glorious, full of might,  
 Virgin of virgins passing bright,  
 Made brighter by maternity:  
 That so to both thy Son and thee  
 Well pleasing may our service be,  
 Win for us inward purity.' \*

If this is the doctrine of the Church of England, what was it that the Church called 'a fond thing,' vainly invented . . . repugnant to the Word of God'?

We have no intention of discussing in this paper the doctrine of the Eucharist, and we should be sorry to use a word to wound the feelings of any of those who regard that Sacrament with loving reverence, yet whose views upon it may differ from those of the Church of England. But the change that is now taking place is not a return to primitive truth, but to medieval superstitions and confusions. A controversy in the columns of the 'Times' in the month of January last revealed this in a painful manner. The Ritualist party were alleged to be teaching some of the leading doctrines of the Romish Church. Canon Liddon undertook to repel this calumny. Pressed with a passage or two that taught Transubstantiation and Invocation of Saints, he replied that he could not be responsible for a few casual and inexact expressions. When the quotations were multiplied, he said that if he were to hold such doctrines he should retire from the ministry of the Church of England.† The principal members of the extreme party, led by Dr. Pusey, have all along distinguished between their doctrine and the Tridentine, inasmuch as this holds a change of the bread and wine, and that sets forth that the elements are not changed, but that the Body and Blood are present after consecration 'under the form of bread and wine.' But this limitation is fast disappearing, as Monsignor Capel has shown; and Transubstantiation in its simplest form is taking its place. The refined and subtle minds which delight in such distinctions may think themselves able to carry a theory whereby the Great Sacrifice shall be at once complete and continuous; wherein the Sacrament shall become by consecration the Body broken and the Blood poured out, and at the same time become Christ Himself living and glorified; they can explain to themselves how the act that the priest performs is the same with the Sacrifice of Christ, and yet not a new sacrifice, so that there are two, nor yet the former one continued, so that it was not on Calvary complete.

\* 'Invocation of Saints and Angels.' London, 1869.

† 'Times' newspaper, January 8 and 13. The correspondence was continued through that month, and was very voluminous.



Common minds will be unable to follow them; and we must make our account with a revival of all the errors that gathered round the Romish Mass. And it is a fact established that Transubstantiation, the doctrine which Canon Liddon says he could not adopt without leaving the ministry, is adopted in books of devotion that are sold by tens of thousands, that are pushed into circulation, not merely in towns, but among simple rural people.

The view of the Ritualists, who at present stop short of Transubstantiation, is open to a difficulty which Romanists have escaped from. If after the words of consecration 'the common bread and wine is no longer bread and wine, but the Body and Blood of the Lord,' then no question can arise of idolatrous worship of bread and wine, because the substance of bread and wine is no longer there. But if the substance of bread and wine is present still, and the Body of Christ present under their form, and men adore Christ under their form, doing acts of homage towards them, it will be impossible to distinguish this from idolatry, for the creatures of bread and wine are still there. It is no doubt pleaded that the worshipper looks beyond and under the elements to Him who is present under their form. By like arguments Cicero and others justified the old worship of Greece and Rome. Transubstantiation is refuted in its premiss, not in its conclusion. 'Of course,' says Dr. Pusey, 'if God so willed and declared it, there could be no difficulty in believing that He annihilated the substance of bread and wine, while preserving every property of them to the senses.\*' The properties of bread and wine are all by which we know them to be bread and wine, and we submit that God could not ask us to believe that something was and was not bread at the same time. He cannot ask the mind that He has created to contradict itself. This is quite different from a belief in mysteries that are above the understanding. Surely all of us will some day see that the grand and simple lines, with which the Church of England has delineated her doctrine, are in every true sense 'higher' than the strange mixture of philosophy and biblical criticism, of mysticism and materialism, with which the Church of Rome has presented it. Dr. Vogan, in his 'True Doctrine of the Eucharist,'† a work worthy of the day when theology flourished in the Church of England, has examined with great patience and candour the various statements of this doctrine that Anglican writers have used; and he has thus proved how essentially modern is the doctrine of which Ritualism is the expression. There is little

\* 'Doctrine of the Real Presence,' p. 158.

† London, 1871.

desire at present, as it seems, to scrutinise severely the incautious expressions into which the very fervour of devotion may lead some. But we think there is a very positive determination not to allow the Communion Office to be tampered with in order to get room for the revival of a doctrine not expressed there already. That which, by the law of the Church, is not to be 'reserved, carried about, lifted up and worshipped,' has been often 'lifted up and worshipped,' and sometimes 'reserved and carried about.' These are acts and not metaphysical expressions. The laity are obliged to consider them, and they do not like them. Of all remedies one of the most unpromising seems to be the proposal to 'consider that no doctrine is involved.'

Mr. Gladstone exhorts that there may be no prosecutions; or else the National Church must fall. Surely no menace was ever more gently urged, and yet it is a menace. The English Church, we are told, is in a great strait. Bishops are not learned; and judges are but lawyers; and, therefore, there are no Courts competent to take cognisance of such questions as are raised at present.\* Prosecution will lead to secessions, secession means disruption, and disruption, ruin. In Sheridan's burlesque, when everyone is about to stab everyone else, a beef-eater cuts the dangerous threat by bidding them, 'In the Queen's name, drop your swords and daggers.' When real swords are drawn, even the beef-eater may fail. We repeat that

\* The distinguished writer has not only stated the difficulty of acquiring knowledge on these subjects, but he has also illustrated it. In three cases he has condescended on particulars, and in all three there is reason to fear he has been mistaken. 'It appears rather difficult to sustain the proposition that the surplice when used excludes all the more elaborate vestments, since we find it actually prescribed in one of the rubrics at the end of the Communion Office in the Prayer Book of 1549, that the officiating minister is ordered to "put upon him a plain alb or surplice with a cope."'\* This proposition has never been sustained: on the contrary, it is admitted that surplice and cope are to be worn together in cathedrals; and all that this rubric shows is that either alb or surplice might be worn with the cope according to King Edward's First Book. 2. 'Mr. MacColl cites a remarkable example; namely, that while the rubric required the priest to read daily four chapters of Holy Scripture, the Advertisements aimed at enforcing only two.'† We have already observed on this: it is a pure mis-statement of Mr. MacColl's, in whose haphazard assertions Mr. Gladstone seems to place too implicit faith. Besides the four chapters read in the 'Common Prayer,' the minister pledged himself to read two for private study. 3. 'The Purchas judgment states that the law required the use of copes in cathedral and collegiate churches, and generally treats authorised destruction as evidence of illegality; but it appears that the Queen's Commissioners at Oxford, in 1573 . . . ordered in the college chapel at All Souls, that all copes should be defaced and rendered unfit for use.'‡ This does not contradict; it confirms. The writer has elevated college chapels into collegiate churches. They are carefully distinguished in the Canons of 1603, Canons 17 and 24, and in the 1st Section of Charles II.'s Act of Uniformity.

\* 'Contemporary Review,' p. 216.

† *Ibid.* p. 216.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 217.

we deprecate prosecution as much as the eminent statesman whom we have quoted. A return to the moderation and good sense, to the law-abiding instinct, that have characterised the English laity at all times, is far more to be desired than a successful trial and a trenchant judgment at the end. If we may venture to advise the clergy, we think that the increasing interval of separation which divides the clergy from the Bishops on the one hand, and from the manlier of the laity on the other, has caused them to forget that any change, to be sound and permanent, cannot be confined to the parochial clergy only. It has been, on the whole, a great advantage that the English clergy has been so closely allied to all classes in the English nation. From various causes this state of things has changed, and the tendency to form the clergy into a class distinct from the laity, with strongly marked peculiarities, has already done much to diminish their influence.

We are not disposed to follow the eminent person whom we have been quoting into the region of prophecy. What may be in store for the Church of England is known, perhaps, to none of us. It has been remarked, in comparing the death of Charles I. with that of Louis XVI., that it was more difficult and more awful to break through the 'divinity that doth hedge a king' in the first case than in the second. One Church has been disestablished in our time, and with that dread experience it must be easier for men to take a calm measure of the second operation. There are prophecies that tend towards their own fulfilment; and we might have preferred perhaps some other prophet. Sincerely believing that the advice Mr. Gladstone gives is offered in a spirit of loyalty to the Church, and with a conviction that she is 'worth preserving,' at least for the present, we must observe that we do not accept his description of the present position. She is not in that condition of dead-lock that the next attempt to turn must break the machine. She has been brought safely through worse tribulations. We doubt whether her destined duty towards the nation is fulfilled. Her life in past ages has not been dependent on the instruments that it has had to use in passing. She can be indifferent to the taunt that 'Gospel light first shone from Boleyn's eyes.' She does not owe her wise and moderate constitution to the hard and irreligious woman under whose reign it was consolidated. She has no debt to the easy-going voluptuary under whom our present Prayer Book was last revised, any more than to his unscrupulous and intolerant Parliament. Even a period of lifeless inactivity, when she was a Church without missions, without education, without influence on the country, did not

destroy her. What she can afford to dare and to lose is not quite so easy to estimate as some think. Her past history teaches us that her fortunes have been above the times, and that she has been appointed by the Power that controls human affairs, to fulfil a great purpose. Whether she has done that work, and may no longer occupy her national position, is a question which is not left wholly to man to determine. But this is sure, that the duty of every one of her members is to consult for what is best for religious truth and religious freedom, without much respect to the probable effect on the question of disestablishment. So consulting, the people are not likely to be more content than they are at present with pale copies and faint imitations of Romish worship. They are convinced that those who are seeking to romanise the Church are but a handful: but this is not a numerical question. The reason of our existence as a Church is that we could not away with the medieval superstitions, and that we appealed from the Creed of Rome to the Creed of the Apostolic time. If there were but ten or five—and there are hundreds—we should be justified in our alarm and distress; for the change that is attempted is fundamental. The laity of England last year did, in such ways as were open to them, assert that unless some remedy were found for this disorder, the national Church must fall. Mr. Gladstone has just supplied the other horn to our dilemma; if anything *is* done for a remedy the Church must also fall. Well: with death on either hand, it is conceivable that the Church might be paralysed into inaction; but it is not what history leads us to expect. The nation has never loved Rome and does not love her now; and what she would not deliberately accept she cannot allow to be forced upon her by a few. Leaving to God the consequences of a righteous determination, she will remember and be true to her past principles, and will say, 'We will not suffer the laws and principles of the Church of England to be changed at the private will of any.'

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# ERRATA.

Page 296, line 7, for 'under the rind,' read *only rinds*, and for 'acidity' read *aridity*.

Page 301, line 4 from the bottom, for 'merit' read *secret*.

Page 304, line 28, for 'the Dauphin,' read *the Duke of Orleans*.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS  
CHICAGO, ILL. 60637  
1984

## THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Mémoires du Duc de Saint-Simon. Publiés par MM. Chéruel et Ad. Regnier, fils, et collectionnés de nouveau pour cette édition sur le manuscrit autographe. Avec une notice de M. de Sainte-Beuve.* Paris, librairie Hachette et C<sup>ie</sup>. 1873–1875 (Nineteen volumes, without the Index).

WE wonder why the ingenious gentleman who recently published a series of essays on 'famous books' little read, did not include the Memoirs of Saint-Simon, one of the most striking specimens of the class. Considering their wide-spread renown and extraordinary merit, it is quite startling to find how few, at least in this country, of even the cultivated or literary class, have attempted a regular conscientious perusal, or indeed have done more than glance over a few chapters in an idle desultory way. The portentous length, the vast extent of ground to be got over, is one reason. Nineteen volumes, averaging from 450 to 500 closely-printed pages each, are enough to stagger the most eager amateur of bygone scandal or the most resolute searcher after the neglected truths of history.

But there have been other reasons for the tardy acceptance of these memoirs, for their long-delayed and still limited popularity, besides their length. They present in this respect a curious contrast to the memoirs which have made most noise in our time—memoirs written in obvious imitation of them, and falling as far short of the almost avowed model in knowledge of subject, insight into character, fine observation, and descriptive or analytic power, as in piquancy and originality. Mr. Charles Greville's Journals were published within ten years of his death, when the scandals they commemorated were fresh, at least fresh enough to injure or annoy: when the abundant depreciation and abuse could be keenly felt by the victims or their families, and as keenly relished by contemporaries always more alive to satire or censure than to praise: when envy, jealousy, ill-nature, vanity, morbid love of gossip, every weakness or bad quality of the human

Vol. 139.—No. 278. x human



human heart or mind (not excepting disloyalty), could be called into action to create a factitious interest in a book.

Now, the Memoirs of Saint-Simon do not come down further than 1723: he did not die till 1755; and immediately after his death, the Government laid an embargo on them on the plea that, he having filled a diplomatic mission, they must be partly of an official character. During many years it was only by special favour that friends of the minister for the time being obtained a sight of the manuscript, which consisted of eight large folio volumes of very close writing, all in the author's own hand. Partial access was permitted to Duclos and Marmontel, in their capacity of historiographers; and M. de Choiseul lent some of the volumes to Madame du Deffand. According to the Marquis de Saint-Simon, 'it was only in 1788, and on the eve of the revolution, that the Abbé Soulavie obtained leave to make some extracts and publish some fragments: a supplement, which he added in 1789, was followed by some other publication equally truncated.\* According to Sainte-Beuve, 'it was starting from 1784 that the publicity of the memoirs began to make progress; but timidly, stealthily, by disconnected anecdotes and by bits. From 1788 to 1791, then later in 1818, there appeared successively extracts more or less voluminous, mutilated, and garbled.' The Marquise de Créquy, apropos of one of these compilations, wrote, February 7, 1787, to Senac de Meilhan: 'The "Memoirs of Saint-Simon" are in the hands of the censor; of six volumes they will hardly make three, and it is enough.' Again, September 28, 1788: 'I apprise you that the "Memoirs of Saint-Simon" are out, but much mutilated, if I am to judge from what I have seen in three great green bundles (*tapons*), and there were six. Madame de Turpin died: there I stuck fast: it is badly written, but our taste for the age of Louis XIV. renders the details precious to us.'

In much the same tone Madame du Deffand had written to Walpole (December 2, 1770): 'The Memoirs of Saint-Simon are always amusing; and as I prefer reading them in company, the perusal will last long. It would amuse you, though the style is abominable and the portraits ill drawn. The author was

\* Advertisement to the edition of 1842, edited by the Marquis de Saint-Simon, the representative of the family through a collateral branch, and the possessor of the original manuscript. All Saint-Simon's manuscripts were left by will to a cousin of the same name, the Bishop of Metz, without specifying the Memoirs. Soulavie's principal publication was *Œuvres complètes du Duc de Saint-Simon, contenant ses Mémoires sur le règne de Louis XIV, sur la régence du Duc d'Orléans et sur le règne de Louis XV, etc.* 13 vols., 8vo. Paris, 1790. In the 'Biographie Universelle' it is termed 'the most precious and the only authentic publication of this *littérateur*.'

not a man of talent (*homme d'esprit*), but as he was *au fait* of everything, the things he relates are curious and interesting ; I wish I could get you the reading of them.'

Few writers suffer more than Saint-Simon from being read in fragments ; his effects depend on the fulness and completeness of his narratives and delineations ; and we are therefore not surprised at the disadvantageous impression of the general public at the earlier periods of their acquaintance with him. But Madame du Deffand's estimate was formed from the original manuscript ; and we know no plausible mode of accounting for it except that suggested by Sainte-Beuve, who remarks that 'the style of Saint-Simon was too pointedly revolting to the habits of written style in the eighteenth century, and was spoken of pretty nearly as Fénelon spoke of the style of Molière and "this multitude of metaphors not far removed from *galimatias*." All the fine world of that time had done their rhetoric more or less in Voltaire.'

In other letters, Madame du Deffand's admiration rises to enthusiasm : she tells Walpole that, if present at the readings, he would experience ineffable pleasure, that he would be fairly beside himself with delight ; although she must have known that Walpole, the most fastidious of critics, was the least likely of her whole round of lettered correspondents to be amused by ill-drawn portraits in an abominable style. Voltaire, too, piqued by a contemptuous reference to himself, or foreseeing how much his superficial '*Siècle de Louis XIV.*' must eventually suffer from collation, did his best to undermine the coming influence and authority of the memoirs, by announcing an intention to refute on their publication everything that had been inspired by prejudice or hate. Had he lived to execute this intention, he might certainly have hit many blots which the author has frankly told us would probably be discovered in his work. In a *Conclusion*, which might serve for a preface, he says :—

'Next for impartiality : this point, so essential, and regarded as so difficult, I fear not to say impossible, for one who writes what he has seen and mixed in. We are charmed by straightforward and true people : we are irritated by the rogues who swarm in courts ; we are still more so against those who have injured us. The Stoic is a fine and noble chimera. I do not then pique myself on impartiality, it would be vain. . . . At the same time I will do myself this justice, that I have been infinitely on my guard against my affections and my aversions, and most against the latter, so as not to speak of the objects of either without the balance in hand, to exaggerate nothing, to distrust myself as an enemy, to render an exact justice, and place the purest truth in broad relief. It is in this

manner that I feel confident I have been entirely impartial, and I believe there is no other mode of being so.'

Saint-Simon lived thirty-two years after the conclusion of the memoirs, and was constantly employed in correcting and completing them. They contain no flying rumours: no transitory impressions: no hasty, ill-considered, inconsistent views of men or events. He sets down nothing that he has not carefully verified or thoroughly thought out.

'As regards the exactitude of what I relate, it is made clear by the memoirs themselves that almost all is taken from what has passed through my hands, and the rest from what I have known through those who had managed the things I report. I name them; and their names as well as my intimate connection with them are beyond suspicion. That which I have learned from an inferior source, I mark; and that of which I am ignorant, I am not ashamed to own. In this fashion the memoirs are authentic at first hand. Their truth cannot be called in doubt; and I believe I may say that there have hitherto been none comprising a greater number of different matters, more weighed, more detailed, or forming a more instructive or more curious group. As I shall see nothing of it, this concerns me little; but if these memoirs see the light, I doubt not of their exciting a prodigious revolt.'

If they had been published in full at any period prior to the revolution of 1789, the revolt, the outcry, with the resulting sale and circulation, would have been prodigious. But they were kept back till not only the personages who figure in his pages, but the society, the class interests, the entire state of things of which he treats, had died out or been swept away: till their attraction was purely historical or literary, without a wounded self-love or a gratified vanity to add to it. The publication of the first complete edition was not commenced till 1829.

'The sensation,' says Sainte-Beuve, 'produced by the first volume was very lively; it was the greatest success since that of Walter Scott's novels. A curtain was suddenly withdrawn from the finest monarchical epoch of France, and we were present like spectators at the representation. But this success, interrupted as it was by the revolution of 1830, was obtained more in the so-called world (of Paris) than in the public, which it reached at a later period and by degrees.'

This edition satisfied the public demand till 1842, and one cause of its limited success was the erroneous principle on which it was based. In neglect or defiance of Buffon's maxim, '*Le style, c'est l'homme*,' the editors had taken upon themselves to correct the style to the extent of destroying its individuality and materially

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materially impairing its force. There can be no stronger proof of the enormity of their error than the marked rise in the reputation of the writer in exact proportion as he was allowed to speak in his own pointed, coloured, incisive, picturesque, tangled, and irregular language, through which the meaning flashes like lightning through clouds. Observing this, the editors at length made up their minds to present him, as Cromwell insisted on being painted, with his blotches.

'This new edition' (so runs the advertisement) 'is not a simple reproduction of that which was published in 1856-58. M. Ad. Regnier,  *fils*, sub-librarian of the Institute, has made, to establish the text, a scrupulous revision of the autograph manuscript of the author, which has been followed throughout with the greatest fidelity. Even where in this manuscript the errors were evident, he has only corrected them by warning the reader each time by a note; and he has placed between brackets the words which Saint-Simon had omitted through haste. The expressions, the turns, the inaccuracies, which might offer difficulty, are explained by notes. In a word, this new edition may be considered as the most exact reproduction that has hitherto been made of an author who, in spite of his grammatical irregularities, has deserved to be placed in the number of the great writers of France.'

To convey an impression of his peculiarities we shall translate as literally as is consistent with a due regard to idiom; and it should be kept in mind that he was fully conscious of his defects. The last paragraph of the *conclusion* runs thus:—

'I was never of an academic turn, and I have been unable to get rid of the habit of writing rapidly. *To render my style more correct and more agreeable by correcting it, this would be to recast all the work, and this labour would be beyond my strength, it would run the risk of being 'ingrat.'* To correct well what one has written, one must know how to write well; it will easily be seen here that I have had no right to pique myself on it. I have thought only of the exactness and the truth. I venture to say that both are found strictly in my memoirs, that they are the law and the soul of them, and that the style merits a benign indulgence on their account. There is so much the more want of it that I cannot promise it better for the continuation which I propose to myself.'

This paragraph will be found to have an important bearing on a question touching the plan, commencement and completion of the work, which was raised by the publication of Dangeau's *Journal* with the so-called *Additions* by Saint-Simon.\* Begin-

\* *Journal du Marquis de Dangeau, publié en entier pour la première fois par MM. Soulié, Dussieux, de Chennevières, Mantz, de Montaignon, avec les Additions inédites du Duc de Saint-Simon, publiées par M. Feuillel de Conches. Dix-neuf tomes. Paris, 1854-1860.*

ning with 1684, and ending with the author's death in 1720, this journal comprises a brief barren record of the incidents of each day noted down each evening. 'It is difficult' (remarks Saint-Simon) 'to conceive how a man could have the patience and the perseverance to write such a work every day for more than fifty years,\* so meagre, so dry, so constrained, so cautious, so literal, to write under the rind of the most repulsive acidity.' Saint-Simon states that he did not see the journal till after Dangeau's death; and it did not come into the possession of the Duc de Luynes, who gave him his interleaved copy, till 1729, six years after the formal conclusion of Saint-Simon's Memoirs and thirty-eight years after their commencement.

Nothing is more common than for a man partially to resume a subject on which he has already written, or on taking up the life or diary of a contemporary, to dash off notes in amplification or correction of statements that excite or irritate him. Swift's marginal notes on Burnet are a familiar example. The perusal of Dangeau's Journal must have recalled many a half-forgotten episode, or occasionally opened a flood-tide of associations, which Saint-Simon hastened to fix without pausing to see whether this was not a superfluous labour. It would be, when so carried away, that he would be most liable to repetition or irregularity.† 'When,' says Sainte-Beuve, 'he writes notes and commentaries on the Journal of Dangeau, he writes as one does for notes, flying (*à la volée*), heaping up and crowding the words, wishing to say everything at once and in the shortest space. I have elsewhere compared this petulance and this precipitation of things under his pen to an abundant spring struggling and bubbling through a narrow channel.' Speaking of the effect of an abundance of ideas on style, Swift says: 'So people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door.'

It may readily be granted that, in the final revision of his memoirs, Saint-Simon turned these notes to account or borrowed some dates and facts from the journal; but that these notes or additions were the basis of his memoirs, or that he was indebted to any appreciable extent to Dangeau for their conception or mode of execution, strikes us to be an utterly untenable theory. Yet the editors of Dangeau (five in number) concur in stating that 'the additions of Saint-Simon form incontestably the first thought of his magnificent memoirs;' and

\* To account for this discrepancy, it has been suggested that Dangeau may have kept a journal prior to the date of that which has been preserved.

† He occasionally relates the same incidents twice over in the 'Memoirs'—e.g., the quarrel between Louis and Louvois about the window.

amongst other startling propositions in Mr. Reeve's elaborate essay, entitled '*Saint-Simon*,' in his '*Royal and Republican France*,' we find that 'without Dangeau the *Memoirs of Saint-Simon* would perhaps never have existed in their complete form:' that 'these notes (the additions) must be regarded as the basis of the memoirs;' and that 'the fact that the memoirs were written subsequently to the additions is proved by innumerable circumstances to which we shall presently have occasion to refer.'\*

The passages cited by Mr. Reeve to prove that the memoirs were constructed upon the alleged basis are, 1st, an extract from Dangeau in which he dryly recapitulates the proceedings at Versailles on January 1st, 1696: 2nd, an extract from Saint-Simon's notes, in which apropos of a name, Lanti, he runs off into some biographical details about the Duke Lanti and his family: 3rd, an extract from the memoirs in which the pedigree and connections of the same family are recapitulated and (referring to a well-known fact stated in the journal but not mentioned in the notes) the usurpation of a privilege is explained. Now why might not Saint-Simon have written the passages in the memoirs before he saw the journal? and why forty years afterwards might he not have hastily scribbled off a note in which the same topic is introduced? or what, in any alternative, would be the amount of his obligation to Dangeau? But Mr. Reeve thinks this specimen decisive and enough. 'It would be tedious,' he continues, 'to pursue this species of comparison any further, but every page of these vast collections might furnish similar examples. Dangeau supplies the simple fact, succinctly stated with chronological accuracy, and we believe that Saint-Simon seldom names a person or relates an occurrence (except those personal to himself) which do not occur in Dangeau's Diaries; but he immediately amplifies the event. He breathes life into those dead figures.'

There is absolutely nothing in this coincidence, considering that the two men were dealing with the same period, the same society, and the same class of occurrences. Moreover, as put by Mr. Reeve, the constantly recurring coincidence proves too much. Are we to consider as posterior to the perusal of the journal, and first suggested by it, all those portions of the

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\* '*Royal and Republican France*: a series of Essays reprinted from the "*Edinburgh*," "*Quarterly*," and "*British and Foreign*" Reviews. By Henry Reeve, Corresponding Member of the French Institute. In two volumes. 1872.' The essay on Saint-Simon is reprinted from the '*Edinburgh Review*' for January, 1864. It is therefore weighted with the double authority of a widely-circulated Review and a distinguished name in literature.

memoirs which treat of persons or occurrences mentioned by Dangeau? If so, how much original matter would be left?

After some depreciating remarks on Dangeau, Saint-Simon adds:

‘With all this, his memoirs are full of facts not noticed in the gazettes; they will gain value as they grow old; *they will be of great use to any one who seeks to write with more solidity for an accurate chronology and to avoid confusion.*’

Here Mr. Reeve thinks he has Saint-Simon on the hip. ‘It is impossible,’ he says, ‘to acquit him of some want of candour in this reference to a work by which he himself largely benefited. Nobody would infer from this passage, and indeed the discovery has only been made very recently, that Saint-Simon alludes to himself in the sentence we have printed in italics. He it was who, undertaking to write the history of the period with greater solidity, condescended to borrow from Dangeau at least the chronological order of his narrative. But before we enter upon the proof of this curious species of plagiarism (if so it can be called) we must trace the history of the journal itself.’

To assert that Saint-Simon largely benefited by the work is begging the whole question. In saying that it will be of great use for an accurate chronology, he merely means, of great use in verifying dates. How does this show that he borrowed the chronological order of his narrative? And what is that chronological order? Neither more nor less than the ordinary succession of days, months, and years. Can this be a subject of copyright? Is it not common property? As well accuse a writer who was verifying dates of plagiarising from the Court Circular or an almanack.

Strange to say, Mr. Reeve, who lays so much stress on coincidence and chronological order, has fallen into a chronological error which materially affects his calculation. ‘It may deserve to be noted that the Memoirs of Saint-Simon are not the memoirs of his life, nor did he ever intend that they should embrace the whole of that protracted period. They commence in 1695 with his entry into public life; they end in 1723 with the death of the Regent. The whole extent of them, therefore, is confined to twenty-eight years; although Saint-Simon lived thirty-two years after the event at which he brought them to a close.’ They commence with his entry into public life (*i.e.* the army) early in 1691. The event at which he brought them to a close occurred on the 21st December, 1723. They therefore comprise thirty-three years, wanting two or three months. Mr. Reeve also states that ‘the first ten chapters of the memoirs are remarkably



remarkably incoherent, as if the author had not yet settled the plan he was finally to adopt.' These ten chapters include 1691, 1692, 1693, and part of 1694, years which Mr. Reeve ignores altogether in his computation. They include the fractions which Saint-Simon submitted to the Abbé de la Trappe, with a tolerably clear indication of his plan. The Memoirs prior to 1695 comprise fourteen chapters, filling 220 pages.

It is admitted that 'the materials to be found in the additions were by no means all employed in the composition of the memoirs; on the contrary, the earlier [was it earlier?] work is a store of fresh matter frequently of the liveliest interest.' Surely if the additions had formed the basis of the memoirs, most of this matter of the liveliest interest would have been worked up in them; and the residuum would hardly have invited the editorship of a highly distinguished man of letters like M. Feuillet de Conches.\*

There is extant a letter from Saint-Simon to the Abbé de la Trappe, dated the 29th March, 1699, in which, after referring to a former communication to the effect that, for some time past, he had been working on 'a set of memoirs' of his life, he requests advice as to the best manner of speaking of himself, and encloses his narrative of the Luxembourg suit as a specimen—

'This, I think, is the sharpest and bitterest thing in my memoirs, yet I have endeavoured to adhere to the most exact truth. I have copied it from them where it is recorded here and there, according to the time at which we pleaded, and I have put it all together; and instead of speaking openly, *as in my memoirs themselves*, I name myself in this copy as I name others, so that I may hereafter keep it and use it without appearing to be the author. I have also added two of my portraits as specimens of the rest.'

This letter and the specimens prove incontestably that, as regards form, method, and substance, the memoirs for the first eight years were originally composed as they were definitively left, and there is no ground for supposing that a different method

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\* 'We publish the additions of Saint-Simon to the Journal of Dangeau. These have been sometimes inserted in his memoirs, but modified, and most frequently *Saint-Simon has not reproduced them*. The additions of Saint-Simon, which we publish, are thus in *very great part unpublished*.'—*Advertisement of the Editors of Dangeau*. This goes far to decide the question.

† In reference to this communication, Mr. Reeve says: 'It is one of the strangest facts of this history that the tremendous revelations of the courts of kings and of the heart of man which lay buried for nearly a century from the world, should have been whispered for the first time in a cell of La Trappe.' Saint-Simon's confidential communications with La Trappe ended with the life of his friend, the founder, who died October 26th, 1700; so that, if these tremendous revelations were first whispered at La Trappe, they could hardly have been suggested by Dangeau.

was adopted for the rest. It is also clear that the change from the first person to the third was confined to the narrative of the Luxembourg suit. Yet Mr. Reeve, commenting on this letter, says: 'It may be inferred also, that although his memoirs were noted at the time in the first person, he afterwards, in recopying them, adopted the third person, and fused the separate passages of the narrative together. In the additions to Dangeau, he always speaks of himself as the Duc de Saint-Simon; but in the final copy of the complete memoirs he again uses the first person throughout in speaking of himself.' Saint-Simon distinctly states that the labour of recasting what he wrote was beyond his strength; yet, according to Mr. Reeve, he must have recast his writings three or four times over, besides changing the person throughout from no apparent motive but caprice, and then changing it back again.

Rogers during the latter years of his life devoted so much time and care to rewriting and correcting his verses with a view to the preservation of his fame, that he was compared to an old bear keeping itself alive by sucking its paws. Horace Walpole got back the originals of his letters to Sir Horace Mann, carefully collated them with the copies he had regularly kept, added a few touches, and left a fair transcript (mostly in his best handwriting) for posterity—represented as we write by the fair owner of Strawberry Hill, who is obliged to keep the precious deposit under lock and key, lest sundry passages, never yet profaned by print, should be surreptitiously copied by some unprincipled guest and connoisseur.

Saint-Simon, judging from the condition of his manuscript, followed a similar course: he sometimes availed himself of subsequently acquired knowledge to complete a biographical notice or an historical summary; but to contend that, because an occurrence posterior to 1730 is mentioned or introduced, the whole or the greater part of the memoirs must have been written subsequently to that date, is what Partridge would call a *non sequitur*: a logical device of which we have had abundant examples in this controversy. Saint-Simon mentions Voltaire as '*devenu grand poëte et académicien.*' Voltaire did not become an Academician till April 1746. Are we to conclude that the Memoirs were not in existence before then?

Mr. Reeve writes with confidence and authority: French critics of note have taken the same side; and Saint-Simon's place in literature depends on the adoption or rejection of their theory. We had therefore no alternative but to state and examine the grounds on which it rests.

Although Saint-Simon, contrary to his avowed intention in  
1723,

1723, left his memoirs incomplete, they comprise all the stirring and active passages of his life; and a brief recapitulation of these strikes us to be the best mode of conveying a correct impression of his character and position, an accurate understanding of which is indispensable to a just appreciation of his writings.

He was born, he tells us, on the night of the 15th January, 1675, the only son of Claude, Duc de Saint-Simon, peer of France, by a second wife, Charlotte de l'Aubespine. The title he bore from his birth was Vidame de Chartres, and he was brought up with the greatest care by his mother, a woman of sense and virtue. She made it (he says) her especial care to save him from the common fate of young men of assured rank and fortune, who, becoming their own masters at an early age, are thrown upon the world without natural protectors or advisers. Her anxiety on this score was enhanced by the advanced age of his father (nearly seventy at his birth), and the state of the family, which consisted of a paternal uncle eight years older than the Duc, and two maternal uncles, the one disreputable and the other ruined.

'She exerted herself to raise my courage, and excite me to become capable of repairing by my own energies voids so difficult to surmount. She succeeded in inspiring me with a great desire of it. She was not seconded by my taste for study and the sciences; but that which was innate in me for reading and history, and consequently to do and become something by emulation and the examples that I found in it (i.e. history), compensated this coldness for letters; and I have always thought that, if they had made me lose less time in the one (letters), and made me make a serious study of the other (history), I should have been able to become something in it.'

This passage exhibits his exact state of mind and manner of writing at the commencement of the memoirs, before he had acquired the confidence in which he was by no means deficient in after-life, or the vigour, fertility, and variety of expression which throw confused metaphors and harsh phraseology into the shade.

'This reading of history, and especially of particular memoirs of our own history of the later times since Francis the First, inspired me with the desire of writing those of what I might see, in the desire and hope of being something, and of knowing as well as I could the affairs of my time. The inconveniences did not fail to present themselves to my mind; but the firm resolution to keep the merit to myself appeared to me to provide for all. I accordingly began in July, 1694, being *mestre de camp* of a regiment of cavalry of my name, in the camp of Guenischeim (Germersheim), on the old Rhine, in the army commanded by the Marshal Duke of Lorges.'

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In a subsequent passage he states that the direct inspiration came from the Memoirs of Bassompierre. He entered the army in 1691, in his sixteenth year, more (he confesses) from a wish to get rid of his master in philosophy than from military ardour. The siege of Mons, formed by the King in person, had attracted all his young contemporaries for their first campaign; and what piqued him most was that, conspicuous amongst these was the Duc de Chartres, eight months younger than himself, with whom he had been partially bred up and had contracted as close an intimacy as the difference of rank allowed. After vainly trying his mother, he obtained the concurrence of his father, by representing that the King, having undertaken so great a siege this year, would repose the next, and that thus a brilliant opportunity would be lost or indefinitely postponed. It was then the rule for all young men of rank who entered the service, with the exception of the princes of the blood, to serve a year in one of the two companies of mousquetaires, and then as captain of a troop of cavalry or subaltern in the King's own regiment of infantry, before they were permitted to purchase a regiment. The first step, therefore, was for his father to take him to Versailles and present him as a candidate for a nomination in the mousquetaires. The King, remarking his slight stature and delicate appearance, objected that he was too young; to which it was adroitly replied that he would serve his Majesty the longer, and thereupon his father was requested to name which regiment he preferred, and the nomination followed in due course.

We do not see how the siege of Mons could be employed as an argument, for it took place in the spring of 1691; and he complacently records that, when he was a mousquetaire of three months' standing (in March of the following year), he mounted guard at Compiègne and was apprised of the royal intention to take the field again.

'My joy was extreme, but my father, who had not counted on this, repented having been overpersuaded by me, and made me feel it! My mother, after a little temper and pouting at my having been enrolled against her wish, was unwearied in bringing him to reason, and in having me supplied with an equipage of thirty-five horses or mules, and with wherewithal to live honourably on my means morning and evening. It was not without a provoking *contretemps* which fell out precisely twenty days before my departure.'

The family steward had levanted with fifty thousand francs due to tradespeople whom he had returned in his accounts as paid.

Saint-Simon's equipment is prominently introduced by Lord Macaulay

Macaulay in his animated and ornate description of the siege of Namur. 'A single circumstance may suffice to give a notion of the pomp and luxury of his (the French king's) camp. Among the musketeers of his household rode, for the first time, a stripling of seventeen, who soon afterwards succeeded to the title of Duke of Saint-Simon, and to whom we owe those inestimable memoirs which have preserved, for the instruction and delight of many lands and of many generations, the vivid pictures of a France which has long passed away. Though the boy's family was then pressed for money, he travelled with thirty-five horses and sumpter-mules.\* All the particulars of his first campaign are interesting:—

'The King started on the 10th May, 1692, with the ladies, and I made the journey on horseback with the troops and all the service, like the other mousquetaires. I was accompanied by two gentlemen; the one, of long standing in the family, had been my governor, the other was my mother's equerry. The King's army was encamped at Gevries; that of M. de Luxembourg almost joined it. The ladies were at Mons, two leagues off. The King brought them to his camp, where he feasted them, and then treated them to the sight of the most superb review that probably has ever been seen of these two armies drawn up in two lines.'

The tents of the Court, pitched in a meadow, were well-nigh inundated by the rain, which, he says, descended in torrents during the whole of the siege, greatly enhancing the reputation of St. Médard (the French St. Swithin) whose feast-day is the 8th of June. The soldiers uttered imprecations against the saint, and made a search for his images, of which they broke or burnt as many as they could find. The roads became impassable for carts or carriages, and Luxembourg's army was reduced to the same extremity for want of corn and forage as the English before Sebastopol. To lessen their privations, orders were given to the cavalry of the household to carry them sacks of grain, a duty which they deemed degrading to their dignity as a privileged corps. The first party told off for it positively refused; and the second were on the verge of mutiny, when the young Vidame sprang from his saddle, shouldered a sack, and laid it across the crupper of his horse. Clapping him on the shoulder and naming him, the commandant loudly demanded which of them could feel hurt or dishonoured by doing what was not disdained by the eldest son of a Duke, and his example was emulously

\* 'History,' vol. iv., p. 268. It appears from p. 65 that William's headquarters were enlivened by a crowd of splendid equipages, and by a rapid succession of sumptuous banquets. In Shadwell's 'Volunteers,' the representative character has a train of cooks and confectioners, a waggon-load of plate, a rich wardrobe, and tent furniture chosen by a committee of fine ladies.

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followed by the troop. When this affair was reported at headquarters it attracted the favourable notice of the King, who during the rest of the siege made a point of saying something civil to the young mousquetaire whenever an occasion offered. The citadel, which held out three weeks longer than the town, surrendered July 1st, 1692, and the Court returned to Versailles.

'On the 3rd of May, 1693, the King announced that he was going to Flanders to take the command of one of his armies as before; and that same day,' says Saint-Simon, 'about ten in the evening, I had the misfortune to lose my father, who was eighty-seven, and was dead almost as soon as he was taken ill: there was no more oil in the lamp.' His feelings and proceedings on this event are thus related:

'I heard the sad news on returning from the *coucher* of the King, who was to purge the next day. *The night was given to the just sentiments of nature.* The next day I went betimes to find Bontemps (first valet-de-chambre), then the Duc de Beauvillier, who was in waiting and whose father had been the friend of mine. M. de Beauvillier showed me a thousand kindnesses with the princes whose governor he was, and promised to ask the King for my father's governments for me on opening the King's curtain. He obtained them at once. Bontemps, much attached to my father, hastened to tell me in the tribune where I was waiting; then M. de Beauvillier himself, who told me to be in the gallery at three, where he would send for me and have me introduced through the Cabinets, when the King had done dinner.

'I found the crowd had left the chamber. As soon as Monsieur (the Dauphin), who was standing at the foot of the King's bed, perceived me, "Ah!" he exclaimed aloud; "M. le Duc de Saint-Simon." I approached the bed and made my acknowledgment by a low bow. The King inquired how this misfortune had happened, with much goodness for my father and myself; he knew how to season his favours. He spoke to me of the sacrament, which my father had been unable to take. I replied that only a short time since he had made a retreat of some days to Saint-Lazare, where he had his confessor and fulfilled his devotions; and I spoke of the piety of his life. The colloquy lasted some time, and ended by exhortations to continue to act wisely and well, and that he would take care of me.'

It would seem that there was little time to lose or devote to the just sentiments of nature, for during a preceding illness of the father many had asked the King for his governments; d'Aubigné, Madame de Maintenon's brother, amongst others, to whom the King replied with unwonted sharpness, 'Has he not a son?'

Starting with the reflection that birth and property do not always

always go together, Saint-Simon proceeds to explain how his father, having begun as a page to Louis XIII., rose to high favour, obtained valuable employments, and was created duke and peer. The stepping-stone of his fortunes was his adroitness in enabling the King, who was passionately fond of hunting, to change horses without putting foot to ground. This was effected by placing the tail of one parallel to the head of the other. Saint-Simon mentions this service with no apparent consciousness that it might equally well have been performed by a groom; and he relates an instance of his father's undue eagerness to curry favour, which a son bred in a purer atmosphere, or more sensitive to the family honour, would have been glad to suppress. The King was enamoured of one of the maids of honour, Mdle. d'Hautefort, and was constantly talking about her to Saint-Simon père, who (says the son) could not understand how a king could be so pre-occupied by a passion and make no attempt to gratify it.

'He attributed it to timidity; and on this principle, one day when the King was speaking passionately of this young lady, my father proposed to be his ambassador, and bring the affair to a speedy conclusion. The King let him say on; then assuming a severe air: "It is true," he said, "that I am in love with her; that I feel it; that I seek her; that I take pleasure in talking about her, and that I think of her still more. It is true, also, that all this comes to pass in me in my own despite, because I am a man and have this weakness; but the more my quality of king gives me extraordinary facilities for gratifying my passion, so much the more ought I to be on my guard against the scandal and the sin. I pardon you this time on account of your youth; but let me never hear you address similar language to me again if you value my affection."

'It was a thunderclap to my father; the scales fell from his eyes; the idea of the King's timidity in his love disappeared in the brightness of a virtue so pure and so triumphant.'

Although Saint-Simon labours hard to make it appear that his father, on being made duke and peer, was rather *arrivé* than *parvenu*, this was not the opinion of contemporaries. Malherbe thus mentions his first promotion in a letter to Peiresc, 19th December, 1626: 'You have heard of the dismissal of Barradas (first equerry to Louis XIII.). We have a Sieur Simon, page of the same stable, who has taken his place. It is a young lad of eighteen or thereabouts. The bad conduct of the other will be a lesson to him, and his fall an example to do better.'

His father's death proved no interruption to his military duties. Immediately after the fulfilment of the last offices, he started for Mons where the army was to muster, being now a captain in the Royal Roussillon regiment of cavalry.

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'The King set out on the 18th May (1693) with the ladies, made a halt of eight or ten days with them at Quesnoy, then sent them to Namur, and went on the 2nd June to place himself at the head of Marshal Bouffler's army, with which, on the 7th, he occupied the camp of Gembloux, so that his left was close to M. de Luxembourg's right, and people could pass from one to the other in safety. The Prince of Orange was encamped at the Abbey of Parc in such a manner that he could not receive supplies, and could not move out without having the two armies of the King upon his hands. He hastily entrenched himself, and thoroughly repented of having suffered himself to be so promptly driven to the wall. It has been ascertained since that he wrote several times to the Prince de Vaudemont, his intimate friend, that he was lost, and that he could only escape by a miracle. His army was inferior to the least of the King's, both of which were abundantly supplied with equipages, provisions, and artillery, and, as may be believed, were masters of the campaign.'

Such being the position with the whole season for active operations before him, on the 8th June, the day after his arrival in camp, Louis suddenly announced to Luxembourg that he should return in person to Versailles, and that the bulk of the force under Boufflers would be sent to Germany under Monseigneur.

'The surprise of Luxembourg was unparalleled. He represented the facility of forcing the entrenchments of the Prince of Orange; of completely defeating him with one of the two armies, and following up the victory with the other. . . . But the resolution was taken. Luxembourg, in despair at seeing so glorious and easy a campaign, went down on both knees before the King, but could obtain nothing. Madame de Maintenon had vainly endeavoured to hinder the King's journey; she feared the absences; and so happy an opening of the campaign would have detained him long to gather the laurels himself; her tears at their separation, her letters after his departure, were the most potent, and carried the day against the most pressing reasons of State policy, of war, of glory. . . .'

'The effect of this retreat was incredible, even amongst the common soldiers and the people. The general officers could not be altogether silent, and the rest spoke loudly of it with a licence which could not be restrained. The enemy neither could nor would restrain their surprise and their joy.'

Lord Macaulay, citing Saint-Simon—who is indeed the sole well-informed and trustworthy authority for the facts—contrives to give them a turn so as to palliate the bad strategy of William, and put the worst possible interpretation on the weakness of Louis. 'William' (he says) 'had this year been able to assemble in good time a force, inferior indeed to that which was opposed

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to him, but still formidable. With this force he took his post near Louvain, on the road between the two threatened cities (Liège and Brussels) and watched every movement of the enemy.' This gives no notion of the dangerous position he really occupied. As regards the motive of Louis' retreat: 'The ignominious truth was too evident to be concealed. He had gone to the Netherlands in the hope that he might again be able to snatch some military glory without any hazard to his person, and had hastened back rather than expose himself to the chances of a pitched field.'\*

Nor was this, Lord Macaulay adds, the first time that His Most Christian Majesty had shown the same kind of prudence. Seventeen years before, when opposed to the same antagonist under the walls of Bouchain, a similar opportunity offered of ending the war in a day. 'The King called his lieutenants round him, and collected their opinions. Some cowardly officers, to whom a hint of his wishes had been dexterously conveyed, had, *blushing and stammering with shame*, voted against fighting. It was to no purpose that bold and honest men, who prized his honour more than his life, had proved to him that on all the principles of the military art he ought to accept the challenge rashly given.' This, again, is a passage from Saint-Simon, coloured and exaggerated. He states that 'Louvois, to intimidate the council, spoke first, like a reporter, to dissuade the battle.' Three out of the four marshals present agreed with him; and in recommending the bolder course, the Marshal de Lorges, Saint-Simon's father-in-law, stood alone. The retreat on this occasion was generally attributed to Louvois, of whom Madame de Sévigné writes in the same year (1676) 'Aire is taken; it is M. de Louvois who has all the honour. He has full power, and orders the advance and retreat of armies as he thinks fit.'

After describing the manner in which Louvois was wont to dictate to commanders like Condé and Luxembourg, Lord Macaulay says that he had become odious to Louis, and to her (Madame de Maintenon) who governed Louis. 'On the last occasion on which the King and the minister transacted business together, the ill-humour on both sides broke violently forth. The servant in his vexation dashed his portfolio on the ground. The master forgetting (what he seldom forgot) that a king should be a gentleman, lifted his cane. Fortunately his wife was present. She, with her usual prudence, caught his arm.

\* Vol. iv. pp. 401-403. Burnet says that 'the French king, seeing that the practices of treachery on which he chiefly relied (for taking Liège), succeeded so ill, resolved not to venture himself in any dangerous enterprise, so he and the ladies went back to Versailles.'—*History of his own Time*, vol. iii. p. 153.

She then got Louvois out of the room, and exhorted him to come back the next day as if nothing had happened. The next day he came, but with death in his face. The King, though full of resentment, was touched with pity, and advised Louvois to go home and take care of himself. *The next day the great minister died.* The authorities cited are Dangeau and Saint-Simon, and not a hint is given of the slightest doubt as to the facts. But Saint-Simon tells a totally different story, and dates the scene of violence in 1689 (two years before the death of Louvois), after the proposal of Louvois to burn Trèves had been set aside by the King.

'Some days afterwards, Louvois, who had the fault of obstinacy, and who had been led by experience not to doubt of carrying his point, came as usual to work with the King at Madame de Maintenon's. Towards the end of their business he said, that feeling scruples to be his Majesty's sole reason for not consenting to so necessary a measure, he had taken the responsibility on himself, and had already dispatched a courier with an order to burn Trèves immediately.

'The King was at the moment, and contrary to his disposition, so transported with anger, that he caught up the *pincettes* (tongs) from off the fireplace and was about to throw himself on Louvois but for Madame de Maintenon, who threw herself between them, exclaiming: "Ah, Sire, what are you about to do?" and took the *pincettes* from his hands. Louvois, however, made his way to the door. The King shouted after him to come back; and called out, with flashing eyes: "Dispatch a courier instantly with a counter-order, and let him arrive in time, and understand that you shall answer for it with your head if a single house is burned."

There was no need of a counter-order, for the courier had been told to wait till after the interview; and the statement that the order had been actually sent was a trick of Louvois to secure the King's acquiescence in a foregone conclusion. He made his position worse with Madame de Maintenon by inducing Louis to leave her and the rest of the ladies at Versailles, when he undertook the siege of Mons in 1691; 'and,' adds Saint-Simon, 'as it is the last drop which makes the cup overflow, a trifling occurrence at this siege completed the ruin of Louvois.' The King, who piqued himself on his knowledge of military details, found a cavalry guard badly placed, and placed it differently. In going the rounds the same day after dinner, he chanced to pass before this same guard, which he found badly placed as before. Surprised and annoyed, he asked the captain who had placed him where he was, and was told Louvois. 'But,' rejoined the King, 'did you not tell him that it was I who placed you?' 'Yes, Sire.' The King, piqued, and addressing his

his suite, exclaimed, 'Is not that Louvois all over? He thinks he understands war better than I do.'

Saint-Simon was strongly prejudiced against Louvois, and says he was the author and soul of all the ruinous wars; one motive being to discredit Colbert (who was obliged to find the money) by their expense, and another to make himself necessary to the King. Thus, Saint-Simon attributes the war of 1688 to a quarrel about a window at the Petit Trianon, which the King declared to be out of proportion with the rest, whilst Louvois maintained the contrary. The King referred the point to Le Nôtre, who decided in his Majesty's favour; but Louvois still held out, and provoked the King into the use of angry and peremptory language in the presence of the workpeople and the suite.

'Louvois, who was not used to be treated in this fashion, returned home in a fury, and like a man in despair. Saint-Pouange, the Telladets, and the few familiars of all his hours, were alarmed, and eagerly wished to know what had happened. He at last told them; said he was a lost man, and that for some inches in a window the King forgot all his services, which had been to him worth so many conquests; but that he would see to it, and get up such a war as would make the King have need of him, and let alone the trowel. He then gave way to a torrent of reproaches and rage. He was as good as his word; he kindled the war by the double election of Cologne; he confirmed it by carrying fire and sword into the Palatinate, and by giving free scope to the project against England,' &c. &c.

Louvois died at Versailles on the 16th July, 1691.

'I met him the same day,' says Saint-Simon, 'as I was coming away from the King's dinner. M. de Marsac was talking to him, and he was on his way to Madame de Maintenon's to transact business with the King, who was afterwards to walk in the gardens, where the people of the Court were permitted to follow him. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I went to Madame de Châteauneuf's, where I learnt that Louvois had been taken slightly ill at Madame de Maintenon's; that the King had insisted on his going home; that he went home on foot, when the illness suddenly got worse; that they hastily gave him some medicine which he threw up, and died in the act of calling for his son, Barbezieux, who had not time to reach him although under the roof at the time.'

Dangeau's entry for July 16th, 1691, begins: 'The King worked in the afternoon with M. de Louvois, and about four o'clock perceived that M. de Louvois was ill. He sent him home.'

Saint-Simon, who watched the King closely at the promenade after this event, thought he perceived symptoms of relief and  
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elation in his Majesty's manner, and states that Louvois was to have been arrested and conducted to the Bastille within twenty-four hours had he lived; yet his immediate successor was his third son, the Marquis de Barbezieux, a young man of twenty-four, with marked disqualifications for the post. When these were pointed out to the King, he replied: 'I formed the father and I will form the son.'

There is a remarkable passage in Madame de Sévigné's letters in which she mentions the death of Louvois as that of a man whose power was at its zenith, who was the centre of all things, who was cut off in the act of bringing plans of vast importance to maturity. 'Ah, mon Dieu,' she fancies him exclaiming, 'donnez-moi un peu de temps: je voudrais bien donner un *échec* au duc de Savoie, un *mat* au prince d'Orange. Non, non, vous n'aurez pas un seul, un seul moment.'

Louvois evidently understood his royal master, and risked little by contradicting him: the particular scene of violence mentioned by Lord Macaulay could have had no connexion with his death; and there is no more ground for believing that he died from mortification at ill-treatment by Louis, than that Dr. Johnson was driven saddened and half broken-hearted from Streatham by Mrs. Piozzi.

When the King and the ladies returned to Versailles, Saint-Simon remained with the army, and was present at the battle of Neerwinden (Landen), of which he has left an animated and detailed account. Although he was in five charges, and behaved with gallantry, he was passed over in the distribution of regiments vacated by the battle, and soon afterwards bought one for 26,000 livres; the purchase system being then 'in full force, not only for commissions in the army, but for all sorts of offices and places, civil and military.

In the course of the following year he engaged in an affair which, as he says, made a great noise and was followed by (as regards him) most momentous results. Indeed, it influenced the whole of his life, and places in the strongest light the inherent weakness of his character. The Marshal Duc de Luxembourg, who had hitherto been content to take precedence as eighteenth amongst the dukes and peers, suddenly laid claim to stand second on the strength of the Dukedom of Piney, which had come to him by a doubtful descent through females. Saint-Simon stood twelfth amongst those affected by this claim; and considering the recent date of his creation and his youth, there was no intelligible motive, beyond restlessness and vanity, for his coming forward as the champion of his order. But he took the lead of the opposition from the first, threw his whole soul into the cause,

cause, and attached a degree of importance to his own personal share of it, which went far to justify the sarcasm of Marmontel, that he (Saint-Simon) saw nothing in the nation but the nobility: nothing in the nobility but the peerage; and nothing in the peerage but himself. The principal persons concerned or interested, the comparative eagerness and lukewarmness of the dukes, the quality of the tribunal, the various kinds of influence brought to bear, the Court intrigues, the plots, the under-plots, the chicanery of the judicial proceedings—all these, as handled by him, present a succession of dramatic groups and incidents, which must be read in full to be appreciated. In selecting specimens we feel as if we were cutting out heads from an historic picture, yet portraits like those of Harlay (the First President) and Luxembourg strike by their force and individuality when they stand alone.

‘He (Harlay) was learned in public law. He was well versed in the principles of many systems of jurisprudence; he was on a par with those most versed in the belles-lettres; he was well acquainted with history; and above all, knew how to govern his Company with an authority which admitted of no reply, and which no First President had obtained. A pharisaical austerity, by the scope he gave to his public censures, made him an object of dread to parties, advocates, and magistrates, so that there was no one who did not tremble to have to deal with him. Supported in everything by the Court of which he was the slave, and the very humblest slave of all in real favour, a most finished courtier, and singularly astute politician—all these talents he turned exclusively to his ambition of ruling and rising, and founding the reputation of a great man: without genuine honour; without morals in private; with none but outward probity; without even humanity; in a word, a perfect hypocrite, *sans foi, sans loi*, without God and without soul, cruel husband, barbarous father, tyrannical brother, friend of himself alone, wicked by nature—taking pleasure in insulting, in outraging, in crushing, and never in his life omitting an opportunity of so doing. A volume might be filled with traits of him, and all the more striking because he had an infinity of wit, the mind naturally turned towards it, and always sufficiently master of himself to risk nothing of which he might have to repent.’

The part taken by Harlay against the dukes was eminently displeasing to Saint-Simon, and the features of this portrait are evidently overcharged; but what he says of Harlay’s wit, cutting sarcasm and subserviency, is substantially confirmed. An elderly lady of quality had christened him the old monkey. She had a cause which she gained; and on her calling to thank the President, he said: ‘You see, Madame, that the old *he-monkeys* (*singes*) like to oblige the old *she-monkeys* (*guenons*).’ During the reading of a report, a third of the members of his court

court were talking and another third asleep, when he said : ' If the gentlemen who are talking would do like the gentlemen who are sleeping, the gentlemen who are listening might hear.'

A wealthy financier in a famine was threatened by the First President with the gallows if he did not sell all his corn within a month. The financier complained to the King, who advised him to comply with the order, adding : ' If the First President has threatened to hang you, depend upon it he will be as good as his word.' A similar story is told of the Duke of Wellington, when a commissary complained that Picton had threatened to hang him unless a certain number of bullocks were supplied within twenty-four hours.

In his finished portrait of Luxembourg, Saint-Simon struggled hard to overcome an avowed prejudice, and do justice to the illustrious commander under whom he had been proud to serve.

' A great name, great bravery, unrestrained ambition, *de l'esprit*—but an *esprit* of intrigue, of debauch, and of the great world—enabled him to surmount the disadvantage of a face and figure very repulsive at first, but (what no one who had not seen him can comprehend) a face and figure to which one got accustomed, and which—notwithstanding a hump, moderate in front, but very large and very pointed behind, with all the rest of the ordinary accompaniment of hunchbacks—had a fire, a nobility, and a natural grace that shone in his simplest actions. . . . Nothing more just than his *coup d'œil* ; nobody more brilliant, more self-possessed, more full of resource than he in presence of the enemy or on a day of battle—with an audacity, a *flat-terrie* (sic), and at the same time a *sang froid*, which enabled him to see and foresee everything in the middle of the hottest fire and the most imminent risk of failure ; there it was that he was great. For the rest, indolence itself. Little exercise without great necessity ; play ; conversation with his familiars ; and every evening a supper with very few, almost always the same, and if there chanced to be any town in the vicinity, care was taken that there should be an agreeable mixture of the fair sex. Then he was inaccessible to all, and if anything urgent occurred, it was for Puysegur to look to it. Such with the army was the life of this great general ; and such also at Paris, where the Court and the fine world occupied his days, and his pleasures his evenings.'

It may prove not uninteresting nor uninstrusive to mark how far the brilliant historian, the studied and practised master of style, has improved upon this portrait from the pen of the grand seigneur, who disclaimed all the arts of authorship, and was accused of writing like a barbarian by two or three generations of critics.\*

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\* Chateaubriand said of Saint-Simon : ' Il écrit à la barbare pour l'immortalité.' ' In



'In valour and abilities Luxembourg was not inferior to any of his illustrious race. But, highly descended and highly gifted as he was, he had with difficulty surmounted the obstacles which impeded him in the road to fame. If he owed much to the bounty of nature and fortune, he had suffered still more from their spite. *His features were frightfully harsh ; his stature was diminutive ; a huge and pointed hump rose on his back. His constitution was feeble and sickly. Cruel imputations had been thrown on his morals. . . . In vigilance, diligence, and perseverance he was deficient. He seemed to reserve his great qualities for great emergencies. It was on a pitched field of battle that he was all himself. His glance was rapid and unerring. His judgment was clearest and surest when responsibility pressed heaviest on him, and when difficulties gathered thickest round him. . . . He was at once a valetudinarian, and a voluptuary ; and in both characters he loved ease. He scarcely ever mounted his horse. Light conversation and cards occupied most of his hours. His table was luxurious ; and when he had sat down to supper it was a service of danger to disturb him. . . . If there were any agreeable women in the neighbourhood of his camp, they were generally to be found at his banquets.\**

From the terms on which Saint-Simon stood with Luxembourg, we may be sure that he softened nothing ; and Voltaire describes Luxembourg as 'always in love, and even often loved, although deformed (*contrefait*), and with a face little formed to please, having more of the qualities of the hero than the sage.' The only authorities quoted by Lord Macaulay, besides lampoons and caricatures, are Saint-Simon and Voltaire. Then why does he say that Luxembourg's features were frightfully harsh and his stature diminutive ? or why exaggerate the hump ?

In the 'Biographie Universelle,' the description of Luxembourg is that 'although *un peu contrefait*, he pleased by a physiognomy which revealed his soul.' William was reputed to have said : '*Je ne pourrai donc jamais battre ce bossu-là !*' '*Bossu !*' exclaimed Luxembourg on hearing this, 'what does he know of it ? He has never seen my back.' His death (of a pulmonary complaint) in 1695 was mourned as a national loss ; but Saint-Simon regarded it from an exclusively personal point of view.

'M. de Luxembourg did not see, during his last illness, a single one of the dukes he had attacked, nor did any one of them press to be received. I neither went nor sent once, although I was at Versailles, and I must own that I appreciated my deliverance from such an enemy.'

The titles and rights of the Marshal Duke devolved upon his

\* Macaulay, Hist., vol. iv.

son, by whom the claim of precedence was revived and eventually established to the extreme surprise and lasting mortification of Saint-Simon, who, at the final hearing, lost all semblance of temper and self-command. He says that when Du Mont (the Luxembourg advocate) contended that resistance to the claim was disrespectful to the King—

‘I started up to rush out, exclaiming against the imposture, and calling for justice on this scoundrel. M. de la Rochefoucauld held me back, and kept me silent. I was bursting with rage, still more against him than against the advocate.’

The celebrated D’Aguesseau, the Advocate-general, spoke last, and occupied a day in summing up the arguments on both sides.

‘He rested the next day, and on Friday, April 13th, 1696, reappeared to conclude. After keeping the audience a long time in suspense, he began to show himself; it was with an erudition, a force, a precision, and an eloquence beyond compare, and concluded entirely for us.’

The judges unluckily concluded the other way, and Saint-Simon, after vainly endeavouring to stir up the other dukes to join in an appeal, drew up a memoir to the King, which was not presented because no other duke could be induced to join in it.

We are obviously indebted to the mortification inflicted by M. de Luxembourg’s success for a malicious story of him, which illustrates the manners of the Court. The scene is a ball at Marly, to which he and his wife had been invited in consequence of the scarcity of dancers, she being a woman of irregular conduct who was commonly shunned by the respectable of her sex. ‘Her husband was probably the only person in France who knew nothing of her goings on, and had not the slightest distrust of her.’ He was suddenly required to take part in a masked ballet; and having come unprovided with a mask, requested his friend, the Prince de Conti, to supply him with one.

‘Some time after the commencement of the ball, some of the dancers left the room and returned masked. I had just arrived, and I was already seated, when I saw, from behind, a quantity of muslin, surmounted by a stag’s horns *au naturel*,—a whimsical headdress, so high that it caught in a lustre. Surprised at so strange a disguise, we began asking each other who it could be? and were remarking that this mask must be tolerably sure of his brows to venture to deck them in this fashion, when the mask turned, and M. de Luxembourg stood confessed. The sudden burst of laughter was scandalous. He took it in good part, and told us with admirable simplicity that it was M. le Prince who had fitted him out in this fashion. A moment after

after arrived the ladies, and a little later the King. This was a signal for the laughter to recommence, and for M. de Luxembourg to show off before the company with a delightful confidence. His wife, notorious as she was and knowing nothing of this masquerade, lost countenance, and everybody, dying with laughter, was looking at the pair. This amusement lasted all the ball; and the King, in excellent humour as he always was, laughed with the rest; and people were never tired of admiring a trick so cruelly ridiculous, nor of talking of it for many days in succession.'

Speaking of the mode of life at Marly, he says that there were balls every evening, which were kept up till eight in the morning; and that he and Madame de Saint-Simon never saw the light of day for three weeks. Practical jokes were a favourite amusement, with slight regard to consequences.

'Monsieur le Duc held the States of Burgundy this year in the place of Monsieur le Prince (de Condé), his father, who did not choose to go there. He here gave a great example of the friendship of princes, and a fine lesson to those who seek it. . . .

'One evening when he supped at home, he amused himself by plying Santeuil (famous for his Latin verses) with champagne; and from pleasantry to pleasantry he thought it a good joke to empty his snuff-box full of Spanish snuff into a large glass of wine, and make Santeuil drink it to see what would come of it. He was not long in learning: vomiting and fever set in, and in twice twenty-four hours the unhappy man died suffering the pains of the damned; but in sentiments of a sincere penitence with which he received the sacraments, and edified as much as he was regretted by a society little given to edification, but detesting so cruel an experiment.'

One of the regular butts of the royal family was the Princesse d'Harcourt, whom Saint-Simon describes as untidy and unwashed; a kind of white fury, and a harpy to boot, with the effrontery, the malice, the thievishness, the violence; *elle en avait encore la gourmandise et la promptitude à s'en soulager &c.* The Duke and Duchess of Burgundy were constantly playing tricks with this fair creature. One day they placed petards the whole length of the alley which led from the Château of Marly to the house where she lodged—

'She was horribly afraid of everything. Two chairmen were in attendance to carry her when she took her leave. When she was about the middle of the alley, and the whole party near enough to enjoy the spectacle, the petards began to explode, and she to cry for mercy, and the chairmen to make off. She struggled convulsively in the chair to the point of upsetting it, and shrieked like a demon. The company ran up to enjoy the scene, and hear her rail at all who approached her, beginning with the Duke and Duchess.

'Another time he fixed a petard under her seat in the saloon where she

she was playing at piquet; but, as he was going to set fire to it some charitable soul warned him that this petard would maim her, and prevented him. Sometimes they sent a score of Swiss with drums into her bedroom, who awoke her in her first sleep with this *tintamarre*.

'All these different affairs,' says Saint-Simon, in reference to the proceedings in the Luxembourg suit, 'were nothing in comparison of another to which they gave rise, which inflicted the greatest wound the peerage could receive, and became its leprosy and its cancer.' This was the decisive measure suddenly taken by the King, by the advice of Harlay, to give the bastards (as they are plainly designated) precedence immediately next to princes of the blood. He ended, as is well known, by endowing them with all the incidents of legitimacy, including the right of succession to the throne. The Duc du Maine, the eldest of the King's natural children by Madame de Montespan, was the prompter of the grant of precedence, and the first to claim the privilege. This alone was enough to mark him out as an object of peculiar dislike to Saint-Simon, who has a malicious pleasure in relating how, shortly after his elevation, the bastard *par éminence* came to grief.

In the campaign of 1695 Marshal de Villeroy had manœuvred so successfully, that it appeared impossible for Vaudemont and his army to escape; and on the 13th August a courier was despatched to Versailles by Villeroy to announce an assured victory. M. du Maine, who commanded the left, was ordered to begin the action; but he hesitated till the opportunity was lost; shed tears, sent for his confessor, and exhibited other signs of the most pitiable pusillanimity on the field. Knowing the excessive affection of the King for his craven son, Villeroy did his best to conceal or gloss over the cause of failure in his report, and the courtiers were equally cautious not to wound his Majesty's feelings; but suspecting that something was kept back, he at length, during a visit to Marly, contrived to extract the truth from a favourite valet-de-chambre.

'This prince, outwardly so calm, and so master of his slightest movements in the most moving circumstances, on this unique occasion succumbed. On leaving the dinner-table at Marly with all the ladies, and in the presence of all the courtiers, he saw a valet, in the act of removing the dessert, put a biscuit in his pocket. On the instant he forgets all his dignity, and lifting the cane, which had just been presented to him with his hat, rushes on the valet, strikes him, abuses him, and breaks the cane upon his back. To say the truth, it was slight and easily broken. Then still holding it, and with the air of a man who had lost all self-control, and continuing to rate  
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the valet who was already far off, he traversed the small saloon and entered the apartment of Madame de Maintenon, as he often did at Marly after dinner. On coming out he met his confessor, and loudly exclaimed, as soon as he caught sight of the holy father, "*Mon Père*, I have given a rascal a sound beating, and broken my cane upon his back; but I do not believe I have offended God;" and then told him the pretended crime. All present were trembling still at what they had seen or heard from those present. Their fright redoubled at this revival; and the poor priest made it appear that he approved, in order to avoid adding to the King's irritation before the world.'

Some days elapsed before the real cause of this unbecoming burst of anger became known. Courtier as he was, the Duc d'Elbœuf could not refrain from having a sly hit at the 'bastard' on this occasion. Towards the end of the campaign, he asked M. du Maine, before a large company, where he intended to serve during the following campaign, since, wherever it was, he should wish to serve there too; and, on being pressed for further explanation, he added, that with M. du Maine one was always sure of one's life. A similar sarcasm was levelled against an eminent member of the Bonaparte family at the commencement of the Italian campaign of 1859.

During all the winter of 1695 Saint-Simon's mother was trying to find him a good marriage; no very difficult matter, he insinuates, as he was regarded as a highly desirable match. 'I was an only son, and I had a dignity and establishments which also made people think much of me. There was some talk of Mlle. d'Armagnac, and Mlle. de la Trémouille, and many others.' At length the choice was considered to lie between two daughters of the Marshal de Lorges.

'The one (the eldest, aged seventeen) was a brunette with fine eyes; the other (aged fifteen), fair, with a perfect complexion and figure, a very pleasing face, extremely noble and modest air, and I know not what of the majestic by an air of virtue and natural sweetness. It was she, moreover, whom I loved the best, beyond all comparison, from the time I saw them both, and with whom I linked the happiness of my life, which she has solely and wholly constituted.'

The King approved the match on its being formally notified to him by the Marshal: the articles were signed, and the bridegroom-expectant was passing all his evenings at the Hôtel de Lorges, when all of a sudden the marriage was entirely broken off on some pecuniary misunderstanding which 'each interpreted in his or her own manner.' Happily, an uncle of the bride, an old master of requests, arrived from the country and removed the difficulty by paying the difference.

'It is an honour which I am bound to render him, and I have  
never

never ceased to feel deeply grateful. *It is thus that God brings to pass what pleases him by the least expected means.'*

The marriage was solemnised at midnight on the 8th April, in the Chapel of the Hôtel de Lorges.

'We slept in the grand apartment. The next day M. d'Anneuil, who lodged opposite, gave us a grand dinner; after which the bride received all France on her bed at the Hôtel de Lorges, to which the forms of domestic life attracted the crowd, and the first who came was the Duchesse de Bracciano with her two nieces.'

The Duchess had tried hard to secure him for one of the nieces, and came first to show that she was not piqued at the disappointment.

'My mother was still in her second mourning, and her apartments black and grey, which made us prefer the Hôtel de Lorges to receive the world. The day after these visits, to which only one day was devoted, we went to Versailles. In the evening it was the King's pleasure to receive the bride at Madame de Maintenon's, where my mother and hers presented her. On his way, the King spoke to me of her in a bantering tone, and he had the goodness to receive them with much distinction and praise.

'They were afterwards at the supper, where the new Duchess assumed her tabouret. On taking his place at table, the King said to her: "Madame, if you please to be seated." When his napkin was spread, seeing all the duchesses and princesses still standing, he rose from his chair and said to Madame de Saint-Simon: "Madame, I have already begged you to be seated;" and all who ought to be seated took their seats, Madame de Saint-Simon between my mother and her own, *who was after her.*'

In 1702 Saint-Simon quitted the service in disgust at seeing five of his juniors made brigadiers of cavalry over his head. It was not till after two months of wearing anxiety and frequent consultations with his friends that he resolved upon this step; and after sending in his letter of resignation, he waits at Paris to hear how it had been received by the King. Hearing nothing for eight days, he returns to Versailles on Shrove Tuesday, when he learns that the King, on reading his letter, had called up Chamillart (one of the Secretaries of State) to whom, after a short private conference, he exclaimed with emotion, '*Hé bien! Monsieur, here is another man leaving us.*'

'I did not hear of anything else that fell from him. This Shrove Tuesday I re-appeared before him for the first time since my letter on his retiring after his supper. I should be ashamed to tell the trifle that I am about to narrate if it did not help to characterise him under the circumstances. Although the place where he undressed was well lighted, the almoner of the day, who held a lighted candle  
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at his evening prayer, gave it back afterwards to the first valet-de-chambre, who carried it before the King as he resumed his seat. He glanced round, and named aloud one of those present, to whom the valet gave the candle. It was a distinction and a favour which had its value; so adroit was the King in making something out of nothings. He only gave it to those who were most distinguished by dignity and birth, very rarely to inferiors in whom age and services sufficed. *He often gave it to me*, rarely to ambassadors, except to the Nuncio, and in later times to the Spanish ambassador.

'You took off your glove: you came forward: you held the candle during the *coucher*, which was very short; you then gave it back to the first valet-de-chambre, who, if he chose, gave it to some one of the *petit coucher*.

'I had purposely kept back; and I was much surprised, as were the bystanders, to hear myself named; and on future occasions *I had it almost as often as before*. It was not that there were not in attendance many persons of mark to whom it might have been given, but the King was sufficiently piqued to wish that his being so should not be perceived.

'This was also all I had of him for three years; during which he forgot no trifle, in default of more important occasions, to make me feel how offended he was.'

One of these trifles—no trifles in his eyes—was that his wife was once invited to Trianon, where she could go without him, and not invited to Marly, where etiquette required that the husband should accompany the wife. Over-eagerness to magnify his own importance seems to have blinded Saint-Simon to the inconsistency of his statement. If the King continued giving the candle to conceal his pique, why did he make a point of showing that he was offended? As for the three years, he states that he came to a full explanation with his Majesty, ending in a reconciliation, in the course of the year following, 1703.

There were certain feast-days on which, after mass and vespers, a lady of the Court *quêtait* (made a collection for the poor), being named for that duty by the Queen or Dauphiness. The ladies of the House of Lorraine, who claimed to be on a level with princesses of the blood, evaded it as beneath them; Saint-Simon, conceiving that the duchesses were entitled to hold their heads equally high, got up a cabal to bring about a general refusal on their part; and the result was that the collection became irregular and bade fair to be discontinued altogether. On hearing this, the King vowed that rather than the custom should be given up, the purse should be carried round by the Duchess of Burgundy; and that as for Saint-Simon, 'he had done nothing since he quitted the service but study degrees of rank and get into squabbles with everybody; that he was the originator of all this; and  
that



that if he had his deserts, he would be sent so far off as to give no more trouble for a long time to come.' When his Majesty's words were reported to him, he requested an audience, in which he expatiated on the propriety of placing the duchesses on the same footing as the princesses, and of compelling all to carry round the purse when their turn came; professing at the same time his entire readiness to carry it himself or turn churchwarden for the nonce. The freedom of his language, he boasts, conciliated instead of offending the King; and the audience, prolonged as a mark of special favour to the unusual length of half an hour, was so successful that, after reporting what had passed to the older courtiers, he twitted them with not being equally free when their interests and privileges were at stake.

It was customary for the King at the communion to be attended by two dukes, or a prince of the blood and a duke; but if a *fils de France* was present, he alone performed the duty (holding up a corner of the cloth) which otherwise devolved upon a duke. The Duke of Orleans having acted without a duke, Monsieur le Duc (de Condé) assumed the same privilege, whereupon the ever-watchful Saint-Simon takes alarm. He first tries some other dukes, but their tameness and meanness of spirit, their *mollesse et misère*, baffled him.

'I guessed as much, and had at the same time written to the Duke of Orleans in Spain all I thought best adapted to pique him; and with reference to the preservation of his rank above princes of the blood, not to suffer them to place themselves on a level with him by this usurpation on the dukes. On his return, I got him to speak to the King. The King begged to be excused. . . . In a word, nothing was done, and so the matter remained. . . . Although often subsequently pressed to be present at the King's communions, and at times when there were no princes of the blood at the Court—for the bastards had not yet appeared there—I could never bring my mind to it, and I have never since attended them.'

In spite of repeated warnings, Saint-Simon persevered in raising questions of this kind; and his dislike to Vendôme, who was highly favoured by the King, led him into the extraordinary imprudence of offering and making a wager that Lille, which Vendôme was to relieve, would be taken without a battle. That he won the wager was no excuse for making it—indeed, made matters worse; and he naturally fell under the imputation that the wish was father to the thought. The King's looks had again become cold, or rumours had reached him of a cloud gathering at Versailles, when, in 1709, he took counsel with his wife and the chancellor as to the prudence of withdrawing altogether from the Court, and residing permanently, or the greater

part of the year, at his country seat. They strongly disapproved the project, which we suspect he never seriously entertained; and emboldened by the success of his former audience, he applied to his friend Maréchal (surgeon-in-chief) to get him another.

‘Maréchal thought a moment, then, looking me full in the face, “I will do it,” he said with animation, “and in fact there is no other course open to you. *You have already spoken to him several times*; he has always been satisfied at these; he will not fear what you will have to say to him, from the experience he has had already. I do not answer for it that he will consent, if he is well determined against you; but let me alone to choose my time well.”’

Maréchal was as good as his word, and chose his time well for making the request. ‘But,’ replied the King, ‘what can he have to say to me? there is nothing. It is true some trifles about him have come to my ears, but nothing of consequence; tell him to make himself easy, and that I have nothing against him.’ On Maréchal’s still pressing for the audience, the King resumed, with an air of indifference, ‘Well then, agreed, when he will.’ Some days having elapsed, Saint-Simon walked up to the King’s table as he was finishing his dinner, and reminded him of his gracious promise.

‘He turned to me, and with a polite air, replied: “When you will; I could very well at once, but I have business, and it would be too short,” and a moment after turned to me again, and said: “But to-morrow morning if you choose.”’

The audience took place on the morrow, January, 1710; and after putting the best colour on the wager as implying no want of loyalty and patriotism, he began answering things which he supposed to have been repeated against him; to which the King, evidently attaching no importance to them, remarked that he had only himself to thank if evil tongues had been busy at his expense.

“‘This shows you,” replied the King, assuming a truly paternal air, “on what footing you are in the world, and you must own that this reputation, you in some measure merit it. If you had never been engaged in affairs of ranks, if at least you had not appeared so excited about those that have arisen, and about the ranks themselves, people would not have that to say of you.”’

When the audience ended, Saint-Simon felt so confident of the impression he had made, that he begged the King to think of him for an apartment to enable him to pay more assiduous court.

‘The King replied that there was none vacant, and with a half-bow, laughing and gracious, walked towards his other cabinets; and I, after a low bow, went out where I came in, after more than half an hour

hour of the most favourable audience, and far above what I had ventured to hope.'

The Court went to Marly on the 28th of April, 1710.

'I had gone to La Ferté. Madame de Saint-Simon offered herself for this expedition. It was the first the King had made to Marly since the audience he had given me. We were of the party. I arrived there from La Ferté, and I have since missed but one till the King's death, even those which Madame de Saint-Simon could not join; and I remarked from this first that the King spoke to me and distinguished me more than people of my age without *charge* or familiarity with him.'

On Sunday, the 5th June, 1710, the King, on returning from mass through the gallery, called to Saint-Simon to follow to the cabinet; where he was informed that Madame de Saint-Simon had been chosen, as a mark of esteem for her virtue and merit, to be lady of honour to the future Duchess of Berry. Then, after saying all sorts of obliging things of Saint-Simon and his wife, the King, 'fixing him with a look and a smile meant to be winning,' added: 'But you must hold your tongue.' The salary and appointments were fixed on the most liberal scale.

'He (the King) took marked care to form for us the most agreeable apartment at Versailles. He turned out d'Antin and the Duchesse Sforza to make out of the two a complete one for each of us. He added kitchens in the court below, a very rare thing at the château, because we always gave dinners, and often suppers, the whole time we were at Court.'

He had clearly no reason to complain of the King, by whom he was almost invariably treated with considerate kindness and affability. We therefore read with surprise, in a carefully considered Essay, that 'it is not clear that he ever had more than three conversations with Louis,' and that the two-and-twenty years which he spent at that monarch's court 'were spent in what, in the language of princes, is called disgrace.'

Having got as much as he had any reason to expect from the old King, Saint-Simon began to turn his attention from the setting to the rising sun and fixed his hopes on the young Duke of Burgundy, the coming Marcellus of France, the son of the Dauphin (commonly called Monseigneur), on whom from early youth the proverb ran: 'Son of king, father of king, never king.' The event, remarks Voltaire, seems to favour the credulity of those who have faith in predictions, for he died on the 14th of April, 1711.

Saint-Simon's description of the Court with its conflicting emotions when the heir-apparent was known to be at the last  
gasp,

gasp, may be cited as one of the most favourable specimens of his style; and his own state of mind, which he frankly exposes, is well worth studying.

‘My first movement was to inform myself more than once, to withhold full belief in what I saw and heard; then to fear too little cause for so much alarm; finally to fall back on myself by the consideration of the suffering common to all men, and that I should some day or other find myself at the gates of death. Joy, however, pierced through the momentary reflections of religion and humanity by which I tried to check myself: my particular deliverance seemed to me so great and so unhopèd-for, that it seemed to me, with an evidence still more perfect than the truth, that the State gained all by such a loss. Amongst these thoughts, I felt in my own despite a shade of fear that the dying man might recover, and I was extremely ashamed of it.’

The new Dauphin did not live long enough to realise Saint-Simon’s expectations, or place him in a condition to show what an amount of political sagacity had been rendered useless (as he plainly intimates) by misplaced jealousy and unmerited distrust. The prince died on the 12th of February, 1712, and Saint-Simon lost not an hour in flinging in his fortunes with the Duke of Orleans, the future Regent. If the contemplation of virtue exercised a centripetal force in the one case, the contemplation of vice did not exert a centrifugal influence in the other, for Saint-Simon’s adherence to the pupil of Dubois continued unshaken to his death.

‘He (the Regent) lived publicly with Madame de Parabère: he lived with others at the same time: he amused himself with the jealousy and spite of these women: he was not the less on good terms with all; and the scandal of this public seraglio, and that of the daily ribaldry and impieties of his suppers, was extreme and universally diffused.’

Saint-Simon’s solitary attempt to reform this mode of life was remarkable for the same spirit of indulgence that softened the reproof administered by the Scotch minister to Charles II. ‘The King’s passion for the fair could not be altogether restrained. He had once been observed using some familiarities with a young woman, and a committee of ministers was appointed to reprove him for a behaviour so unbecoming a covenanted monarch. The spokesman of the committee, one Douglass, began with a severe aspect; informed the King that great scandal had been given to the godly; enlarged on the heinous nature of sin; and concluded with exhorting his Majesty, whenever he was disposed to amuse himself, to be more careful for the future in shutting the windows.’\*

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\* Hume, ‘History of England,’ ch. lxi.

'Lent,' says Saint-Simon, 'had commenced, and I foresaw a frightful scandal, or a horrible sacrilege for Easter, which could not but augment this terrible scandal.' He, therefore, took the bold step of pointing out to the Regent the worldly consequences of profaning the Holy Week, feeling (he states) the hopelessness of producing an impression by dwelling on the outrage against religion and the offence in the eyes of God. On being asked what he had to propose, he replied that nothing was more simple. His Royal Highness had only to make a partial sacrifice of seven days, beginning with Easter Tuesday, which he was to pass at Villers-Cotterets in company with five or six agreeable persons of his choice. 'Walk, ride, drive, play, in short, amuse yourself; fast like the monks who made good cheer on Fridays when they fasted; don't remain too long at table, and restrain the conversation within the moderate bounds of decency; attend divine service on Good Friday and High Mass on Easter Sunday. This is all I require. Do this, and I will answer for it that all goes well.'

This was the substance of his advice, with which the Regent eagerly closed; but his *roués*\* and mistresses took the alarm: the slightest self-restraint might end in a thorough reform: he was over-persuaded to remain in Paris, leading much the same kind of life; and his sole concession to prudence or propriety was a public attendance at High Mass.

There was another act of independence on which Saint-Simon prided himself, the refusal to address the Regent as *Monseigneur*. He stood out, and stood alone, for *Monsieur*; and he explains at length his reasons for this preposterous singularity, of which the Regent took no notice. At a moderate estimate, more than a thousand pages of this publication are occupied by similar topics; by memoirs, protests, disquisitions, discussions and disputes about rank, title, seats, caps, modes of address and privileges. He had precedence on the brain; nature meant him for a master of ceremonies; and the gold stick or the white wand of a High Steward or Lord Chamberlain would have gratified the dearest wish of his heart.

He was named a member of the Council of Regency, but declined any office of individual responsibility, and his exact position is hit off by M. Martin: 'Il s'y trouva, de fait, dans son vrai milieu, critiquant beaucoup et ne faisant guère.†' In his eyes all other measures were as nought compared with those

\* This term was first used by the Regent to describe the companions of his convivial hours.

† 'Hist. de France,' vol. xv. p. 8.

for the humiliation of the Parliament, the degradation of the *légitimés*, and the elevation of the dukes. After giving an instance, far from convincing, of his constant postponement of all other considerations to the good of the State, he says :

‘This is also seen in all I did to save the Duc du Maine against my two dearest and most lively interests, because I believed it dangerous to attack him and the Parliament at once, and because the Parliament was then the most pressing affair, which could not be deferred.’

To postpone an act of personal vengeance with the view of making it more sure—this, then, was his highest conception of public duty or self-sacrifice. We presume it was from a similar devotion to the good of the State that, at the commencement of the Regency, he insisted that the demands of his order should be considered prior to the discussion of any other business. In reference to an interview which he and some other dukes had with the Regent, he says :

‘M. le Duc d’Orléans made us a discourse, well gilded, to persuade us to make no innovation on the morrow ; representing the trouble which this might introduce in the greatest affairs of the State which ought to be settled, such as the Regency and the administration of the kingdom, and the impropriety which would fall upon all of us of stopping them, and at least retarding them—all for our particular interests.’

The most pressing affair for the Regent, the setting aside of the late King’s will by a registered order or edict, raised instead of lowering the Parliament, and left the rank and precedence of the Duc du Maine and the other *légitimés* unimpaired. It gratified neither of what Saint-Simon terms his two dearest and most lively interests. The day on which his vengeance was complete, when his exultation rose to extravagance, was the 26th of August, 1718, the day of the famous *lit de justice*, in which the powers of the Parliament were restricted, and the ‘bastards’ (with the exception of the Comte de Toulouse) reduced to the rank of ordinary peers. Saint-Simon’s description of the scene is his masterpiece ; and the effect is heightened by his account of the preceding deliberations in the Council, and the manner in which the train was quietly laid for the grand explosion, so that it should burst upon the surprised legists and bastards like a thunderclap. Speaking of the First President (de Mesmes), who rose to deliver a remonstrance, he says :

‘The scoundrel trembled, however, in pronouncing it. His broken voice, the constraint in his eyes, the sinking and trouble visible in all his person, gave the lie to the rest of the venom the libation of

which he could not refuse to his Company and himself. It was then that I tasted with inexpressible delight the spectacle of these haughty lawyers, who dare refuse us the salute, prostrate on their knees and rendering at our feet a homage to the throne, whilst seated and covered on the elevated seats at the sides of this same throne, these situations and these postures, so greatly disproportioned, alone plead with all the force of evidence the cause of those who, veritably and in effect, are *laterales Regis* against this *vas electum* of the *tiers état*!

The reading of the third declaration or order was almost too much for him.

‘Each word was legislative, and carried a fresh fall. The attention was general, and held every one immovable so as not to lose a word, with eyes fixed on the clerk who was reading. Towards the third of this reading, the First President, *grinding the few teeth he had left*, sank down with his forehead on his *bâton*, which he held with both hands, and in this singular posture heard to the end this reading, so crushing for him, so resurrectionary for us.

‘As for me, I was dying of joy. I was afraid that I should faint: my heart, dilated to excess, no longer found room enough to expand. The violence I put upon myself so as to let nothing escape, was infinite. Yet this torment was delicious. I compared the years of servitude—the sad days, when, dragged to Parliament as a victim, I had so many times served as a triumph to the bastards—the different degrees by which they had mounted to this height above our heads—I compared these, I say, to this day of justice and of rule, to this appalling fall, which with the same blow raised us by the force of the rebound. I recalled, with the most potent charm, what I had dared announce to the Duc du Maine the day of the scandal of the cap (*bonnet*) under the despotism of his father. My eyes witnessed at last the effect and the accomplishment of this measure. I felt indebted to myself; I thanked myself that it was by me it was brought about. I considered the radiant splendour in the presence of the King and so august an assembly. I triumphed; I was avenged; I swam in my vengeance. I enjoyed the full accomplishment of the most vehement and the most sustained desires of my life. I was tempted never to care for anything again.’

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‘During the registration I cast my eyes round, and if I put some restraint on them, I could not resist the temptation of indemnifying myself on the First President. Insult, contempt, disdain, triumph, were darted at him to his very marrow from my eyes. He frequently looked down when he encountered my gaze; once or twice he fixed his on me, and I took pleasure in outraging him by stolen but black smiles which completed his confusion. I revelled in his rage, and found pleasure in making him feel that I did!’

There is a great deal more of the same sort; and all about matters which in no respect affected his real interest or honour, matters



matters which a man of true dignity, even of his own frivolous generation, would have despised.

The last eventful episode in his public career was his Spanish embassy in 1721, which gave occasion for a disquisition on the institutions and manners of Spain to which he had already devoted a large part of a volume. It is replete with information, tediously spun out, as are the rest of his digressive lucubrations and summaries of events. These, although he took great pains with them, will not enhance his reputation, which must rest on his narratives, his descriptions, his historic groups, and, above all, on his analysis and delineation of character. Wonder is blended with admiration at the abundance and variety of his biographical sketches and portraits. They may be counted by hundreds, yet no two of them are alike: each has a physiognomy of its own, and is distinguished by the most unerring marks of individuality. This alone is a decided proof that they were drawn from the life. Invention and fancy are limited: nature is inexhaustible. He has been compared to Rubens for boldness of outline and richness of colouring; and he resembles Rembrandt in the artistic effects which he produces by strong contrasts of light and shade. The shade, however, is too frequently deepened by hatred, malice and uncharitableness: the moral tone is low: we are disposed to *agréer* with Sainte-Beuve that 'it is an immense and prodigious talent rather than a high and complete intellect;' and, taken all in all, we can hardly understand how any reader, learned or unlearned, can warm or puff himself into enthusiasm for the author or the man. Here, however, we are again at variance with Mr. Reeve; and coupling the wide circulation of his views with the decided manner in which they are advanced, it would be a dereliction of critical duty, indeed hardly complimentary to him, to pass them over as of no account.

'The French of the present day,' he says, 'look on Saint-Simon with mingled and inconsistent feelings. They are compelled to admit that the prodigious force and variety of his style raise him to the very highest rank in literature—as keen a wit as Molière; as fervent a Christian as Bossuet; as stern in his judgments as Tacitus; as fierce in his invectives as Juvenal.'\*

Nor is this all. His writings are 'illuminated by the power of genius and the love of truth.' One of his portraits (the Duke of Burgundy) is termed 'magnificent,' and another (Fénelon) 'of transcendent beauty.' We are told that 'no one can read these memoirs without being struck with the unaffected piety of

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\* 'Royal and Republican France,' vol. i. p. 155.

their author; that 'his nature was cast in a larger mould, and something of an heroic character mingled in all his thoughts;' whilst our commiseration is invoked for his unhappy fate in finding himself 'one of a flock of courtiers, whose highest ambition was to light the king to his bedroom, or to hold his shirt when he was dressing.'

But was not this Saint-Simon's highest ambition too? Was he not constantly fidgeting, fussifying, intriguing, quarrelling about forms and ceremonies? He would not attend the King's communion except in what he thought his proper place as duke. He would not allow his wife to join in a work of charity because it might compromise her dignity as a duchess; although he permitted her to retain her place as lady of honour in constant attendance on the Duchess of Berry, when that princess was leading a life of open and avowed licentiousness. In his '*Discours sur le Duc de Bourgogne*' he intimates pretty clearly that religion and Christian charity are very good things in their way, but may be carried too far in a prince.

'Therefore a less assiduous attendance at divine service all the Sundays and Feast days of the year would take nothing before God from Monseigneur of the chaste delight he finds in hearing His praises chanted.'

This savours more of Lord Chesterfield or Polonius than of Bossuet. Saint-Simon's visits to La Trappe were like those of a fine lady to her confessor, after which she feels eager and qualified to start fresh. Improving on Clermont Tonnerre, he believed in his inmost soul that *Le bon Dieu n'aura jamais le cœur de damner un duc et pair*. His want of self-knowledge, and his inordinate self-esteem, saved him from self-reproach. With the examples of Lionne, Colbert, and Louvois before his eyes, he accounts for his not occupying a higher place in the royal favour by laying down that Louis had an intuitive aversion for men of capacity and integrity who spoke their minds. His shortlived resolves to quit the Court were as unreal, and as barren of results, as Mr. Charles Greville's denunciations of the Turf. His actual retirement into private life (in 1723) was reluctant and enforced. Although he refused to accept shares in the Mississippi scheme from a shrewd anticipation of a crash, he received a large sum through Law as compensation for an inherited claim on the State that had lain dormant for nearly half a century.

The distinctive qualities of Tacitus and Juvenal are altogether wanting in Saint-Simon. He was not a deep thinker: he did not write to expose corruption or reform vice. He wrote to indulge his feelings; and he never meant what he wrote to

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see the light till the time at which it could be useful as a satire had long passed away. The persons he spared least were those who had wounded his vanity or offended his prejudices. The persons he praised most were those who had aided, obliged, or flattered him. This does not look as if he was uniformly actuated by the strong sense of justice or the pure love of truth. Piquancy of expression is his nearest approach to wit; and he had fortunately no humour, or he would have perceived the absurdity of much that he has usefully recorded from a conviction of its gravity. In delicacy (or indelicacy) he is about on a par with Swift, whose description of the Yahoos is the nearest literary parallel to Saint-Simon's account of the habits of some of the most distinguished personages who figure in his pages. We allude particularly to such passages as the sketch of the Duc de Vendôme's first acquaintance with Alberoni: the scene with the King and Madame de Maintenon in which the young and charming Duchess of Burgundy adopts a singular expedient for keeping herself cool at the theatre: that in which she is portrayed chatting with her ladies of honour before retiring to rest with the Duke, who is waiting for her; and the hurried visit of the Duchesse de Chevreuse to a chapel on the road from Paris to Versailles. Yet if such things had been suppressed, the picture of manners would have been incomplete.

With rare exception,\* his general reflections are commonplace. He tells us absolutely nothing of the state or progress of art, science, literature, or philosophy. He seldom mentions a book, and only pays the tribute of passing praise to authors like Corneille, Racine, and La Bruyère, whose fame was established beyond dispute. He thus mentions Voltaire:—

'Arouet, son of a notary who was my father's and mine till his death, was exiled and sent to Tulle for very satirical and very impudent verses. I should not amuse myself by remarking so small a trifle, if this same Arouet, become great poet and academician under the name of Voltaire, had not ended by being a kind of personage in the republic of letters, and even a kind of "important" amongst a certain world.'

In 1710, when the Duke of Burgundy, the grandson of Louis, was twenty-eight, Saint-Simon, at the request of the Duc de Beauvilliers, reduced to writing the heads of a conversation regarding the conduct and demeanour most appropriate for

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\* 'So true is it that we forget still less the injuries we inflict, than those even which we receive' (vol. i. p. 78). He has here hit upon the same thought as Dryden:—

'Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,  
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.'

the prince. This '*Discours sur le Duc de Bourgogne*,' as it is entitled, contains not a syllable about political principles or measures; and was cautiously kept back from prudential reasons, which were equally strong against any oral or written communications to the same effect. He never specifies the subject of his conversations with the prince; but in proof of his liberality and comprehensiveness of view, Mr. Reeve says:

'Viewing with horror and aversion the ruinous decline of the monarchy, and anticipating from afar its dissolution if the course of events was not turned aside, he applied himself, in conjunction with the most illustrious of his friends, to form the political principles of the heir to the crown, the young Duc de Bourgogne, whose natural ferocity and pride had been effectually subdued by the benign authority of Fénelon. Was there another at the Court of Versailles who would have inculcated on the future Sovereign of France, that kings are made for their subjects and not subjects for kings; who would, in 1710, have pointed to the States-General as the sole hope of the nation, and have contended that the strength and security of the ruler lay in the constitutional limitation of his power?'

The author of '*Royal and Republican France*' is here on his own ground, on which he may be supposed to see his way clearly; but, with all due deference, we submit that Saint-Simon did none of these things, and that one, at least, was already done to his hands. It was rather late in the day, considering the duke's age, to inculcate the doctrine that kings are made for their subjects and not subjects for kings, which had been familiar to him from boyhood, which (in Saint-Simon's words) 'this Dauphin fully appreciated, and did not fear to assert openly and loudly.' It is the moral of '*Telemachus*;'\* and on hearing of the event which had so rapidly accelerated the approach of his pupil to the throne, Fénelon wrote to him: 'Il ne faut pas que tous soient à un seul; mais un seul doit être à tous pour faire leur bonheur.'

We know of no recommendation of the States-General by Saint-Simon in 1710; but in 1715, after the death of the Dauphin, and shortly before the death of Louis, he laid some schemes before the Regent-expectant which show the spirit in which he would have proceeded to reform the most crying abuses. The primary cause, the *fons et origo*, of them all, in his eyes, was the exclu-

\* '*Telemachus*' says of Sesostris: 'Il ne croyait être Roi que pour faire du bien à ses sujets.' The wicked kings in Tartarus are punished amongst other things for 'leur dureté pour les hommes dont ils auraient dû faire la félicité.' '*Telemachus*,' we need hardly add, was written for the instruction of this prince. It was first published, without the consent of the author, in 1699, and immediately suppressed by Louis, who took offence at the liberality of the opinions, and imagined Sesostris to be meant for himself.

sion of the nobles from the principal departments of the State. Speaking of the Controller-General and the four secretaries, he says:

'He (the Duke of Orleans) was not less wounded than I at the tyranny which those five kings of France exercised at their will and pleasure in the King's name, and in almost all without his knowledge, and the insupportable height to which they had climbed. . . .

'My design, then, was to begin by placing the nobility in the ministry, with the dignity and authority that became them, at the expense of the gown and pen, and to conduct affairs wisely by degrees, and according to the opportunities; so that, little by little, this *roture* should lose all the administrations which are not purely judicial, and that great lords and all nobility should, little by little be substituted in all their employments, and always by preference in those which by their nature should be exercised by other hands, in order to subject all to the nobility in every species of administration, but with the precautions necessary against abuses.'

He proposed to begin by Councils formed of nobles, with an eminent noble for president.

The state of the finances was so desperate, that Saint-Simon, after giving the fullest consideration to the subject, comes to the conclusion that the most advisable course would be a national bankruptcy, to be declared by edict; and it was to shelter the Regent from the responsibility that he proposed to convoke the States-General, throw all the odium upon them by getting them to pass the edict, and then send them about their business:

'Then I made him feel the address and the delicacy with which, above all things, it was necessary to make sure that the States should pronounce nothing; should decree nothing; should confirm nothing; that their acclamation should never be anything more than what is called *verba et voces*. . . . Thus the decoy (*leurre*) is complete; it is hollow throughout; the States-General acquire no rights from it; whilst the Duke of Orleans has all the essential through this specious and (to the nation) so interesting error. . . . The means of restraining the States, after having so powerfully excited them, appeared to me very easy. Protest, with confidence and modesty, that nothing is desired but their hearts,' &c.

He then proceeds to recommend tactics which might be called Machiavelian, but for their transparent simplicity and absurdity. In short, the enlightened high-minded statesman, as he has been termed, saw 'the sole hope of the nation' in a national bankruptcy and a shallow artifice. He expresses great disappointment when the Duke of Orleans, on becoming Regent, refuses to adopt this scheme. But in 1717, when the Duke, pressed

pressed by fresh difficulties, was disposed to have recourse to the States-General, Saint-Simon drew up a memoir (filling fifty pages) to prove that the golden opportunity had been let slip, and that the States might turn out dangerous and unmanageable:

‘But besides the capital point of the relief of the people, which will put the whole kingdom on the side of the States, without weighing what is or what is not possible,—who can be sure of the number or the nature of the propositions which they may bring upon the *tapis*? The more violent the present situation, the more difficult the remedies, the more the blame of them is thrown on the past Government, so much the more will the States feel it incumbent on them to search for solid means of preventing their return; and through this desire so natural, even so just if it were within their province, so much the more will they try to give themselves authority for it. Now who can imagine, with any approach to precision, what means may be proposed? All that can be foreseen is that there are no possible means which would not weigh heavily on the royal authority, or which may not be put forward to bridle it.

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‘We are not in England; and God preserve a guardian and conservator of the royal authority, so enlightened as your Royal Highness, from giving occasion for the usages of this neighbouring kingdom; from which our Kings have emancipated themselves for centuries, and of which ours would require a great account from you. No need of States-General to obtain aid from the peoples of France; the King, by himself alone, provides for it by his registered edicts and declarations.’

Surely this is plain enough. The bare notion of a limited monarchy or a constitutional government never crossed Saint-Simon's mind, except to be discredited and repudiated. The longing desire of his life was to suppress the Parliament, the only semblance of a constitutional check: the *lit de justice*, which called forth so much unseemly and ungenerous exultation, was a downright act of despotism; and the words which brought his heart to his mouth were ‘*Le Roi* (a boy of eight) *veut être obéi, et obéi sur-le-champ!*’ He despised the people, and did not know what civil or religious liberty meant. When the Regent, vividly impressed by the vast amount of injury, the depopulation and impoverishment, inflicted on the kingdom by the expulsion of the Huguenots, proposed recalling and emancipating them, Saint-Simon vehemently objected, on the ground that they would never be satisfied without equality, and that all the troubles resulting from their obstinate adherence to their peculiar opinions under successive sovereigns would be renewed.

Far from wishing for the re-establishment of the old aristocracy, Saint-Simon highly commends Richelieu for reducing them

them



them to what he terms their 'just measure of honour, distinction, consideration, and authority'—to a condition which no longer admits of their 'agitating' or 'speaking loud to the King.' When, therefore, Mr. Reeve compares the political principles of Saint-Simon to those of the Whig peers of 1688, the comparison is about as true as Mr. Disraeli's comparison of those same Whig peers to the Venetian oligarchy. When, again, Mr. Reeve appeals to Saint-Simon's proposal for convoking the States-General as a recognition of popular rights, he falls into an error analogous to that of the orator who called on the lieges to rally round their sovereign like the barons at Runnymede.

The terms 'magnificent' and 'transcendent beauty' are about as applicable to Saint-Simon's portraits as 'heroic' to his cast of mind. His portrait of Fénelon is principally remarkable for the artistic skill and felicitous language with which the praise is qualified and the attractive features are shaded off, so as to produce the impression of a courtier-prelate who blended the grand seigneur with the priest, was all things to all men, and had his thoughts fixed more on this world than the next.\* It is an ironical portrait, not a captivating one; it conveys no sense of beauty to our minds: and we much prefer the portrait of the author of 'Telemachus' by La Bruyère, as both more pleasing and more true.

There is one consideration, however, which may help to console the most ardent admirers of Saint-Simon when they cannot get colder or calmer critics to keep pace with them in their enthusiasm. If he had been in advance of his age instead of being on an exact level with it, the representative of his order, the type of his class—if he had been a stern moralist, a philosopher who despised forms and ceremonies, or a far-sighted high-principled statesman, he would not be the Saint-Simon who has descended to us: he would not, and could not, have composed the most curious and valuable passages of his Memoirs. This is as clear as that we should not have had Boswell's Johnson, or Pepys' Diary, or Walpole's Letters, without the foibles, vanity, egotism, affectation, and love of gossip, to which the rare flavour of their writings is as certainly owing as that of the *foie gras* to the diseased liver of the goose. We cannot have it both ways. Men of an heroic cast of mind, of com-

\* To cite a paragraph: 'Plus coquet que toutes les femmes, mais en solides et non en misères, sa passion était de plaire, et il avait autant de soin de captiver les valets que les maîtres, et les plus petites gens que les personnages. Il avait pour cela des talents faits exprès, une douceur, une insinuation, des grâces naturelles et qui coulaient de source, un esprit facile, ingénieux, fleuri, agréable, dont il tenait pour ainsi dire le robinet, pour en verser la qualité et la quantité exactement convenable à chaque chose et à chaque personne.'



manding genius, of lofty ambition, of elevated views, will not make it the chief business of their lives to struggle for straws and feathers and complacently record the struggle: to chronicle the current scandals or fix the fleeting follies of a Court; and it is precisely because Saint-Simon was not a Molière, a Bossuet, a Tacitus, a Juvenal, or a felicitous compound of all four, that he occupies his peculiar place in French literature: that he is hailed at last, by almost universal consent, as the author of the richest, most suggestive, illustrative, entertaining collection of contemporary anecdotes, scenes and characters which any age or country has produced.

- ART. II.—1. *Dame Juliana Berners, Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle*. Wynkyn de Worde. 1486. (Reprinted by Pickering in 1827.)
2. *Ulyssis Aldrovandi de Piscibus, Lib. V.* Bononiæ, 1513.
  3. *Secrets of Angling*. By J. D., Esquire. London, 1652.
  4. *Country Contentments*. By Gervase Markham. London, 1633.
  5. *Barker's Delight, or The Whole Art of Angling*. London, 1657.
  6. *Young Sportsman's Instructor*. By Gervase Markham. 1652.
  7. *Izaak Walton's Compleat Angler*. 1st edition. 1653.
  8. *Rural Sports (and Supplement)*. By the Rev. W. B. Daniel. 4 vols. 4to. London, 1802.
  9. *Recreations of Christopher North*. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1865.
  10. *The Practical Angler*. By W. C. Stewart. Edinburgh, 1867.
  11. *A Handbook of Angling*. By Ephemera. 4th edition. London, 1865.
  12. *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*. By T. Westwood. London, 1861.
  13. *A Collection of Right Merrie Garlands for North Country Anglers*. Edited by Joseph Crawhall. Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1864.
  14. *A Book on Angling*. By Francis Francis. London, 1872.
  15. *The Angler Naturalist*. By C. Pennell. London, 1863.
  16. *A History of British Fishes*. By W. Yarrell. 2 vols. 3rd edition. London, 1859.
  17. *The Art of Trout Fishing on Rapid Streams*. By H. C. Cutcliffe. South Molton, 1863.
  18. *An Angler's Rambles and Angling Songs*. By T. T. Stoddart. Edinburgh, 1866.
  19. *An Angler's Rambles*. By Edward Jesse. London, 1836.
  20. *Maxims*

20. *Maxims and Hints on Fishing; also Miseries of Fishing.*  
By Richard Penn, Esq. London, 1855.
21. *The River's Side, or the Trout and Grayling.* By Sir R. Roberts, Bart. London, 1866.

IT is now some thirty years since the art of Angling was noticed in our pages, and considerably more than a generation has elapsed since Sir W. Scott contributed to them his genial Essay on 'Salmonia.'\* Without attempting to rival that essay, which, for practical good sense, amusing anecdote, and native *bonhomie*, may always be read with satisfaction, an endeavour to chronicle the present aspect of the craft will be no unpleasing labour of love. The 'piping times of peace' which it has been England's good fortune to enjoy of late years, and the wider distribution of wealth, which has brought more leisure to the observant and meditative, have, as a natural consequence, produced an abundant crop of anglers. Large stores of experience have been garnered into numerous popular treatises, improved tackle and new processes of capturing fish have also been devised, so that the period for a reviewer to notice this activity seems to have come round once more. A brook that abounds in trout within thirty miles of London is now worth as much to its fortunate owner as was a salmon river in Scotland not so many years ago;† and if fish might be credited with powers of divination—with that 'partem divinæ mentis et haustus æthereos' which Virgil attributes to bees—they might well tremble on the summer Bank holidays, when from every suburban station that leads to the Thames, or, for the matter of that, to any piece of free water near London, issue crowds of fishermen, from the adept equipped with Farlow's choicest tackle who aspires to deceive a burly Thames trout, to the apprentice whose ambition soars no higher than the capture of a bleak the length of his finger. The moralist, however, hails the sight with pleasure. It is a proof that contentment and a love of simple rustic joys are spreading amongst the masses—that the national character, in short, is softening—when so many people thus fly for recreation to angling. Indeed it would be treason to the gentle art itself and to its many eminent disciples in past days to suppose that this devotion did not ameliorate men's dispositions; for the fairest jewels in the crown of angling are the lessons of patience and good-will which it inculcates. An angler to be cruel, revengeful, revolutionary!

\* 'Angling,' 'Q. R.' vol. lxvii. p. 182; 'Salmonia,' 'Q. R.' vol. xxxviii. p. 508.

† A well-known fishing-tackle maker in London recently assured us that numbers of his patrons would gladly send a blank cheque to the owner of such a stream for him to name his own price, if they might have permission to fish in it.

As well might we look for urbane manners and unaffected kindly natures at an international cock-fight.

We must, however, refrain at present from fishing in stew or canal—from flinging line to the *Cyprinidæ*, the eel, or the pike. They afford their own pleasures to their votaries, but it still forms part of our old-fashioned creed that the nobler fishes, the *Salmonidæ*, are the peculiar quarry of the higher and finer natures among anglers. Of course we shall be told that such aristocratic sentiments are totally misplaced in the present reign of love, when secularists, Comtists, rationalists, *et id genus omne*, are shaking hands over the grave of exclusiveness under the crumbling fane of Christianity. We will give them our best hopes for the return of the Saturnian realms by their exertions. 'A new progeny is being sent down from lofty heaven' when such an alliance flourishes; but we shall crave shelter under the mantle of Dame Juliana Berners, the earliest patroness of fishing in England, who compiled her piscatory lore 'in a greter volume of dyverse bokys concernynge to gentyll and noble men,' in order that it might not come, 'if writ in a lytyll plaunflet, to the hondys of eche ydle persone whyche wolde desire it,' and the 'dysporte of fysshynge' thereby be utterly destroyed. It is quite possible also, we thankfully admit, to discover these higher natures amongst men who sit for hours 'dully sluggardised' in a Thames punt, waiting for the sullen barbel or bony perch to tug at their baits. As there are many within an ace of being born poets, who possess all the elements of poetical discernment save the accomplishment of verse,—

' Which in the docile season of their youth,  
It was denied them to acquire through lack  
Of culture, and the inspiring aid of books,  
Or haply by a temper too severe,  
Or a nice backwardness afraid of shame '

—Excursion, Book I.

so there are multitudes of gentle anglers who would gladly fling aside float and gudgeon-rake and betake themselves to the higher mysteries of their craft, the capture by artificial lures of trout and salmon, did circumstances permit. Such kindly spirits, therefore, we gladly welcome to the charmed circle. But even with this modification angling for the *Salmonidæ* is too wide a subject. 'The salmon is accounted the king of fresh-water fish,' says Walton; it would be *lèse-majesté* for an angler to include him in an article with any other fish, though it be his own brother the trout. To trout-fishing alone, then, the following remarks will be directed, as far as the discursiveness natural to angling permits.

*Ab Jove principium.* Under a glass-case in the long corridor of the King's Library at the British Museum lies open the title-page of the book which, more than all others, has naturalised angling in England. Not, as it will shortly be seen, that it was by any means the first treatise published on that art in the vernacular, but because of its own intrinsic merits, which enable those who never intend to take rod in hand to enjoy its simple goodness and the atmosphere of peace which it creates for the honest angler. It runs as follows: 'The Compleat Angler, or The Contemplative Man's Recreation; being a Discourse of Fish and Fishing not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers. "Simon Peter said, I go a fishing: and they said, We also wil go with thee. John xxi. 3."' Above is a plate of dolphins, with strings of small fish hanging to their tails. In this thin volume of 1653 lies the secret of all the enthusiasm which for two centuries has turned so many men's attention to angling, caused the publication of a whole library of angling treatises, and still wields an irresistible spell over all meditative lovers of the country. The book was well-timed in its appearance. The hopes of constitutionalists were in abeyance for the present. After five months of vacuuous speechmaking, which must have disgusted all sober men, the Barebones Parliament was dissolved by Cromwell, who assumed absolute power as Lord Protector. The fleet of Blake and the military despotism, which was daily gaining strength at home, showed the Royalists that their policy was to wait for better times. Acquiescing, therefore, in the inevitable, they returned to their country houses, nursed their dilapidated fortunes, and again devoted themselves to the pleasures of the chase and the angle.

Thus the 'Compleat Angler,' we may be sure, was eagerly welcomed in every old hall, and laid on the mantel-shelf along with Baker's 'Chronicle' and Gervase Markham's book on Farriery as the chief literary treasures of the country gentleman, who, like Sir Roger de Coverley in the next century, 'had in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season, and tired many a salmon with a line consisting of but a single hair.'\* But this immediate popularity does not account for the estimation in which the book is still held. Hallam† well regards it as the beginning of the golden age of our literature—a work which has never since been rivalled in grace, humour, and invention. The 'Compleat Angler,' like Thomas à Kempis and a few other great names, is a book for all time. If the 'De Imitatione' has run through some 1850 editions, Jesse, Hawkins,

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\* 'Spectator,' No. 116.

† 'Lit. of Europe,' Part IV. cap. 7.

'Ephemera'—

'Ephemera'—every distinguished disciple of Walton—has been ambitious to edit him with greater honour, culminating in the superb editions of Major and Sir Harris Nicolas, with Stothard's plates. The German 'Der Vollkommene Angler' may be, as Mr. Westwood opines,\* the only foreign translation of him; but the reason is, partly because the delicacy of thought and language, which marks the book, cannot be reproduced in a strange tongue, and partly because the sentiments which it breathes—at once elevated and simple, the most commonplace remarks flushing into poetry, and all alike richly coloured by the glow of peaceful contentment and true religion—are not strictly congenial to any but an English-speaking country. Thus our Transatlantic friends have their edition of the 'Compleat Angler,' and doubtless, ere long, considering how the acclimatisation of trout is flourishing in New Zealand and Tasmania, we shall hear of Walton being there also duly honoured.†

Many imitators of Walton's style have arisen, but none have caught his peculiar grace. One gaudy tint or too deep a shade, and the conception is ruined. Yet it is difficult to define exactly wherein this excellence consists. Perhaps it is the perfect form in which the most obvious reflection is cast, and the celestial radiance of simple faith and goodness in which Walton's idyllic pictures are set, which prove so irresistibly attractive to our worn-out age—to every age, in short, whose master-spirits love to withdraw for a time from the busy life of men to commune with their souls in the presence of nature. Walton's writing reminds us of some exquisite strain of Beethoven, 'a steam of rich-distilled perfumes;' or of our own Orlando Gibbons, at whose delicious thrills and outbursts and resonances all our deeper self is strongly perturbed, when next moment, lo! the organ ceases, and some homely measure sounds so plaintively on the angler's reed-pipe, that while disenchanted, we are none the less delighted with the familiar notes. Much of his prose is as highly finished as an ornate paragraph of Jeremy Taylor. Take the following

\* 'Bibliotheca Piscatoria,' p. 68.

† Walton may have taken the idea of his book from Roger Ascham's 'Toxophilus,' with its characters Philologus and Toxophilus. It was published in 1545, and it is noticeable, as a proof how little was thought of angling in the first half of the sixteenth century, that Ascham does not even mention it when he compares archery with other manly recreations. Walton might have applied to his favourite art the praise Toxophilus bestows on shooting—'If a man woulde have a pastyme holesome and equall for euerye parte of the bodye, pleasaunt and full of courage for the mynde, not vile and unhoneste to gyve ill example to laye men, not kept in gardynes and corners, not lurkyng on the nyght and in holes, but euermore in the face of men, either to rebuke it when it doeth ill or els to testifie on it when it doth well: let him seke chiefly of all other for shotyng.'—*Toxophilus*, p. 46. Ed. Arber.

passage, for instance; the charm of sublimity and yet of common life whereof we have spoken cannot be better illustrated:—

‘But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth?’\*

Nothing is too homely for honest Izaak to dignify. When ought we to begin fishing? ‘When the mulberry-tree buds,’ he tells us. Again, most people have heard of the grayling, supposed to have been introduced into a few of our streams by the monks, much as Mary Queen of Scots popularly enjoys the credit of having turned the vendace (*Corregonus albula*) into the lochs in the neighbourhood of Lochmaben, where alone in the United Kingdom it is found—whereas it is, in truth, a lingering relic of the glacial age. ‘St. Ambrose, the glorious Bishop of Milan, who lived when the Church kept fasting-days, calls the grayling “the flower-fish;” some say “that he feeds on gold,” others “think that he feeds on water-thyme”† and smells of it at his first taking out of the water, and they may think so with as good reason as we do that our smelts smell like violets at their first being caught, which I think is a truth.‡ Who among the much-vaunted sensational poets of the day could thus draw inspiration from a fishmonger’s counter?

Again, many versifiers have waxed eloquent on ‘primrose-banks and meadows;’ has any excelled Walton’s sentiment—‘I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, that they were too pleasant to be looked on but only on holidays’?§ As no one can profitably enter upon a discourse on fish and fishing without catching fire at the enthusiasm evinced by the patriarch of the art, we shall take leave to fan the flame with one more extract. Besides possessing a stately flow not inferior to Milton’s prose, the passage is strictly relevant to our subject:—

‘No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams which we now see

\* ‘Compleat Angler,’ Part I. cap. i.

† In allusion to his generic name, *Thymallus*.

‡ ‘Compleat Angler,’ Part I. cap. vi.

§ Ibid: Part I. cap. v.



glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but God never did;" and so (if I might be judge), "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."\*

The same devotional spirit, which is here so conspicuous, comes out in Walton's 'Lives,' which, more than any other biographies with which we are acquainted, leave their impress on the reader. Happy the man whose life has caught something of this peaceful and contented disposition which belonged to him who has gratefully been called 'the common father of all anglers'!

Many distinguished men have had no history, and Izaak Walton is no exception. Nothing is really known of his life up to his twentieth year.† He is said, however, to have been born at Stafford in 1593. Some local antiquaries believe that a small half-timbered house at Shallowford, near Norton Bridge, in Staffordshire, was his birthplace.‡ He moved thence to the Royal Burse in Cornhill, built by Sir Thomas Gresham, and carried on the trade of a sempster or linendraper. It is known also that he lived in Clerkenwell; but there, too, his residence cannot be recognised. Having married a sister of the good Bishop Ken, he found great domestic felicity, which even his constant practice of angling does not seem to have impaired. His own virtues gradually secured him a large circle of friends amongst the eminent men of the day. Besides those commemorated in his 'Lives' may be mentioned Archbishops Usher and Sheldon, Bishops Morton, Morley and Barlow, Doctors Fuller and Hammond, Sir E. Sandys, and Mr. Cranmer. In the dearth of shrines sacred to Walton's memory, his disciples may venerate two or three localities which are associated with him, and fortunately two of these are found in London. How many anglers daily pass up and down Chancery Lane, wholly unconscious that their patriarch once lived in the seventh house on the left, walking up it from Fleet Street! A prosaic place it is indeed, wherein 'the violet of a legend might blow.' More romance attaches to the other reminiscence of him. On Isaac Casaubon's tablet in the south transept of Westminster Abbey appears Walton's well-known monogram scratched thereon, with the date 1658, 'earliest of those unhappy inscriptions of names of visitors,' remarks the Dean,§ 'which have since defaced so many a sacred space in the

\* 'Compleat Angler,' Part I. cap. i.

† See 'Notes and Queries,' 4th S. xi. 21.

‡ See 'Notes and Queries,' 4th S. x. 520.

§ 'Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey,' 3rd ed., p. 318.



Abbey.' We believe that Mr. Buckland was, appropriately enough, the first to point out this interesting memorial of the angler's sympathy with the simple scholar from whom it has been suggested he may have received his own christian name. Walton was buried in Winchester Cathedral in December, 1683, but his partner in undying fame, Charles Cotton, is connected with London by his death. He lies in St. James's, Piccadilly.

Save when dining with one of his patrons Walton probably never saw a salmon. He gives the second place amongst our native fish deservedly to the trout. Though no adept at fly-fishing (a defect in the 'Compleat Angler,' which in its fifth edition, published in 1676, Cotton remedied by the 'Second Part'), he yet mentions the artificial fly as a third mode of taking trout after worm and minnow fishing. Before treating of these, let us say a few words respecting the trout, the quarry of our ideal fisherman.

Omitting all consideration of the Fordidge trout 'that is accounted the rarest of fish,'\* and the 'samlet or skegger trout,' the common trout (*Salmo fario*) specially claims attention. Known to every one by sight, he is at once recognised by the dorsal adipose fin as a member of that noble family the *Salmonidæ*, and is scientifically distinguished by the vomer† being armed with two rows of teeth, without those which exist on the end of it in the true salmon, or on its mesial line, as in the salmon trout. Yarrell also gives the exact number of its fin-rays in order to distinguish the brook trout from its congeners; but in practice we have found this an unsafe criterion. The fact of its never migrating to salt water sufficiently marks it off from the salmon trout (*S. trutta*), and the bull trout or sewin (*S. eriox*), while the greater bulk and shape of the head in the Loch Awe trout (*S. ferox*) adequately characterise this inhabitant of the great lakes of Ireland and Scotland.

Apart from these relatives, the common trout is distinguished in every stream by manifold variations of form and tint. In rivers rushing over gravelly beds it arrives at the highest perfection of shapely outline and silvery glow, its golden sides changing into a rich play of greys and browns dashed with ruby spots, while in a moorland burn it becomes as dark as the peat itself. In a river flowing over chalk, again, it acquires a whitish tinge, these variations showing that nature gives it this power of adapting itself to its surroundings as a providential means of preservation from its numerous enemies. No one but a practised angler is aware of the extent of these variations. 'Certainly,'

\* 'Compleat Angler,' Part I. cap. iv. † Yarrell, 'Brit. Fishes,' i. p. 261.

says Walton, alluding to these differences, 'as some pastures breed larger sheep, so do some rivers, by reason of the ground over which they run, breed larger trouts,' and again, 'The Royal Society has found and published lately that there be thirty and three kinds of spiders, and yet all, for ought I know, go under that one general name of spider, so is it with trout.\*' The late Mr. St. John took a more philosophical view of the matter, and proved by experiment that the same trout could, in as short a space of time as thirty minutes, adapt itself to the colour of the rocks, &c., which surrounded it.†

'Put a living black burn trout,' he says, 'into a white basin of water and it becomes, within half an hour, of a light colour. Keep the fish living in a white jar for some days, and it becomes absolutely white; but put it into a dark-coloured or black vessel, and although on first being placed there, the white-coloured fish shows most conspicuously on the black ground, in a quarter of an hour it becomes as dark-coloured as the bottom of the jar, and consequently difficult to be seen.'

All anglers must have noticed how difficult it is to detect a trout in water save by the motion of its fins, so much does it assimilate itself to the tints of the ground on which it lives.

Misled by this habit of the fish, and looking to the different colours of its flesh when cooked (some being white, others yellow, and others again pink), some ichthyologists have proceeded to multiply the species of trout. We believe, however, that these differences mainly arise from the nature and abundance or scarcity of the creature's food, so that we agree with Mr. Francis's statement,‡ 'My conclusion is that Great Britain affords one species only, but countless varieties of the *Salmo fario*.'

Again, the trout presents a very different appearance when in perfect health gorging himself with May-flies to his condition between November and April, when in most rivers he is occupied in continuing his species.§ Mr. Ronalds estimates that in the best condition a trout should measure from the nose to the fork of the tail twice as much as his girth, but this is frequently a fallacious measurement.¶ No rules can be laid down on these

\* 'Complent Angler,' Part I. cap. iv.

† 'Natural History and Sport in Moray,' p. 25.

‡ 'The Fly-Fisher and his Library' (Cambridge Essays, 1856).

§ In the Devon Otter, and in many of the streams of the West of England, trout come into season in February. But this river contains many fish which never breed, so an old angler on it told us his trout-fishing season commenced January 1, and ended December 31. By a recent Act the capture of trout and char in England and Wales, and their sale, wherever caught, are prohibited between October 2, and February 1.

¶ 'The Fly-Fisher's Entomology,' p. 2.

points. The trout varies indefinitely in tint and zhapeliness, according to the state of its health, the season, the character of its habitat, and the nature and abundance of its food. Its power of altering its colour to the colour of the locality in which it swims seems as involuntary as the changefulness of the chameleon. The cause of this versatile colouring is thought not to reside in its scales, but in the surface of the skin immediately below them, and is probably a secretion wholly independent of the fish's will.

The gillaroo is a curious variety of the trout found in Loch Melvin and some other Irish lakes; its peculiarity is the possession of a very thick gizzard, in order to accommodate it more suitably to a more exclusive diet of shell-fish (*limnæa*, &c.) than the trout of ordinary running streams. Canon Kingsley speaks of this thickening of the coats of the stomach as a temporary provision lasting through the spring to enable the trout in some chalk streams of the West of England to grind the pebbly cases of the caddis-worm.\*

Another variety, which is so celebrated as the Thames trout, merits a moment's consideration. It grows to a much larger size than the ordinary brook trout. This is probably induced by the difference of the conditions under which it lives in a comparatively slow and tidal stream; and it does not appear to be specifically distinct. Being seldom taken by the fly, its capture with the spinning minnow or live bait is an object of keen emulation amongst the members of the London fishing-clubs, some of them attaining great skill in the art. It may be legally taken from April 1 to September 10, but it is far from abundant, and may be angled for a whole season without success. 1873 was but an indifferent season for its ensnarers. In the week ending August 30 three were taken, weighing respectively  $4\frac{1}{2}$  lb., 2 lb. 10 oz., 6 lb. 10 oz.; and the largest taken during the season was 14 lb. 5 oz. Two were taken by the same angler at Kingston, by fishing with a live bleak, in May 1872, weighing 11 lb. 8 oz., and 11 lb. 3 oz., the latter of which was presented to the Baroness Burdett Coutts, a munificent patroness of the Thames Angling Preservation Society. A fish of this weight is generally stuffed and preserved in a glass case by its proud captor. Several specimens were on view in Mr. F. Buckland's Museum of Economical Fish Culture at South Kensington last summer. They are very corpulent, and have quite lost the slim proportions of their brook brethren, almost degenerating into the likeness of a plebeian bream. One was cooked for the Thames Angling Dinner this

\* See 'Chalk-Stream Studies' (Miscellanies, i., p. 184.)

summer,

summer, and pronounced coarse and poor. So great is the ambition of some City men to catch these Thames trout, that they are often watched for days while feeding, by the local boatmen, lock-keepers, &c., and preserved for these men's patrons. Indeed they are so scarce that they have almost attained the dignity of becoming articles of commerce, and now they are only taken, as a rule, by the man who pays most. Thus a story is told that a telegram reached a City merchant one afternoon, to the effect that a monster had been seen some ten miles out of London. He calmly transacted his day's business, dined, and going down in the evening put his rod and tackle in readiness, and retired to rest. His informant knocked him up at two next morning, and by half-past two he hooked and killed his quarry, a fine fish, which proved to be 14 lb. in weight, and with which he returned home at breakfast-time triumphant.

1874 was another sorry season for Thames trout-fishers. Only thirty were taken between April 1 and June 20. These fish weighed 188 lbs., averaging  $6\frac{1}{4}$  lbs. each. It would be interesting to know how much money was expended in capturing these thirty trout, while the sum of disappointed hopes must have been heart-rending.

An enthusiastic angler lately told us that in his school days a trout which had grown very wary from constant persecution frequented a reach of the river near Eton. It was often seen feeding in the weeds, and many a man tried to inveigle it in vain. At length a celebrated angler threw his minnow over it, and speedily his rod was bent double, while a great commotion arose among the river-side population at the sight of their friend being at last captured. Cautiously did he wind up, the rod meanwhile playing backwards and forwards, till a horrid suspicion crossed his mind that the fish was miserably out of condition, it suffered itself to be pulled in so like a dead weight. He took in more line, and, lo! he had hooked a tin pannikin, and the stream acting on it had caused the deception.

*ἀσβεστος δ' ἄρ' ἐνὼρτο γέλως μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν.*

Our informant essayed this trout's capture with the natural fly on which he saw it feasting, was fortunate enough to secure it, and sold it for half-a-sovereign (the fish was 10 lb. in weight) to the Queen's fishmonger; so that it may eventually have graced the royal table.

To return to the modes of capturing trout: angling with the minnow is the surest way of taking the larger fish, which seldom trouble themselves to rise at the fly. For those who scruple to use the live minnow (and we strongly entertain such scruples, seeing  
how

how the poor victim has to be trussed and spitted), the skill of the tackle-maker has devised an endless choice of artificial minnows, made of leather, india-rubber, glass, metal, &c. Some of these are admirable counterfeits. In worm-fishing, the oldest device of the craft, two very celebrated improvements have been made in late years. One was introduced by that fine angler Mr. Stewart, and consists of three small fly-hooks whipped on to gut, one above the other. Round these three barbs the worm is twisted, and on its being lowered into the water, if a fish touches it he is almost certain to have one of the hooks in his mouth. This method is a great advance on the large single hook, which was liable to be dragged out of the trout's mouth when the angler struck. We had been wont to use two small hooks fastened one over the other, and employed as above described, as a modification of Mr. Stewart's tackle, which was practically easier to be worked, inasmuch as it does not give so much trouble in baiting and is not so liable to be entangled in weeds or sedges, before we were aware that Mr. C. Pennell had described and figured the same device.\* But this was in our 'green and sallet days : ' we frankly confess that as the years roll on we altogether revolt from the cruelty of worm-fishing, and employ it less every season. That it requires much skill to take with worm so shy a fish as the trout is undeniable, but we regard it at best as a barbarous system, unworthy the attention of an angler who can employ the finished appliances of fly-fishing which are now so easily obtained. The voracity of trout and their fondness for worms are strikingly exemplified in a case which lately came to our knowledge. During a freshet a trout was taken with a very small black fly, whose stomach was not merely distended to a great size with worms, but they were actually wriggling in its throat, and yet it thought it worth while to rise at a puny fly.

Fly-fishing is *par excellence* the crown of the trout-fisher's art. No other form of angling secures its devotee so much intellectual amusement. A multiplicity of questions connected with the state of the water, the sky, the wind and weather, and the season of the year, have to be answered before a man who is skilled in the actual throwing of the fly can hope to fill his basket ; so that it is an art which can evidently be pursued during many summers before the angler has garnered in sufficient experience to warrant him in regarding himself an adept. The pleasantest kind of old age, said an ancient eulogist of it, is to grow old learning. It is just this accumulative character of fly-fishing which endears it to its votaries. The leisure which the art affords for reflection,

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\* 'The Modern Practical Angler,' p. 110.

and the peaceful country scenes to which it introduces the fisherman for

‘the reverent watching of each still report  
That nature utters from her rural shrine,’\*

are, indeed, highly prized, but it is this inherent quality by which he is always acquiring a closer acquaintance with the birds, beasts, and flowers of the country which prevents the recreation from ever palling, and acts as a handful of salt (to use a quaint expression of Bishop Andrewes) ‘to keep it and to make it keep.’ It is thus that fly-fishers are wont to wax more enthusiastic each season, a fact which their contemners scarcely take enough into consideration. It was this quality of the art, too, which endeared it as an amusement to such philosophers as Dr. Wollaston, Sir Humphry Davy, and Sir Charles Bell. This leisurable activity of mind and body forms the highest pleasure of the craft, though it be a charm which is as unintelligible to the stationary worm-fisher as the passion for Alpine climbing or the calculus of variations are to ordinary mortals. Indeed, it is difficult to eulogise fly-fishing too strongly. For the artist or student of nature, the poet, and the clergyman, no recreation is so irresistibly attractive as a ramble down a lovely stream with a light rod and a cast of flies.

‘My hand alone my work can do,  
So I can fish and study too.’

Black care never dogs the fly-fisher. Politics and rivalries, public, social, or domestic, fade away in the sunshine that falls around his steps. The meadows through which he roves seem to his contented spirit transfigured into the restful Elysian fields:

‘Jupiter illa piæ secrevit littora genti,  
Ut inquinavit sere tempus aureum.’

Fishing with the natural fly (generally the May or stone-fly), is much practised in the midland counties. By the aid of a line of floss silk, and with a brisk breeze at his back, the angler can thus capture fish on a bright day when they would scarcely look at his imitations. But, being only an exercise of manual dexterity, it is a style of fishing which must rank below fishing with the artificial fly. This branch of angling is also less than any other open to the charge of cruelty. Granting that a fish, as a cold-blooded animal, is far less susceptible to suffering than the ordinary creatures of earth and air, it must yet feel a pang of corporal sufferance at death, and a certain amount of anguish, which a humane angler will always endeavour to minimise. By

\* Wordsworth's sonnet on Walton's ‘Compleat Angler,’ ‘Works,’ ii. p. 295.



using artificial flies, this end is admirably secured. The deft action of the angler's wrist in striking almost invariably fixes the hook in the cartilaginous portions of a trout's mouth (whereas a worm is generally gorged), and this must cause as little suffering, barring the sense of impaired freedom, as would a barb fixed in the tip of a man's finger-nail. And after this painless preliminary, before he knows where he is, or has had time fairly to realise his situation, by gentle and insinuating persuasion the net of Ate is flung round the quarry, and he is at once knocked on the head.

The small degree in which a fish feels pain invites the addition of a few words on the other senses of the trout. Thus Mr. Jesse, whose books on rural life have caught so much that is attractive in them from Walton's treatment of it, affirms\* 'That fish are capable of hearing there can now be little doubt.'† Our experience, as far as regards trout, is diametrically opposite to this, and we are glad to find Mr. Ronalds agreeing with us.‡ He built a hut overhanging the River Blythe with peep-holes of glass, through which for hours together he was able to study at his leisure the habits of the trout immediately before him. He observed that one trout, if undisturbed, as a general rule occupied the same situation through the summer. Poising himself like a hawk in the air, the fish retained his position against the stream just under the surface, his tail scarcely moving, his fins apparently useless, till he darted to seize a passing fly, which he did with great rapidity through the opposing currents, and then returned to his station. Fly-fishers must often have noticed trout feeding in this manner. In order to test the trout's sense of hearing, Mr. Ronalds, while he watched a fish thus stationary before him, procured a friend to fire a gun several times immediately behind the hut. A bank was thrown up to prevent the fish seeing the flash, and Mr. Ronalds never witnessed the least effect produced upon the trout by the noise, nor did talking and men shouting inside the hut alarm them. The inference is irresistible that the sense of hearing is hardly, if at all, present

\* 'Angling Rambles,' p. 251.

† There is much evidence, both in ancient and modern times, to show that certain kinds of fish, carp, pike, the *muræna*, &c., are, to some extent, provided either with the sense of hearing, or with powers of perception analogous to it. Walton reminds us of Martial's

'Quid, quod nomen habent; et ad magistri  
Vocem quisque sui venit citatus.'

But we have never noticed in trout anything to lead us to suppose that they have the least perception of sounds. In any case, Walton moralises here much to the point, 'All the further use that I shall make of this shall be to advise anglers to be patient, and forbear swearing, lest they be heard and catch no fish.'—*C. A.*, I. v.

‡ See 'The Fly-Fisher's Entomology.'



in the trout. What it relies on for its protection is the marvelous quickness of its sight. It is by incautiously exposing himself that an angler so often fails to take the trout. Owing to the refraction of the rays of light the fly-fisher or his rod, even when partly protected by the bank, is visible to the trout below him; to stand in the direct rays of the sun is at once fatal to success; even walking down stream if the water be shallow and the day at all bright, brings the angler under the trout's keen vision at a greater distance oftentimes than he can conveniently cast his flies, and no creature being so timorous as this quick-sighted fish, a slight ripple in a slanting direction tells him his quarry has taken the alarm. As trout invariably lie with their heads up-stream, the surest mode of evading their eye is by wading so as to approach them from behind.

Without taking out its eyes it is difficult to estimate how far the sense of smell is developed in a trout, and this Mr. Ronalds humanely refrained from doing. But he noticed trout through his glass panes frequently taking in their mouths little objects that floated down stream, sometimes rapidly doing so, sometimes with caution, as if to test them, and of these some were instantaneously rejected. The main use of their nostrils seems to be to assist in the propulsion of water through their gills in order to aid respiration, but Sir H. Davy thought that some nerves existed in these organs which answer to our sense of smell, judging from the alacrity with which fish are attracted by certain scented baits and worms which some anglers are wont to employ. The trout's sense of taste certainly seems sufficiently obtuse. He will not indeed take bees and wasps when they float down to him, but his palate is otherwise as indiscriminating as his appetite is voracious. Thus Mr. Ronalds by means of a tube blew through a small hole in his observatory ten dead house-flies towards a trout which was feeding before him, and which he was able to distinguish from its kindred by a white mark upon its nose occasioned by a wound from a hook. All these were taken. Thirty more were then blown to him which were smeared on their least conspicuous parts with cayenne pepper and mustard; twenty of these he took the instant they touched the water, but the other ten were allowed to remain a second or two, so that the mixture parted and sank before he swallowed them. Next morning several similar doses were given to him which he took at once and seemed to enjoy heartily.

Most anglers are aware that trout possess a certain degree of memory, and after having been pricked with one kind of fly, say a red spinner, will not rise at it again for some time, though they

they may be taken with a totally different fly. Sir H. Davy was the first to investigate this faculty, and to denominate it 'local memory.' He showed that a trout once hooked would never rise at that particular fly while the localities and appearance of the pool in which he swam remain unaltered; but if by throwing stones, &c., he could be driven out of it into the next one, or if a spate occurred which changed the relative positions of banks, boulders, stumps, and the like around him, curiously enough his remembrance of the fly seemed also obliterated.

'Fishing is an art,' Walton tells his scholar, 'or at least it is an art to catch fish.' How entrancing that art is, in whatever mode or for what fish soever it be pursued, may be learnt from two examples in widely different epochs and stations in life. Froude brings graphically before his readers\* Morton the Scotch Regent during the troublous times of Queen Mary's English imprisonment, when new political schemes were daily being hatched and half the Catholics in Scotland were conspiring against his life, wandering alone with his fishing-rod in the valley of the Esk; and it is but the other day that anglers might be seen in their blouses standing by the Seine, while the terrors of a Communist civil war were raging behind them, and the shells of German foes in front were flying over their heads, as with the utmost *sang froid* they fished for gudgeons. Fishing with the artificial fly, we have said, is the perfection of the piscatorial art, and using it for trout is more delightful to the meditative man than the violent exercise and keener excitement which salmon fishing offers its votaries. Another great point in favour of trout-fishing is that it enables him to dispense with gilly or man-servant; for every trout-fisher ought to carry his portable landing-net if he wishes to enjoy his recreation to the full. Let us now turn to the parentage and literary history of fly-fishing.

The archæology of angling with hook and line is lost in primæval darkness. It may be inferred, however, from the example of savages at present, that taking fish with hook and line would almost naturally suggest itself to the barbarians who stayed at home while their brethren betook themselves to the perils of the chase, and dared with arrow-heads of flint the anger of hyena or cave bear. There are several allusions to hook and line fishing in the Scriptures, though they do not mention the rod. It was a further step in civilisation, and if not developed spontaneously by convenience, fanciful anglers may please themselves by regarding it as having been suggested

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\* 'Hist. of England,' vol. x. p. 448.

to mankind by the two curious appendages on the head of the fishing frog (*Lophius piscatorius*). In an Assyrian sculpture of a fortified town, which may represent Tyre, figured by Layard, a man on a raft in the stream which runs round the walls is represented fishing with a line but no rod. The fish are humorously depicted like our carp, swimming about him in great numbers; one is taking his bait, and a crab and eel can easily be distinguished amongst them.\* Before the rod, however, was discovered, in all probability netting was practised:

‘Atque alius latum fundâ jam verberat amnem,  
Alta petens, pelagoque alius trahit humida lina.’

—*Georg.* i. 141.

Perhaps the most beautiful account of net and rod-fishing in ancient literature is to be found in Ausonius (*Idyll.* x. 243–256):

‘Hic medio procul amne trahens humentia lina,  
Nodosis decepta plagis examina verrit;  
Ast hic, tranquillo qua labitur agmine flumen,  
Ducit corticosis fluitantia retia signis.  
Ille autem, scopulis subjectas pronus in undas,  
Inclinat lentæ convexa cacumina virgæ,  
Indutos escis jaciens letalibus hamos.  
Quos ignara doli postquam vaga turba natantum  
Rictibus invasit, patulæque per intima fauces  
Sera occultati senserunt vulnera ferri:  
Dum trepidant, subit indicium, crispoque tremori  
Vibrantis setæ nutans consentit arundo.  
Nec mora, et excussam stridenti verbere prædam  
Dextera in obliquum raptat puer.’

Our authorities are very precise on the exact time when angling was invented. Thus Daniel† remarks, it is

‘said to have been practised 1498 years previous to the Christian era; some have carried its antiquity to a period still more remote, and have insisted that the elder children of Seth’s (one of Adam’s sons) family were instructed by their father in this pastime, and that from them the present race of men have derived and continued it: on this subject, however, traditionary history has not been very minute.’

Walton‡ adds, ‘Some say it is as ancient as Deucalion’s flood; others, that Belus, who was the first inventor of godly and virtuous recreations, was the first inventor of angling.’ However this may be, the most diligent research has failed to find

\* It is reproduced in Smith’s ‘Dictionary of the Bible,’ i. p. 616.

† ‘Rural Sports,’ vol. ii. p. 224 (ed. 1812). ‡ ‘Compleat Angler,’ I. 1.

an earlier allusion to the art of fly-fishing than Ælian's story of the mode in which certain fish, τὴν χροάν κατάστικτοι (in which the commentators recognise some kind of trout), are taken by anglers on the river Astræus. After describing the *ephemeræ* (our May-flies) on which these fish greedily feed, he continues, in words which no one but a close observer of nature could have used, and which exactly express the trout's 'rise,' so dear to every angler,—

'When a fish observes one of these flies floating on the surface, he advances quietly swimming underneath, as he fears to disturb the upper water lest his quarry be scared away, draws nearer into its shadow, and then, opening his mouth, sucks down the fly, as a wolf snatches a sheep from the flock or an eagle a goose from the yard, and then sinks under the ripple.'

He proceeds, that as the fishermen cannot handle these flies, owing to the delicacy of their wings, they overreach the fish by craft. Wrapping crimson wool round the hook, they attach two cock hackles, assimilating the lure to the required colour by the use of wax. With a six-foot line, and a rod of the same length, this is flung to the fish, which, taking it, are thereby caught, and 'bitter does their feasting turn out.'\*

In the next century Ausonius has some pretty lines on the chief objects of the angler's art attainable in the Moselle. First he paints the sea-trout to the life:

'*Purpureisque salar stellatus tergora guttis.*'

Next comes the mighty bulk of a salmon, such an one for instance as was caught by the rod at Lennelhaugh on the Tweed, in November, 1873, weighing 52½ lbs., the largest taken in Scotland during the season:

'*Nec te puniceo rutilantem viscere, salmo,  
Transierim, late cujus vaga verbera caudæ  
Gurgite de medio summas referuntur in undas,  
Occultus placido quum proditur æquore pulsus.  
Tu loricato squamosus pectore, frontem  
Lubricus, et dubiæ facturus fercula cœnæ,  
Tempora longarum fers, incorrupte, morarum,  
Præsignis maculis capitis: cui prodiga nutat  
Alvus opimatoque fluens abdomine venter.*'

And then, with the eye of a fisherman as well as of an epicure, he gives the middle place deservedly to the trout. After enumerating several other fish, "who does not know," he exclaims,—

\* The wording of these two passages is very felicitous. Ælian, 'De Natura Animalium,' lib. xvii., lib. xv. 1 ed. Jacobs, Jenæ, 1832.

'Teque inter species geminas, neutrumque et utrumque,  
Qui necdum salmo, nec jam salar, ambiguusque  
Amborum medio fario intercepte sub ævo?'

—Aus., *Idyll.* i., lines 88, 100, 130.

From the fourth century to 'The Boke of St. Alban's' in the fifteenth, is a wide difference; but there are no stepping-stones of angling literature in the stream of time which runs between these bounds. Life was too real, and made too many stern calls upon humanity, in the interval. Popular commotions, crusades, and a general sense of insecurity, forbade that leisable frame of mind which finds its appropriate pleasure in fishing. Before gunpowder, too, had come into general use, hawking was *par excellence* the amusement of lords and ladies, the only class which was suffered to pursue the chase or to indulge in any of the pleasures of sport. But with the spread of liberty, as individual rights gradually strengthened themselves amongst the burghers, and constitutional barriers began to be set up against royal prerogatives and aristocratic haughtiness, the restrictions which jealously excluded the middle classes (if such a term can be applied to the state of society in the Middle Ages) faded away through sheer inability to maintain themselves any longer; and those who from the situation of their dwellings, or want of means and retainers, were precluded from indulging in the art of venerie, began to turn to the capture of fish as an amusement which possessed much of the excitement of forest craft without its disabilities. Then as the art of fishing became more systematised, it gradually became more popular, till at length Dame Juliana Berners, in her treatise on 'Fysshynge,' published a list of twelve artificial flies, which seems to have formed the basis of Walton's celebrated 'jury of flies,' and to have given the cue to the numerous angling writers since his time who have drawn up lists of standard flies. It is sufficient to say of her selection, that with a few modifications, the angler of to-day would be very willing to adopt them at the river side, so little advance has been made in the principles of fly-tying.

Besides Gesner's 'History of Animals,' and Dr. Holland's translation of Pliny, the fishermen of the seventeenth century found a splendid *répertoire* of ichthyological knowledge ready to their hands in Ulysses Aldrovandus. It is worth while, even at the present day, looking into his grand folio, magnificently illustrated with quaint woodcuts of fish. That of the trout is a likeness which would even pass muster now; but like the early naturalists, he was fond of the marvellous, and somewhat credulous withal. His plate of the 'Reversus Indicus squamosus,' with two or three captured fishes impaled on its spines, is an excellent

excellent example of these tendencies; while, grotesque as many fish really are, the '*Cyprinus monstrosus*,' with a man's face, not unlike a piscine Arthur Orton, and the '*Orbis stellatus*,' with human features and large stars dotted about on its rotundity, are only to be matched with the contents of a show at a country fair or the creative ingenuity of Waterton and Barnum. At every page we expect to meet Autolykus' strange fish 'that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday, the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, singing a ballad against the hard hearts of maids,'\* or Tony's fish in 'A Wife for a Month':

'A monstrous fish, with his sword by his side, a long sword,  
A pike in's neck and a gun in's nose, a huge gun,  
And letters of mart in's mouth, from the Duke of Florence.†

Aldrovandus gives trout flies for the different months‡ during which that fish is in season, and amusingly reprehends Cardan for asserting that trout are rendered sweeter and more healthy by their common habit of swimming against stream, reminding him of lake trout, which are both fatter and sweeter than their brook congeners, but not more healthy.

Omitting Leonard Mascall and Taverner's books on Fishing, which were printed at the commencement of the seventeenth century, we will pass to the next typical work on the craft, 'The Secrets of Angling,' by J. D., Esq. The first edition of this book was published in 1613, and is of the greatest rarity; the only perfect copy known is in the Bodleian. Walton confesses that 'he had never seen it, though it be extant.' We have only met with Lawson's second edition, 1652, at the British Museum Library. At the end of this book Mr. T. Gosden has written, 'The celebrated collector, J. Bindley, Esq., informed the writer of this that he had been fifty years in pursuit of the "Secrets of Angling," and never could obtain one; and during that time only saw two copies, one at the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and the other in the possession of Dr. Haworth.' This work of Dennys's is a thin duodecimo of 35 pages; partly from its rarity, but still more from the excellence of its poetry, some account of it will be welcome to anglers. The preface, by R. J., recommends angling as 'a sport every way as pleasant, lesse chargeable, more profitable, and nothing so much subject to choler or impatience,' as are hunting and hawking. At the end are a few lines of prose, giving a marvellous receipt for anointing the line, in order to take fish; and a second, only just inferior to it, composed of 'the Oyle of an Ospray,' which

\* 'Winter's Tale,' Act IV. sc. iii.

† Act II. sc. i.

‡ 'Hist.' p. 195.  
ornithologists



ornithologists may be amused to hear is 'of body neare the bigness of a Goose; one of her feet is web'd to swim withall, the other hath tallents to catch Fish.' It concludes with two rules worthy the attention of all anglers at the present day. 'Enterprise no man's ground without leave, breake no man's hedge to his losse.' 'Pray to God with your heart to blesse your lawfull exercise.'

This first angling poet, who in some of his flights has never since been surpassed, does not trace the art of fishing beyond the Flood:

'Then did Deucalion first the Art invent  
Of Angling, and his people taught the same;  
And to the Woods and Groves with them he went,  
Fit tooles to find for this most needful game;  
There from the trees the longest Rindes they rent,  
Wherewith strong lines they roughly twist and frame,  
And of each crook of hardest bush and brake  
They made them hooks the hungry Fish to take.

'And to entice them to the eager bit,  
Dead Frogs and Flies of sundry sorts he took,  
And Snailles and Wormes, such as he found most fit,  
Wherein to hide the close and deadly hook;  
And thus with practice and inventive wit  
He found the means in every Lake and Brook  
Such store of fish to take with little pain,  
As did long time this people new sustain.'

We must find room for the following verses, which exhibit no mean poetic power. Dennys is comparing the felicity of the angler's life with that of the gamester and profligate:

'O let me rather on the pleasant Brinke  
Of Tyne and Trent possesse some dwelling-place,  
Where I may see my Quill and Corke down sinke  
With eager bite of Barbell, Bleike, or Dace:  
And on the World and his Creatour thinke  
While they proud Thais painted sheet embrace,  
And with the fume of strong Tobacco's smoke  
All quaffing round \* are ready for to choke.

'Let them that list these pastimes then pursue,  
And on their pleasing fancies feed their fill:  
So I the Fields and Meadows green may view,  
And by the Rivers fresh may walk at will,  
Among the Daizies and the Violets blew,  
Red Hyacinth and yellow Daffodill,

---

\* This is a very early notice of smoking tobacco. The practice was originally called 'drinking tobacco.'



Purple Narcissus like the morning rayes,  
Pale Ganderglas and azor Culverkayes.

'I count it better pleasure to behold  
The goodly compasse of the lofty Skie,  
And in the midst thereof, like burning Gold,  
The flaming chariot of the World's great eye :  
With sundry kinds of painted colours flie ;  
And faire Aurora lifting up her head  
All blushing rise from old Tithonus bed.'

J. D. speaks of the artificial fly, and figures one of such portentous dimensions that no trout in these more enlightened times would so much as look at it. He seems also to have been the first to enumerate 'the twelve vertues of y<sup>e</sup> Angler,' which many writers have since imitated. These are Faith, Hope, Love, Patience, Humility, 'painfull Strength and Courage good,' Liberality—

'Like to the Ancient Hospitality  
That sometimes dwelt in Albion's fertile Land,—  
But now is sent away into exile .  
Beyond the bounds of Isabella's Isle,'

Knowledge, Placability of Mind (*i.e.* contentment),—

'Fasting long from all superfluous fare,  
And never on his greedy belly think  
From rising Sun until alow he sink'—

and finally. Memory.

Another celebrated angling book of the seventeenth century is Gervase Markham's 'Country Contentments.' This forms the first part of his 'Way to get Wealth,' and in it the author professes to give 'the wholesome experiences in which any man ought to recreate himself after the toyle of more serious businesse.' Such are hawking, tennis, &c.; 'baloone, the whole art of angling, and'—strange companion of the gentle craft!—'the use of the fighting-cock.' Markham, like J. D., gives a curious enumeration of the qualities which a good angler should possess; but if his injunctions were implicitly followed, angling would not boast many disciples even in these enlightened days of School Boards and compulsory education. This old author, who entertains so transcendent an estimate of his art as to break out—

'what worke unto man can be more thankfull then the Discourse of that pleasure which is most comely, most honest, and giveth the most liberty to Divine meditation, and that without all question is the Art of Angling, which having ever beene most hurtlessly necessary, hath beene the sport and Recreation of God's Saints, of most holy Fathers,

and of many worthy and reverend Divines, both dead and at this time breathing ?'

would be satisfied with little short of an Admirable Crichton as its professor. He must be a good general scholar and a grammarian :

'he must be strong and valiant, neither to be amazed with storms nor frightened with Thunder, and if he is not temperate but has a gnawing stomach, that will not endure much fasting but must observe Hours, it troubleth the mind and body, and loseth that delight which only maketh the pastime pleasing.'

Again, he must be

'full of humble thoughts, of a constant believe, of a thankful nature, praising the Author of all goodnesse, and shewing a large gratefulnesse for the least satisfaction ; he would not be unskilful in Musicke, that whensoever either melancholy, heaviness of his thought, or the perturbations of his owne fancies stirreth up sadnesse in him, he may remoove the same with some godly Hymne or Antheme, of which David gives him ample examples.'

Markham touches on artificial flies, but has nothing distinctive to say of them, although he was a typical country gentleman of his time.\*

One more book before Walton's ought to be mentioned, because he was greatly indebted to its author, who must have been a well-known character in his day. Thomas Barker describes himself as 'an ancient practitioner in the said art,' and dedicates 'Barker's Delight ; or, The Whole Art of Angling,' to his patron, Lord Montague, whose head-cook he seems to have been, for, to quote his own verses—

'forty years I

In Ambassadors' kitchens learn'd my cookery.'

The first edition appeared in 1651. He declares his object in writing to be to help on 'the younger fry.' He adds—'I

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\* It may not be amiss to append Oppian's ideal of an angler:—

'First, be the fisher's limbs compact and sound,  
With solid flesh and well-braced sinews bound ;  
Let wat'ry labours be his chief content,  
The briny seas his nat'ral element,  
Judicious art, with long experience joined,  
Inform the ready dictates of his mind.  
Let resolution all his passions away,  
Nor pleasures charm his mind, nor fears dismay.  
From short repose let early vigour rise  
And all his soul awaken with his eyes.  
Well let his patience and his health sustain  
Jove's piercing storms and Sirius' sultry reign.'

—Opp., 'Halieutics,' translated by Draper and Jones, Oxford, 1722.

live in Henry the 7th's Gifts, the next doore to the Gatehouse in Westminster, and take as much delight in the dressing of trout as in the taking of them.' After treating the different branches of angling, and giving four palmers for 'angling with a flye, which is a delightfull sport,' Barker concludes, curiously enough, with a receipt for waterproofing anglers' boots ('as I have a desire to preserve their health, with help of God, to go dry in their boots and shoes in angling'), which in substance may be found in every manual since published, and 'which one receipt,' he adds, 'is worth much more than this book will cost.' But the chief art on which Barker prided himself was cookery, and he gives so many methods of cooking trout that we are involuntarily reminded of the modern domestic manuals which profess to cook apples or rabbits in a hundred different ways. John Hockenwell, in a set of doggerel verses, inserted, after the manner of the age, at the beginning of the treatise, lays particular stress upon this feature of Barker's book :

'Markham, Ward, Lawson, dare you with Barker now compare ?  
Of trouts and large pikes you teach us 'to catch a good dish,  
He to make tackle, to kill and cook also all fish.'

Thus, we have 'trouts in broth, which is restorative,' 'calvored trouts' (i. e. boiled), broiled and fried and stewed trouts, roasted and 'marinated' trouts, 'a trout-pie to eat hot and another to eat cold.' Even the ingenuity of an ambassador's cook could go no further.

Among the conservative tendencies of the angler, which, forasmuch as he is a honest and reflective man, are usually so marked, may be reckoned, particularly if he has scholarly tastes, a love for collecting these early books on fishing.\* Their bibliography is not well known, and most of them are very scarce, so that few indeed are the collectors who can boast copies of any of the preceding works. Another curious angling book, which is occasionally seen in a corner of the angler's favourite shelf, is a diminutive 48mo. of Gervase Markham, 'The Young Sportsman's Instructor.'† It deals as well with fish and fishing

\* Dibdin's conception of the ideal angler deserves commemoration;—'Dr. William Combe of Henley, a gentleman who collects with considerable taste, and who loves what he collects with no inconsiderable ardour, is the fortunate owner of Joseph Warton's own copy of Herrick's "*Hesperides*" and he carries this book in his right-hand coat-pocket, and the first edition of Walton's "*Complete Angler*" in his left, when, with tapering rod and trembling float, he enjoys his favourite diversion of angling on the banks of the Thames. A halt—on a haycock or by the side of a cluster of wild sweet-briars—with such volumes to recreate the flagging spirits, or to compensate for luckless sport!—but I am ruralising.'—Dibdin's *Library Companion*, 2nd ed., p. 711.

† First published at the Ring, in Little Britain, in 1652. Our copy, alas! has lost the title-page.

as with the secrets of the craft. Some of these sound sufficiently horrible to modern ears, as, for instance, 'A way to catch fish. —Smother a cat to death, then bleed him, and having flea'd and paunch'd him, roast him on a spit without larding, keep the dripping to mix with the yolks of eggs and an equal quantity of oil of spikenard; mix these well together, and anoint your line, hook or bait therewith, and you will find 'em come to your content.' Were a fisherman to employ this diabolical salve, even when using the maggot for bait, he should utterly forfeit the title of *gentle angler*. We must find room for an amusing remedy from this choice little treatise in 'a casualty that may happen to anglers. If an earwig gets into their ear, take an old apple, cut it in two, then make a little hole in the outside of one half, and lay that in the ear; lie down on that side, and the earwig will come into the hole of the apple. Some light a pipe of tobacco and blow the smoak out at the small end into the ear, and that brings 'em out.'—P. 136.

The angling books of the last century contain nothing noteworthy, being mere reproductions of their predecessors, or, if original, neither excelling in literary taste nor in angling inventiveness. Crossing the threshold of 1800, Rev. W. B. Daniel's 'Rural Sports' confronts us in four portly quartos, replete with anecdotes and rules, which must have been a treasure to the Will Wimbles\* of the time. During the last thirty years innumerable books and articles on angling have poured from the press. Many of them, however, are apparently framed on the scholar's principle, 'I love any discourse of rivers and fish and fishing: the time spent in such discourse passes away very pleasantly,'† rather than with reference to the literary power of their writers. Some of these will be noticed hereafter, meanwhile we must turn to the poetry of angling.

With the exception of J. D.'s verses, who is the laureate of the craft, angling, as practised in England, sadly wants a sacred bard. Why does no fisherman 'hamis et reti potens,' as familiar with all the finny tribes as was Glaucus of old after tasting grass, cut himself a reed from the margin of his loved trout-stream and pipe a strain worthy of the subject? In default of this, we must betake ourselves loyally, in the first instance, to Walton's lyrics, 'old fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age,'‡ as he says of Raleigh's verses. In the

\* 'Will Wimble, who makes a May-fly to a miracle, and furnishes the whole country with angle rods.'—*Spectator*, No. 108.

† 'Compleat Angler,' Part I. cap. 18.

‡ *Ibid.* cap. 4.

following we seem to breathe airs which have blown over the cowslip-meadows by Shawford Brook :—

- ‘ I care not, I, to fish in seas,  
 Fresh rivers best my mind do please,  
 Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,  
 And seek in life to imitate :  
     In civil bounds I fain would keep,  
     And for my past offences weep.
- ‘ And when the timorous trout I wait  
 To take, and he devours my bait,  
 How poor a thing, sometimes I find,  
 Will captivate a greedy mind :  
     And when none bite, I praise the wise  
     Whom vain allurements ne’er surprise.’

Though it is in accordance with the taste of the age, this song is somewhat spoilt by the quaint conceits in its last verse :—

- ‘ The first men that our Saviour dear  
 Did choose to wait upon Him here  
 Bless’d fishers were, and fish the last  
 Food was, that He on earth did taste :  
     I therefore strive to follow those  
     Whom he to follow Him hath chose.’

—C. A., Pt. I. cap. 5.

Cotton wrote a volume of odes, &c., of very unequal merit, and celebrates the Dove, ‘princess of rivers,’ in some frigid ‘irregular stanzas’ addressed to Walton.

After the verses of the patriarch of angling, with the exception of a few scattered songs, English literature contains no angling poetry of mention, save Gay’s beautiful lines in his ‘Rustic Sports,’ and the songs of the Coquet and other north country trout-streams which have been collected in the ‘Newcastle Fishers’ Garlands.’ Bringing these verses into juxtaposition, Gay’s may be said to resemble salmon flies. They are rich, fantastic, glowing with colour, while the Northumbrian songs are like a trout-fly, simple and unassuming, of modest dimensions and sober tints. A few samples will better display these characteristics. Gay claims precedence :—

- ‘ When genial Spring a living warmth bestows,  
 And o’er the year her verdant mantle throws,  
 No swelling inundation hides the grounds,  
 But crystal currents glide within their bounds ;  
 The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,  
 Float in the sun, and skim along the lake ;  
 With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,  
 Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.

Now

Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,  
 And arm himself with every wat'ry snare;  
 His hooks, his lines peruse with careful eye,  
 Increase his tackle, and his rod retie.'

—*Rural Sports*, i. 123-134.

After a pleasing account of making artificial flies, well-known to every scholarly angler, Gay paints the tying of the *impromptu* fly at the water's edge in lines of singular beauty:—

' Oft have I seen the skilful angler try  
 The various colours of the treacherous fly,  
 When he with fruitless pain hath skimm'd the brook  
 And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,  
 He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,  
 Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw;  
 When if an insect fall (his certain guide),  
 He gently takes him from the whirling tide;  
 Examines well his form with curious eyes  
 His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns and size,  
 Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds  
 And on the back a speckled feather binds;  
 So just the colours shine through every part,  
 That nature seems again to live in art.'—I. 195-208.

All 'honest and well-governed anglers' will heartily sympathise with the poet's concluding aspirations. Before seeking his fortune in London, he must often have put his precepts in practice in his North Devon home:—

' Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,  
 No blood of living insect stain my line.  
 Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook  
 With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,  
 Silent along the mazy margin stray,  
 And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.'—I. 265-270.

No greater contrast to the polished diction of Gay can be imagined than the angling ballads which were for the most part published annually in Northumbria from 1820 onwards to 1864, and which have been so tastefully collected by Mr. Crawhall in the 'Newcastle Fishers' Garlands.' Gay's lines smack of the lamp, but there is a certain rude vigour and wild beauty about some of these 'Garlands' which show that genuine poetic flowers have been interwoven for the fishers' posy. An angler could place on his book-shelf no more agreeable *souvenir* of his art. These ballads bear the test of being read by the winter fireside without any abatement of the pleasure with which they are perused under cloudless skies, while swallows hawk  
 around

around suggestive of the trout rising eagerly at the May-fly in their element. What more lovely morning for a ramble could the angler desire than this?—

‘Now night has resign’d the soft mantle of sleep,  
And the stars are away slowly creeping;  
The young day has broken behind the far steep,  
And the lark on her free wing is sweeping;  
The wild rose is sweet in the green-scented lane,  
With the woodbine so gaily entwining;  
The daisies are bright on the dew-spangled plain,  
In the face of the firmament shining.’—P. 17.

An artistic poet would have expressed himself more exactly, but let a brother angler paint a companion picture:—

‘Sober eve is approaching, the sun is now set,  
Though his beams on the hill-top are lingering yet;  
The west wind is still, and more clearly is heard  
In meadow and forest the note of each bird:  
The crows to their roost are now winging their way;  
It is time to give over my fishing to-day.

‘I arose in the morn, ere the sun could prevail  
To disperse the grey mist that hung low in the vale.  
To the lynn I went straight, distant ten miles or more,  
Where the stream rushes down with a bound and a roar;  
In the black pool below I had scarce thrown my line,  
Ere a trout seized my fly and directly was mine.’—P. 197.

The ‘Fisher’s Courtship’ is cast in a more amusing strain. We can only find a niche for the last verse:—

‘Oh! come, an’ we’ll rove by the streams  
Till the sun’s sinken far i’ the west;  
An’ if weary we get wi’ his beams,  
In the shade o’ the valley we’ll rest.  
There the true “Fisher’s knot” ye shall see;  
The secret shall cost but a kiss;  
And when tied—’gin ye canna win free,—  
We maun e’en let it bide as it is!’—P. 169.

We ought to add that the book is rendered still more dainty by Bewick’s woodcuts. Mr. Stoddart’s angling verses are somewhat sentimental and too palpably artificial to adorn their subject. An angling song is nothing if it be not natural and simple. We prefer meeting him rod in hand on the banks of Tweed, rather than with the poetic *afflatus* strongly developed seeing him toil up the steep of Helicon.

After all each fisherman must find out for himself the true poetry of angling as he practises the art, and if he can fish much  
without



without finding secrets hitherto undreamt of in insect, flower, and bird, without imbibing, it may be unconsciously, a deeper reverence for the Author of nature and a wider love for his fellow-man, he is no worthy follower of Izaak Walton. Let him know as little of the literature of fly-fishing as Dr. Knox knew of the life-history of the *Salmonidæ* (his book is only worth mentioning for its anatomy of the trout, and we fear that Time has long ago 'burked' it), still, if he possesses the receptive, meditative, self-collected disposition of the scholarly angler, every fishing ramble is an excursion into Fairyland. But we must not relapse into ecstasies inevitably called forth by the remembrance of the fishing days of the past; their cherished memories haunt the heart, as the echoed cooing of the airy woodpigeons (what sweeter epithet could Virgil have chosen than '*aeriæ palumbæ*?') which we were then wont to hear by the streamlet's side, again in fancy falls upon the ear over the dim retrospect of departed summers:—

'Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,  
Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ.'

It is literally time to wind up our lines, so, following the precedent of all angling books and essays, we will end with some practical remarks on fly-fishing for trout. They have been painfully garnered in from many a lost fish and not a few disappointed hopes. 'You know there is more pleasure in hunting the hare than in eating her,'\* and big trout live their struggles over again in an angler's mind, in much the same manner as the wild boar Sarhimner was wont to come to life again each morning for the Northern heroes to hunt in the happy hunting-grounds of the spirit-world. Nay, the fisherman's bliss even excels theirs. Whenever he will he can mentally catch those trout, the size of the Buddhist sacred fish to his excited imagination, which through some trivial mischance or other escaped him at the brook-side.

'Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river.'

*Anthony and Cleopatra*, II. 5.

Choose, then, a breezy day for fly-fishing, and do not be afraid of wind. South and westerly winds doubtless invite forth most insects, but north and even east winds suit the character of some streams. We have known one angler flog the water all day in vain during an easterly wind, while another in the next field filled his basket. He had taken care to fish under the shelter of a high well-wooded bank which effectually shut out

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\* Walton, 'C. A.' Part I. cap. 16.

the wind from that portion of the river. In fact, as there is no good horse of a bad colour, so an angler need not despair whatever the wind be. Rain is often an advantage. When the water is slightly coloured after a freshet is the best time to throw flies over it, spite of the poetical view which shows us the angler in brilliant sunshine, when 'purior electro campum petit amnis.' On rods authorities differ, some advocating stiff unyielding rods, others praising them when they are slender and flexible. In a narrow stream beset with tree-roots, &c., use the former; with such a rod the angler will often be able to prevent a trout when hooked from darting into cover and snapping the gut, but in all ordinary cases choose a pliant yielding rod. It is only with this kind of rod that a large trout can be killed. Use a line of silk and hair mixed. Ordinary casting-lines are made three yards in length, but four yards is much better. As for the number of flies to be attached, the best angler whom we ever knew latterly used but one. Two are perhaps preferable. Three is the regulation number, but is one too many. On the Tweed professional fishermen may be seen with a dozen, sixteen, or even twenty on their lines. Owing to the entanglements which would result, half of these would prove a perpetual trouble to an amateur. The manner of affixing flies to the casting-line is confessedly a *knotty* point; but after trying all known modes, for simplicity and safety we have found nothing equal to tying first a common knot on the end of a fly and then attaching it by another common knot to the gut casting-line. The trout-fisher will require but a few kinds of flies to enable him to vie with Glasgerion, who could

'Harp fish out of the water  
And water out of a stone,  
And milk out of a maiden's breast  
That bairn had never none.'

Palmers, black, brown, and red; the 'coachman,' the 'red spinner' (admirable for an autumn fly), mallard and woodcock wings with red bodies, small yellow gnats, and, of course, in its season the May-fly, are in our judgment the most fatal lures. A twist of red silk greatly increases the killing powers of most flies. Some anglers have a hobby for collecting in their pocket-books flies of marvellous hues, sensational combinations of blue and crimson, 'Victor Emmanuels,' 'Alexandras'—the latest invention of advertising tradesmen. Distrust them all. 'They be pretty toys,' as Lord Bacon says, but cannot hold their own against long-tried veterans. It is a good thing to be able to make the above-mentioned flies: to buy them of a good fly-tyer

fly-tyer is better; much time and not a few disappointments are thereby saved. Mr. Pennell\* boldly proposes to sweep away all the above flies and use on all streams and in all weathers three typical trout-flies, varied only in size. These flies are wingless, with green, brown, and yellow bodies respectively, and a double tail, which he profanely calls a 'whisk.' It is possible, however, to carry simplicity too far.

Having now conducted the scholar to the water's side,—

'Just in the dubious point, where with the pool  
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils  
Around the stone, or from the hollowed bank  
Reverted plays in undulating flow,  
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;  
And as you lead it round in artful curve,  
With eye attentive mark the springing game.' †

But here the question arises, is he to fish up or down? Direful is the controversy that has raged, nay, still rages, on this point. We decide for no general rule, but are guided by wind and water. Undoubtedly it is more pleasant to fish down-stream, and demands less exertion, the current carrying on the flies; but, on the other hand, in shallow water with fine weather the fish see the angler afar off, and his chances of taking them are much lessened. Sometimes, too, the wind blows up-stream, and few things are more trying even to a fly-fisher's serene temperament than to have the wet line coiled round his neck at each throw. In fishing up-stream a very short line is required, and frequent casting. Thus it demands really hard work; but if the angler adopt it, and keep himself concealed by the bank, it is very fatal. Concealment, it should be observed, is, after all, the great secret of successful fly-fishing. By crouching and availing himself cunningly of every bush and tree, an angler will soon fill his basket. When a stream runs swiftly between waving weed-beds, fishing up-stream is indispensable. As soon as the flies touch the water and float down the narrow streamlets they will often be taken. Then the pricked fish instantly rushes into the friendly weeds, and what is to be done? Always draw him gently down the way of the stream. This is rarely inefficacious. It is possible, too, if he is caught with a weed-bed between the angler and himself, by drawing him

\* 'Modern Practical Angler,' p. 77.

† Thomson's Seasons, 'Spring.' See the rest of the passage. Since writing the above we have lighted upon Sir T. Dick Lauder's opinion of these verses, and are glad to find that distinguished angler and accomplished man testifying—'We know nothing in Izaak Walton that so perfectly teaches the pupil the whole of his art as these lines do.'—*Scottish Rivers*, p. 189. Edinburgh, 1874.

swiftly

swiftly on, to make him leap, as it were, over the danger into the safer water, before he is aware that he is hooked, if the angler be dexterous. In all cases of entanglement in bushes or under the bank, &c., be prompt; drop the rod, and at once use the landing-net. It is worth remembering that if his reel has not a check, it can be made into one by simply twisting two or three turns of the line round the handle, and then, after sticking the rod in the ground by its spike, the angler can attend to difficulties of roots, weeds, &c. Perhaps it may be added, as a final admonition to beginners, that their great fault generally lies in casting from the arms, making them, instead of the rod, do the work. The upper joints of the rod ought to be called into play, and the spring from them should cast the flies on the stream as lightly as winter's first snow-flakes fall.

Directly the fish is removed from the water it should be killed by a blow or two on the head with a pen-knife, and thus those who raise the cuckoo cry of cruelty will be effectually silenced, as well as the angler's own conscience. Oppian, on the contrary, exults amusingly enough over his prey's agonies in describing the capture of a wrasse, which (he adds) is an uxorious fish:—

‘ Thus the swain with proud success elate,  
In merry mood insults the unfortunate :  
“ Now, wretch, your fond uxorious cares employ,  
And revel with your wives in varied joy ;  
Sole lord below, who moved with haughty air  
Amidst a circle of obedient Fair,  
Ne’er at your change repine, on earth you claim  
One gayer mistress and a brighter flame :  
Your nuptials here terrestrial fire shall grace,  
And rise to meet and curl in your embrace.” ’ \*

If an angler require more detailed hints he may advantageously consult Stewart's ‘ Practical Angler,’ Ephemer's ‘ Handbook,’ or Mr. F. Francis's ‘ Book on Angling.’ The late Mr. Stewart had a special craze for fishing up-stream. He who cannot catch trout under ‘ Ephemer's’ guidance may rest assured that he was not born an angler. This manual leaves nothing to be desired, and is not written in that affected jargon of bad jokes and trite quotations which too many sporting authors affect. Mr. Cutcliffe professes to teach trout-fishing in rapid streams such as those of Devon or the Lake District; but he is so verbose, and toils through so many preliminary matters, that—

‘ Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis.’

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\* Draper and Jones's translation, p. 159.

But

But he may have some secret worth telling, were life long enough to make it worth while to persevere in the perusal of his book. As for Sir R. Roberts, he takes care, in 'The River's Side, or The Trout and Grayling, and how to Take Them, that the tyro shall be ignorant on no possible point connected with his equipment and procedure. To such a length does he carry his quasi-parental solicitude, that he even informs him at what shop the best grey tweed in London is to be procured for making fishing-coats! After this we can but desiderate the address of the silversmith who would provide us with the most commendable knives and forks wherewith to eat our trout.

Having now performed our task as Mentor, it only remains to wish the angler many happy summers wherein to practise his delightful amusement. Most trout-fishers will agree with Sir H. Wootton's sentiments, who 'did not forget his innate pleasure of angling,' which he would usually call 'his idle time not idly spent,' saying often, 'he would rather live five May months than forty Decembers.\*' Fly-fishing, however, has its sober side, which the true angler loves to bear in mind, though the fine old angling-song jovially endeavours to blink it:

'Tis mony years sin' first we met  
 On Coquet's bonny braes,  
 An' mony a brither fisher's gane,  
 An' clad in his last claes:  
 An' we maun follow wi' the lave,  
 Grim Death, he heuks us a';  
 But we'll hae anither fishing bout  
 Afore we're ta'en awa'!

—*Newcastle Garlands*, p. 32.

The stern conditions of modern life—its engrossing anxieties, its fevered hurry and ceaseless excitement—leave but few opportunities for calm thought. Who would not be grateful for the quiet retirement of the brook-side, and those peaceful evening hours when he can commune with nature, and better still, with nature's God? Angling has much sympathy with the moralising vein. That is no unreal emotion which Dürer expresses in his beautiful etching of St. Hubert on his knees while hunting, before the well-antlered stag that bears the crucifix between its horns. He does but portray the feelings of thankful adoration which must insensibly be called forth in every meditative sportsman when brought face to face with his own heart, and the marvels of creative love shown him by his craft. And thus

\* Walton's 'Life of Sir H. Wootton.'

angling becomes a school of virtue, something far higher than a mere amusement, or the art of gracefully catching fish, and justifies the panegyrics which have been heaped upon it by some of the noblest minds amongst our forefathers. On this view, too, it may be permitted the advocate of fly-fishing to remind those who practise his favourite diversion of the devout words in which Dame Juliana Berners concludes her *Treatyse* :—

‘Whanne ye purpoos to goo on your disportes in fysshynge ye woll not desyre gretly many persones wyth you, whiche myghte lette you of your game. And thenne ye maye serve God deuowtly in sayenge affectuously youre custumable prayer. And all those that done after this rule shall haue the blessynge of god and saynt Petyr, whyche he theym graunte that wyth his precyous blood vs boughte.’

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ART. III.—*MS. Collections at Castle Horneck. 1720–1772.*

SINCE, in the year 1859, the people of Truro looked for the last time on the mail coach from Plymouth as it rattled over the pavement of their ancient and cleanly borough up to the door of the Royal Hotel, and since Brunel, by spanning the Tamar with the Albert Bridge, placed in the power of thousands *per diem* to cross the waters of separation between Cornwall and the rest of the world, and thereby to perform a feat which the Devil of the Western ‘Drolls’ had till then been unable to accomplish, that county may truly be said to have obtained from her visitors a share of attention such as fairly to make her the envy of the most favoured district in England. Armed with a ticket for Penzance, the tourist discovered that beyond the old red sandstone of Devon, and that warm southern seaboard he already knew so well, there lay a country possessed of attractions by no means to be overlooked. Wayside inns expanded themselves into hotels to receive him, and lodgings were advertised to be let in places unheard of before. Small fishing-villages bade fair to become attractive watering-places, and in short, ‘West Barbary,’ as it had been called—barbarous no more—was on all hands admitted into the list of those localities which must be ‘done.’ Nor were artists long in finding out for themselves snuggeries along this same Cornish coast; and thus, year by year, the walls of the Academy recall to our mind’s eye, with a truthfulness of colour seldom to be mistaken, the blocks of rough grey granite capped with golden lichen, which form the foreground to a depth of blue and green and purple, such as those



those alone can realize who, seated on the summit of the cliffs, have gazed down on those waters of the Atlantic, as a genial summer day draws onward to its close. And authors, too, have found their way thither; for how many times has not the note-book been ransacked for illustrations of Cornish folk-lore, manners and customs, inhabitants past and present—some to figure as quaint realities, some as playful caricatures in the pages of the next propitious magazine?

Apart, however, from what may be said of Cornwall, or pictured of her scenery by travellers who pay her but a cursory visit, there yet remains, for those who care to probe the surface a little deeper, a storehouse of material connected with her literary history in the past, known only to the few, locked away perhaps with family papers in the office strong-room, or lying disregarded on the shelves of the private library. It has so happened—whether it be due to the affectionate regard entertained by every Cornishman for the honour of his ancient ‘kingdom,’ or to the real interest attaching to the subject itself, or to both these causes combined—that Cornwall can lay claim to a greater number of native historians than any other county in the British Isles. From the time of the father of her history, Richard Carew of Antonie, who published his ‘Survey’ in 1602, down to the present day, there have never been wanting men of application, not to say of ability, located in the county itself, to whom the study of their *natale solum*—its natural productions, its language and antiquities—has at once been a life-work and a delight. Names like Hals and Tonkin, Gwavas and Scawen, Whitaker and Polwhele, Davies Gilbert and his namesake C. S. Gilbert, Hichens and Drew, not to speak of those who have followed in more recent times, remind us of the fact that, even over and above what has been printed of their works, there may yet remain, if they have not yet reached the market, amongst the papers of their descendants, masses of unpublished MSS.—the fruit of lives of untiring assiduity. It is to a MS. collection of this kind that we propose to call attention in the following pages. Foremost, perhaps, in a list of Cornish historians would be placed a name, omitted above, that of William Borlase. Born in 1698, and dying in 1772, his MSS. extend over the half-century which follows the year 1720. Their interest for the general reader lies not so much in their reference to Cornwall, although to the elucidation of her history they all more or less directly tend, as in the light they throw upon the state of society at the time, and above all in the introduction they afford us to the literary and scientific world—to men, for instance, of such varied genius as Sir John St. Aubyn, Alexander



Alexander Pope, John Frederic Gronov of Leyden, Linnæus, Lyttelton, Bishop of Carlisle, Pococke, Bishop of Ossory, Milles, Dean of Exeter, and Thomas Pennant. Of the original correspondence of these and others, which, together with three volumes of copied answers, is contained in no less than nine volumes in all, we may add that it has never seen the light since the day it was first sewn together more than a century ago. It is to the contents of these volumes that we shall principally confine ourselves at present. Amongst the other MSS. in the collection may be mentioned three closely written folios, treating respectively of the Parochial History, the Heraldry and Genealogy, and the Ancient Language of Cornwall; the first of these being especially valuable from the fact that it contains extracts from that portion of the Hals MS. which was never published, and is usually supposed to have been lost at the printer's. Following these we may notice a volume entitled 'Collectanea,' being extracts from other writers bearing on the Antiquities and Natural History of Cornwall, a volume of drawings of churches, rude-stone monuments, &c., and a curious cosmical treatise, ready for the press, entitled 'Private Thoughts on the Creation and the Deluge.' After these come portfolios, meteorological observations, dissertations on scriptural and political subjects, notes on excursions, &c.; forming in all a collection of upwards of forty bound volumes, in addition to letters and tracts. The whole series may indeed be said to be a noble monument to a life which, though passed in seclusion, was one of unceasing mental energy; at a period too when books were scarce, public libraries in the country unknown, and the world in general offering few inducements to the student to persevere in so laborious a course. Such extracts from this mass of material as we have thought fit to make, we had at first intended to set before the reader one by one, like beads without a string; but we have since found it more convenient to arrange them systematically by attaching them to a cursory memoir of their collector, by introducing one or two short biographical sketches of his contemporaries, and by adding such notes as may serve to illustrate the manners of the West country at the time of which we speak.

William Borlase was born, as we have said, in 1698, at Pen-deen, in the parish of St. Just. His father was the representative of an 'ancient family of gentlemen,' as Hals calls them, settled in Cornwall soon after the Conquest, and deriving their origin, according to Upton, from one Talfer or Taillefer, who had the honour of striking the first blow on the eve of the Battle of Hastings. His mother was Lydia Harris, of Hayne, a daughter of

of that old Devonian house who traced through the Nevilles and Bouchiers direct from King Edward III. He was sent, as he tells us in an autobiographical letter, 'early to school at Penzance, where his master used to say he could learn but did not.' Thence 'more to his improvement he was removed in the year 1709 to the care of the Rev. Wm. Bedford, a learned school-master at Plymouth,' and thence, three years after, to Exeter College, Oxford. Of the state of that University during the time he was there, some idea may be formed from the diary of Tom Hearne, but meanwhile we may insert one extract from a letter written by Borlase himself to a pupil just going to Oxford in the year 1745, which quaintly illustrates the state of things thirty years before:—

'When I was at Oxford in the year 1715,' he says, 'we, I mean pupils, tutors, barbers, shoe-cleaners, and bed-makers, minded nothing but politics; the Muse stood neglected, nay, meat and drink, balls and ladies, had all reason to complain in their turns that we minded Scotland and Preston more than the humane, softer and more delicate entertainments of Genius and Philosophy. This was a most unhappy time, and I have often lamented it, and it has given me more pains since than I could at that time much better undergo. I hope all the several members of my Alma Mater are much wiser and better employed at present than to mind things which will go as they list, notwithstanding all the heroic struggles and zealous clubbs of the college or the tavern, and I think if I were back again in 1715, and in my undergraduate's gown, I should let the antagonists quietly take their fate, and not go once to coffee-house to know who had the best on't. For if I can see anything in our English History 'tis that the poor nation is always the worse for alterations, 'tho' particular persons may be the better, that is, the richer or more powerful.'

The ladies, however, as it seems, had not long to complain of this excessive *penchant* for politics among the undergraduates of 1715; for very shortly after the time of which this letter speaks, we find a young lady, 'whose good sense excels her person and whose good humour exceeds both,' expressing her regret that owing to the 'indisputable commands of a rigid father,' she is obliged to 'deny Mr. Borlase her company at a coming dance,' 'entirely contrary to her own inclinations.'

A year or two after, the Cornishmen at Exeter College (at that time the home of all West-countrymen), received an accession to their number, in the person of the young Sir John St. Aubyn. Several years younger than Borlase, a friendship sprang up between the two fellow-countrymen, which continued unbroken until the death of the former. Four years later, in 1722, having finished

finished their university career, they proceeded together to London and thence to Cornwall. In the following extract Borlase gives an account of their journey in a letter addressed to an old lady of fashion in London—Mrs. Delahaye, of Delahaye Street, Westminster. It is in itself a fair specimen of the quaint humour combined with elegance which makes the most trivial correspondence of the period such a fascinating study:—

‘Madam,’ it begins, ‘as fond as I am of the permission you gave me to write to you, I should not be so insensible to the rules of decency, but that I should make a great many apologies for being so bold as to trouble you with this, did I not think that the great importance of several adventures we met with in our journey would be a sufficient excuse to persons of much less curiosity than your ladyship. I am sure, if rising as unwillingly as any lady in town, if being as long at breakfast, setting out at last and jogging on till dinner-time; mutton-steaks, fowls, geese, &c., mounting again and continuing on till darkness and good stomachs made us resolve to go to supper and to bed, till waking next morning we began to act over those important parts again, and so on for five or six days following; I say if such a series of new and unheard of passages be not an entertainment sufficient to recommend itself, either the world must be grown very ill-natured, or I must be very trifling. I could tell you of drinking coffee one morning, and the next strong beer, nutmeg, and toast; I might from hence make a natural transition to buttered ale or mulled wine, and to show you that our journey was not without its rarities, I might expatiate on the several beauties we met with in a curious lantern at Blandford. As variety is likewise one of the most agreeable things in the world, I might likewise inform you of an accurate pedlar’s accosting us with abundance of pleasantries, and giving himself (for our sakes) a great deal of trouble to prove that we had four miles and a half to our inn, when other persons were of opinion we had but three. Sometimes we met with a landlord in men’s clothes, but for the most part we discovered that the men had dropt their prerogation, and we found the supreme authority over the inns lodged in gowns and petticoats. Ordered by Sir John not to write one word of the pretty black ey’d girl at Bridport, but to go on with the particulars of our journey, I think I am at liberty to tell you of a misfortune which happened to me at Launceston. As we were passing through that fatal town (I am heartily sorry I have forgot what day of the month ’twas), but, however, as we were passing through, whom should we see at the door of an inn but our landlord’s daughter. Whether Sir John was dry and thirsty or not I can’t tell, but we all agreed to take our pint at the door, and being men of no little gallantry because just come from town, we were talking very smartly, as you may imagine, to the girl who filled the wine, when all of a sudden, my unfortunate eyes happened to fix upon a green ribbon that hung playing to-and-fro with the air a little lower than it should. As I was the only person that discovered it, I told the lady I was apprehensive she would loose that pretty

ribbon if she did not withdraw. I was then on horseback, and, to my great confusion, had not the presence of mind to alight and take care of it myself, upon which Sir John has so teased and bantered me that I have had no rest ever since. I beg you would write Sir John, and let him know that such a misfortune deserves rather pity than upbraidings. And now, madam, I suppose you are almost as tired with our journey as we are, or (to go as far as possible with the comparison) as three of Sir John's horses which we left upon the road. It is now time to begin to be serious, and to ask pardon for troubling you with these impertinencies, which will leave the work-basket so long idle, or perhaps may loose poor Dickey his breakfast. If it should leave the harpsicord silent but for one minute I should never forgive myself.'

Such was the pleasurable side of a journey from London to the Land's End in the year 1722; but travelling in those days had a dangerous one too. In Cornwall itself, such was the honesty of the inhabitants, the class of persons known as highwaymen or gentlemen-lifters seems to have been almost unknown; but from Honiton Hill in Devon to the outskirts of the metropolis, there was not an open heath or lonely spot on the road which was not infested by them. Indeed, the difficulties of inter-communication between Cornwall and the rest of the world which existed then can scarcely be realized now-a-days. A second letter, for instance, was almost invariably dispatched, if the matter were of importance, containing the same news as the first—so great were the chances of miscarriage. Nor was the sea a surer means of transport. Over and over again we read in these letters, of cargoes of books or minerals on their way to and from Cornwall, being captured, much to the edification of the Spaniards on board the privateers. In the present instance, however, the two friends completed their journey in safety; the one proceeding to his seat at Clowance, and the other to his father's house at Pendeen in the parish of St. Just.

This old manor house of Pendeen deserves a passing notice. Here in the reign of Henry VII. lived Richard Pendyne, one of those rebels who under Lord Audley, Flammoock and Joseph, after dismantling 'Tyhyddy,'\* the house of John Bassett, the high sheriff, and doing other mischief in the West, marched on London to the terror of the inhabitants in the year 1491. For the part that he (Pendyne) took in the battle of the 'felde called the blak heth,'† he was attainted of high treason, and his daughter Jane obliged to make over her inheritance to one John Thomas, sergeant at arms, who was probably her father's captor. Neither did the historical associations of this old house end here. One of the ancestors of the subject of this memoir had troopers

\* Extract from the lost MS. of Hals.

† Borlase deeds.  
quartered

quartered on him in the time of the Civil War by Fairfax, his crime being that he had assisted a cousin to raise a troop of horse for the King. Of this very troop, commanded by Colonel Nicholas Borlase, the following adventure is told. Being on one occasion 'much pressed by the Puritan forces, and making a running flight, he set fire to a large brake of furze in the night, which the enemy taking for the fires made on the approach of the King's army, immediately fled with great precipitation, and left him both bag and baggage, which he seized the next morning.'

No sooner had the peaceful times of the Restoration set in than the West-country gentlemen devoted themselves to the improvement of their lands and the rebuilding of their houses. It is curious to notice how many quaint old gabled homesteads, now farm-houses, but once the residences of the lords of the soil, with their low-arched door cases, square-headed mullion windows and picturesque chimney clusters, date from this period. Such an one is the present house at Pendeen in which William Borlase was born. Treeless and desolate in the extreme are the 'crofts' by which it is surrounded; yet in those days there was no reason to complain of them, since under their rough exterior lay a fair mineral treasure, from which, before expensive machinery and elaborate prospectuses had been invented for the destruction of 'up-country' mine adventurers, the land-owner might derive a sure and certain and not always scanty profit. Thus, in the beginning of the last century, these Cornish landlords frequently carried on mines at their own private risk; the frugal fare of the workmen, and the consequent low rate of wages, rendering the employment of a considerable number of hands quite within the compass of any man of moderate means. And thus it was that every Saturday, as sure as the weeks went by, a troop of miners and 'bal girls,' with William Borlase's father (John de Pendyne as he was called) riding at their head, might have been seen wending their way to Penzance along the green track which led thither from St. Just, to receive their wages for work done at one or other of the mines carried on by him. While on the subject of Borlase's father, and as it bears rather curiously on the state of society in the country at this time, we may be permitted to insert, though it does not seem much to his credit, the following draft of a petition to Parliament for leave to prosecute a Member of the House of Commons, he being at that time M.P. for St. Ives. It runs as follows:—

'HONOURED SIRS,

'Life the precious tenet of mankind forceth me to inform your honours that Sunday, the 26th of February, 1709, in full view of  
2 C 2

most

most of the congregation of Maddern, John Borlase, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace, did wilfully break the peace by striking me almost to ground with his staff, and if not timely prevented by one Paul Tonkin, he would have been striking me again. He did at the same time highly threaten me, with Christ<sup>r</sup>. Harris, Esq<sup>r</sup>., Jane his wife, and John his son. Mr. Harris ordered his servant to beat me. Of the truth of the above information I am ready to give my corroboration. Humbly craving the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Speaker and House of Commons not to skreene such daring offenders, but to give me leave to prosecute them as the law directs, is the humble prayer of, Hon<sup>rd</sup> Sirs, yours in all humility and duty—

‘FRANCIS ST. AUBYN.’

What this gentleman had done to deserve the Justice's justice thus summarily inflicted on him, there and then, in the midst as it seems of divine service, by the occupant of the next pew, we are left to conjecture.

It is time, however, to turn from anecdotes of the father to follow the steps of his fourth son, William, who, having been ordained previous to his return to Cornwall, now took up his residence at his newly acquired rectory of Ludgvan to which he had been presented by Charles Duke of Bolton. The seclusion of this place must have seemed dreary enough after the excitement of Oxford and the glimpse of London life. Luckily his fondness for a garden came to his rescue. ‘My predecessor,’ he says, ‘that he might not confine the fancies of those that should come after him, left me nothing but a plot, with a full liberty to dispose of a large possession of briars and thorns, as I thought fit, without any danger of spoiling the shape or design of a former garden.’ So engrossing did the pursuit become of watching this wild place, making some pretensions towards order and neatness, that it was ‘with the greatest reluctance,’ he tells us, ‘that I could leave the diggers and delvers, and withdraw into my study to Horace and Dryden.’ The charm of this beautiful spot, in addition to its great fertility, was the lovely prospect that lay at its feet. ‘In one of the most retired corners of this pleasant bay’ (we quote from his description of the place to Sir John St. Aubyn), ‘which Horace would have celebrated with more songs than he has his beloved Tybur, or his much inferior Baiae, stands that mount, which is happy in its situation, but happier in the affection of its owner.’ The pleasant and genial society by which he was surrounded was another circumstance which served to reconcile him to Ludgvan. ‘The gentry,’ he says, ‘are of a free frolicking disposition. In the summer time we meet (some ten or a dozen) at a bowling-green. There we have built a little pleasure-house and there we dine;



dine ; after dinner play at bowls ; and so by frequently meeting together we are, as it were, like so many brothers of one family, so united and so glad to see the one the other.' The original agreement by which this club was formed in 1719 is still extant, as also is a copy of verses in the Cornish language written by William Gwavas, one of the members, in honour of the occasion. The fine for non-attendance every Friday at dinner was one shilling. The value of a meeting of this kind at a time when party spirit ran so high, and the slightest insult was cause sufficient for a duel, can hardly be overestimated. It was there that private differences were made up ; and it was there that uniformity of opinion was procured throughout the neighbourhood in general on all matters respecting the public good, or that tended to local improvement at the time. 'And thus,' writes Borlase to an old friend, 'between my own gardens and my neighbours' frolicks, I have been perfectly idle ever since I have been in the country ;' but, he continues, 'the time will come when I shall make amends for these days of carelessness, and when the neatness of my retirement shall fix me to my studies, and make me in love with reading and meditation.'

Meanwhile several hints in letters to friends at the close of 1723 prepare us for the event of the following year, namely, his marriage. Thus we find him conveying a request, 'in the name of some ladies,' to Sir John St. Aubyn, 'that the hall at the Mount may be planked for dancing.' A little later on he writes to a friend, 'I have not time to write you anything of the fair sex, but I really think that Cornwall is not without its beauties, of which I shall write you more at large.' A few weeks more and he was actually moralizing in a serious vein on the subject of matrimony. 'To form,' he says, 'a just notion of matrimony from what the gay and gallant people of the town think of it, would be as absurd as to judge Horace by the opinion of a linen-draper, or to go to the Exchange to inquire after trade in Pall-Mall.' Of all the West-country beauties who graced with their presence the ball-room at St. Michael's Mount, his choice fell upon Anne, sole surviving daughter of the Rev. William Smith, rector of the parishes of Camborne and Illogan. In this young lady, whose full blue eyes still smile from the canvas where her husband's pencil placed them, he found one whose amiability of disposition, and scrupulous attention to domestic matters, rendered her at one and the same time a cheerful companion and an excellent clergyman's wife.

We must now turn away for a moment from the pleasant scenes at Ludgvan, and follow the friend of college days as he enters the Chapel at St. Stephen's,—the youngest member, perhaps,



perhaps, of that distinguished assembly. Born in the year 1700, Sir John St. Aubyn was only just of age, when in 1722 he was returned to Parliament for his native county. Different indeed, yet in one respect alike, had been the destinies of the friends since we left them after their journey in the beginning of the year. Parting, the one to mix in the affairs of State in times the most perplexing, the other to the peaceful seclusion of his country parsonage, each had nevertheless marked out for himself a path of equal mental activity. That the confidence of his country, though entrusted to so young a man, had not been misplaced may be judged from many an extract in the correspondence before us. Thus a gentleman writing from London, March 2nd, 1726, observes: 'Sir R—— this Session has met with a strong opposition in the House of Commons; Sir John St. Aubyn has gained a great reputation in that House, and the opinions of our politicians in relation to war or peace are as different as their faces.' A year or two later an incident in Cornish history gave him an opportunity of making himself more than ever beloved at home. In 1727, when, as Hume tells us, 'the courts of France and Spain were perfectly reconciled, and all Europe was freed from the calamities of war,' the peace of Great Britain was disturbed by tumults amongst the tinners of Cornwall, 'who being provoked by a scarcity of corn, rose in arms and plundered the granaries of the county.' At this time it happened that Sir John had just completed a new pier at the Mount, to facilitate the exportation of tin, which was shipped in large quantities at that place. The consequence was that the tinners congregated there in considerable numbers; the place became a rendezvous for malcontents, and fresh riots broke out. Very serious consequences were apprehended, and what might actually have happened none can say, had it not been that the magnanimous spirit and unselfish patriotism of the young statesman showed itself in a measure of local policy which doubly endeared him to his countrymen. He 'forthwith advanced a considerable sum of money to the tinners, by which they were saved from starving or the necessity of plundering their neighbours.' 'Constant in his attendance and application to the business of the House of Commons,' writes Borlase in a note attached to the St. Aubyn pedigree, 'he soon learnt to speak well, but spoke seldom, and never but on points of consequence. He was heard with pleasure by his friends, and with respect by others.' In 1734 he seconded the repeal of the Septennial Act, in a speech which will be found in the handy books of British eloquence. In this same year a curious incident occurred in the neighbourhood of his seat at Clowance, with which Sir John

was only indirectly connected in his capacity of Justice of the Peace, but which was ultimately attended with very serious consequences to himself and his family. A certain Henry Rogers, by trade a pewterer, having some fancied claim to an estate called Skewis, seized the manor house, and surrounding himself with a band of cut-throats, organised a rebellion on his own account, and bade defiance to the country round. Having beaten off from his house, not without bloodshed, first the sheriff, next the constables, and finally the military themselves, the villain succeeded in making good his escape. He was subsequently arrested at Salisbury and brought to Launceston for trial, where the Grand Jury found five bills of murder against him, and Lord Chief Justice Hardwick publicly returned thanks to Sir John 'for his steady endeavours to bring him to justice.' The terror, however, which this ruffian caused in the neighbourhood can scarcely be realized now-a-days; and the menacing letters received by Lady St. Aubyn so preyed upon her mind, that they brought on a 'sensible decay,' or as we should call it now a rapid decline, from the effects of which in 1740 she died.

With the death of his wife Sir John's interest in country life came to an end, and leaving his son to the care and instruction of his old friend at Ludgvan, he set out for a foreign land. Meanwhile, however, the Parliamentary horizon was rapidly clouding over: a crisis was clearly imminent; and, on his return to England, it was to find that, for the present at least, his sorrow must be drowned in more work, in a redoubled attention to those duties which his early reputation now pointed to him to fulfil. And thus, as the Walpole Administration draws on to its close, the figure of Sir John St. Aubyn—the 'little baronet' as he was called—comes prominently to the front as one of the most vigorous, as he certainly was the most conscientious, of the opponents of the then unpopular Prime Minister. On the subject of the vote of thanks, including an approbation of the manner in which the Spanish war had been prosecuted, which was carried by a small majority in the House of Commons early in 1741, he writes (April 9th) as follows:—  
'I believe ye Folks in ye Country are very much puzzled abt many of our Proceedings, and I don't wonder at y<sup>r</sup> doubts about that unseasonable vote of Innocence; especially when ye Opportunity was so fairly given, w<sup>ch</sup> ye Nation has been so long expecting us to take ye advantage of.' But the country party the while felt that no opportunity must be lost, and no vigour spared in the attack. Contrast the tone of the following extract from a letter dated May 5th, and note how the space of one single month had served to fan the flame. Sir John now  
inveighs

inveighs against 'such Insolence in Administration, such wantonness in Power, w<sup>ch</sup> surely nothing could produce but that mistaken vote of Innocence, w<sup>ch</sup> so lately happen'd. And yet,' he continues, 'this is ye Man ag<sup>t</sup> whom we want evidence to advise his Removal, when at my very door there are such glaring Proofs, which, in less corrupt times, would deprive Him of his Head.' Day by day the enemies of the Ministry acquired fresh strength: the elections went against the Court interest, even Westminster returning two members hostile to it. Walpole tottered on the brink of ruin, and had it not been that, during a short adjournment of the House early in 1742, he had resigned his offices and been elevated to the peerage, he might, as we know, even have been committed to the Tower.

No sooner had Parliament reassembled than a measure was brought in by Lord Limerick, and seconded by Sir John St. Aubyn, to inquire into the conduct of the last twenty years. This was lost by two votes, but another, also proposed by Lord Limerick on the 23rd of March, for an inquiry into the conduct of Robert, Earl of Orford, was carried, and a Select Committee appointed by ballot. And now came Sir John's political triumph. To this Committee he was appointed by every vote in the House of Commons, to the number of 518—'an honour,' says the MS. from which we quote, 'neither then nor before (as far as the Records of Parliament can reach) ever conferred on any member, as Mr. Speaker Onslow on the spot observed to Sir John's great commendation.' 'When the Committee was appointed he declined the offer of the Chair, and Lord Viscount Limerick was chosen Chairman.' The following is an extract from a letter of Sir John's, dated from the Secret Committee Chamber, June 22nd, 1742:—

'We are now,' he writes, 'winding up our bottoms as well as we can under ye disabilitys which we have been fetter'd with, notwithstanding which, we shall show the world enough to convince if not convict. I am sorry there has been so much unconcern in ye Gentlemen of our country; I wish I c<sup>d</sup> say in some an unconcern only. We have had, and I wish we may'nt for ever now have lost, ye only opportunity which may happen to retrieve ye Honour and establish ye Natural Institutions of ye Country. . . . The Town is in high spirits at present, upon the accounts we have from Germany and Italy. This turn is not owing to ye merit of ye new Administration, but to ye Vigour of this Parliament, which has had It's free Operation during this Inter-Regnum of Power, and whenever that happens, England must have It's due Influence upon ye Continent; and if she had acted as she ought for some years past, what might have been brought about, when ye bare expectation of her acting has produc'd such great events?'

'About

'About this time,' says Borlase, 'Sir John being offer'd to take place as one of the Lords of the Admiralty, he was ready, he said, to serve his King and country, but would take no place unless upon the express condition that his freedom and independency in Parliament should remain unquestion'd and uncontroll'd. These were not times to endure, much less shake hands with such inflexible Virtue; as he coveted no place, he never had one, 'though capable of any.'

On the 31st of March, 1744, when war was declared with France, the inhabitants of Mount's Bay became alarmed for the safety of their trade. Two things were required: a stationary armed vessel to protect their shores and fisheries from privateers (for three of the principal fishermen had already been taken prisoners), and a cruiser to convoy the exports and imports necessary for working the mines. For the part he took in obtaining these advantages Sir John received the thanks of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, assembled as usual in their Parliament at the Bowling-green at Marazion. St. Michael's Mount he had restored from a ruined monastic cell to a comfortable dwelling-house; but he never lived to visit it again, dying of fever at Pencarrow on his way home in the year 1744, at the early age of forty-four, 'to the great regret of all who knew him, and to his country's loss of a most faithful friend.' 'The dignity of this ancient family,' writes Borlase in the brief memoir attached to his pedigree, 'owes much to this gentleman;' and Dr. Oliver of Bath, in a letter of sympathy on the occasion of his death, speaks of him as 'one who had bravely withstood all the temptations that honours or profit could lay in his way, and dared to stand almost single on the field of Purity, while thousands fell on his right hand, and ten thousands on his left, the easy Prey of corruption.' Further on he adds, 'Let us thank Heaven who lent us the great good man so long, and neither wonder nor murmur at his being taken from us so soon, especially when we consider how little Influence his Example had upon Earth.' There is something in a character like his which renders it worthy of the admiration and the love of generations, nay, of centuries, far beyond his own.

We must now return to the year 1730, and, leaving politics and local matters, must follow William Borlase to Bath, whither he went to seek the benefit of the waters under the care of a friend and relation, William Oliver. Until the commencement of the eighteenth century, when the value of her mineral waters was recognised once more, the ancient city of Bath had scarcely overstepped the limits prescribed for her by the Roman furrow. But, once brought into notice, her fame quickly spread. She had

had become, writes Oliver, 'the universal hospital not only of this but of other nations, and hither the physicians sent their patients when they knew no longer what to do with them at home.' A club-house was founded; street was added to street, and square to square. The Prince of Orange came, and departed with a new lease of life. Orange Grove, then the chief place of fashionable amusement, was called after his name, and a column erected in the midst, from a design furnished by the accomplished pencil of the rector of Ludgvan. In the year 1734, Bath was fast rising to the zenith of her glory. Without the city, Ralph Allen, the 'Allworthy' of Fielding (also a Cornishman, and one who had made his money by farming the cross-posts), was completing Prior Park, that splendid mansion the plan of which he had laid down in his mind twenty years before, and in which he was to gather round him all his kindred spirits, the *literati* of the age. Within the walls, Beau Nash superintended 'the elegant amusements upon a system combining,' as the guide-books tell us, 'the most liberal urbanity with the most refined decorum.' Balls and ridottos were the order of the day, patronised chiefly by the gentry of the Western counties, who, unless called to town to represent one of their legion of boroughs, usually spent their seasons here. Indeed, the most trifling indisposition was a sufficient excuse to try the Bath waters; and fashionable valetudinarianism, side by side too often with real disease, gave employment to a regiment of doctors, the physic princes of the place. With such a field before him, and a West-countryman himself, it was very natural that Oliver should determine to try his fortune at Bath; and his ambition was more than satisfied when, only four years after his arrival, on the death of the principal physician, he stepped into one of the most considerable practices of the place. He had already numbered among his patients many of his countrymen from Cornwall, but he now added to these the names of almost every person of rank or fashion who had been induced to visit the springs. The *habitué* of Prior Park, he was there introduced, in the year 1739, to Pope, and afterwards to Warburton. Speaking of Pope in a letter to Borlase, he says, 'That delightful little man is the freest, the humblest, most entertaining creature, you ever met with. He has sojourned here two months with our great countryman, Mr. Allen, at his country-house, who needed only this lasting testimony of so honourable and distinguished a friendship to deliver his name in the most amiable light to posterity. They are extremely happy in each other: the one feeling great joy in the good heart and strong sense of his truly generous host; while the other, with the most pleasing attention,

attention, drinks in rivers of knowledge continually flowing from the lips of his delightful stranger.'

Pope was at this time collecting materials for his grotto at Twickenham, and Oliver accordingly applied to Borlase to assist in the work by sending a hamper of the varied and beautiful minerals of their native county. A correspondence was thus opened between the far-famed villa on the Thames, and the obscure rectory three hundred miles away. Two of these letters, unpublished we believe, and in the poet's own handwriting, are in the collection before us. The first runs as follows:—

'SIR,

'Twickenham, March 9, 1740.

'I ought to take this occasion of thanking you for so obliging a Testimony as you are giving me of your inclination to assist me, and surely the warm and particular manner in which you do me this favour deserved a more ready acknowledgment. I am as much indebted to your Letters to Dr. Oliver as to me upon this subject, but I was willing at ye same time that I thanked you to give you an account of the receipt of ye Box, and of ye choice I made of ye materials. But I find this morning (the first day that I arrived here) that your Bounty, like that of Nature, confounds all choice. But as I would imitate rather her Variety than make Ostentation of what we call her Riches, I shall be satisfy'd if you made your next Cargo consist more of such Ores and Sparrs as are beautiful, and not too difficult to be come at, than of the Scarce and valuable kinds. Indeed, 2 or 300 of Cubes of mundick which you mention might find a place luminous enough in one part of my Grotto, and are much the finest Ornaments it can receive. It will want nothing to complete it but your Instruction as to the Position, and the direction of the Sparrs and Orrs in ye mines; for I would be glad to make the place resemble Nature in all her workings, and entertain a sensible as well as dazzle a Gazing Spectator. The Stalactites are appropriated to ye roof, and the Marbles (I think) of various colours to the pavement. I extremely wish one day to have the pleasure of seeing you, Sir, in the Place which you are contributing to make so agreeable; and I hope you will take the surest way to prevent your Favours from being lost upon me, which is what we desire of Providence, that He who bestows them will direct us how to make a right use of them.

'As to your kind desire that I should acquaint you what quantity I want, I have indeed but few, not above a hamper or two. From others I expect more, but none so good as these of yours.

'I am Sir,

'Your most obliged, and faithful humble servant,

'A. POPE.'

The next extract is from a letter dated May, 1740, from the poet to Dr. Oliver:—

'In



'In taking his,' i.e., Borlase's, 'advice I don't make him the poorer, but I fear that in taking more of his collection I may, and therefore shall hardly have the conscience to trouble him for another cargo, how much so-ever I am unprovided. If he will engage his word not to send me any that he intended to keep, I would ask him for some of the Metallic kind that are most common; so they do but shine and glitter it is enough, and the Vulgar Spectator will of course think them noble. Few Philosophers come here, but if ever Future Fate or Providence bring Dr. Oliver, Mr. Borlase, and Mr. Allen hither, I shall not envy the Queen's Hermitage either its Natural or Moral Philosophers.'

In obtaining these minerals for Pope and others, Borlase was sometimes led into making perilous descents into the Cornish mines. On one occasion, having received from a miner in St. Just some curious crystals of tin, and being anxious to visit the spot whence they were derived, he determined to make the attempt, and subsequently wrote an account of it to Oliver:—

'Scrambling,' he says, 'down the face of a precipice as well as I could, not many fathoms down, we were obliged to turn short to the right, and, by means of a single thorn twig, to wind ourselves into a little cave. The cave or hole was in the side of a vast hiatus, and far below the waters had made a large pool which concealed the real depth, and left room for the Imagination to suppose it still more deep and dangerous than it really was. Here we wanted nothing but a wood above us to have Virgil's fine drawing of his cave (at least in miniature) before our eyes:—

*"Hinc atque hinc vastæ Rupes, geminique minantur  
In cælum Scopuli, quorum sub vertice latè  
Æquora tuta silent."*

'By the help of our guide we got safe into our cave, and advancing a few paces were obliged to stay till some rubbish was removed in order to make our further passage the more commodious. Whilst this was doing, my business was to examine the strata on each side, the vault above, and the fragments under foot, amongst which I perceived many scattered remains of Cornish diamonds, which made us the more eager to proceed. At last the passage was cleared, so that on our hands and knees two of us crept after our guide into a hole, not much larger than an ordinary oven, and much of that figure. We had two candles with us, by means of which we saw the roof, which might in the middle be about 5 feet from the floor, in other parts not near so much. It consisted entirely of spar shot into Cornish diamonds. I could not discern any in a perpendicular position, but in every other direction they pointed forth very plentifully, sometimes in groups and clusters, sometimes single, now crossing each other, and now standing by each other with parallel sides. Some were smooth and shining and clear; others rough and opaque; some veined with red, like porphyry; others speckled thick with the smallest spots of black and purple, and a blueish



blueish cast; but the finest of all were those which had innumerable little diamonds of the clearest water stuck upon their sides, and which by the candle had a lustre scarce to be conceived. Having gazed till we could no longer hold up our heads or open our eyes, not being able to turn about, we were forced to crawl out on all fours, with our feet foremost, from this beautiful but incommodious place.'

In spite, however, of the inaccessible places whence they came, Pope received a second cargo of minerals a month after the first. His letter, acknowledging these, since it contains in many points a more detailed description of the grotto than will be found elsewhere, may be read with interest. It is dated from Twickenham, June the 8th, 1740:—

'*SIR*,—As soon as I received your very obliging present and letter, I writ to Dr. Oliver, designing him to prepare the way for my thanks, by assuring you I wanted words to express them, and by taking to himself a part of an obligation which is really above any Merit I can claim to it. I fear, by a Paper I found in the Box, that you have robb'd your own Collection to enrich me, and the same paper gave me an excellent Motto for my Grot, in some part of which I must fix your name, if I can contrive it, agreeably to your Modesty and Merit, in a Shade but shining. I deferr'd writing to you 'till I should form a guess how far your materials w<sup>d</sup> go in ye work, which is now half finished, ye ruder parts entirely so; in its present condition it is quite natural, and can only admit of more beauties by the Glitter of more minerals, not the disposition or manner of placing them, with which I am quite satisfy'd. I have managed ye Roof so as to admit of the larger as well as smaller pendulous [crystals]; the sides are strata of various, beautiful, but rude Marbles, between which run ye Loads of Metal, East and West, and in ye pavement also, the direction of ye Grotto happening to lie so. And I have opened ye whole into one Room, groin'd above from pillar to pillar (not of a regular Architecture, but like supporters left in a Quarry), by which means there is a fuller Light cast into all but ye narrow passage (which is cover'd with living and long Mosse), only behind ye 2 largest Pillars there is a deep recess of dark stone, where two Glasses artfully fix'd reflect ye Thames, and almost deceive ye Eye to that degree as to seem two arches opening to the River on each side, as there is one real in ye middle. The little well is very light, ornamented with Stalactites above, and Spars and Cornish Diamonds on ye Edges, with a perpetual drip of water into it from pipes above among the Icicles. I have cry'd help to some other friends, as I found my Want of materials, and have stellified some of ye Roof with Bristol stone of a fine lustre. I am in hopes of some of ye Red transparent Spar from the Lead mines, which would vastly vary the colouring. If you will be extravagant, indeed, in sending anything more, I wish it were glittering tho' not curious; as equally proper in such an Imitation of Nature, who is not so Profuse as you, tho' ever most kind to those  
who

who cultivate her. As I procure more Ores or Spars, I go on enriching ye Crannies and Interstices, which, as my Marbles are in large pieces, cramp'd fast with iron to ye walls, are pretty spacious and unequal, admitting Loads and Veins of 2, 3, or 4 inches broad, and running up and down thro' Roof, Sides, and Pavement. The perpendicular Fissures I generally fill with Spar. I have run into such a detail, y<sup>e</sup> I had forgot to tell you this whole Grotto makes ye communication between my Garden and the Thames. I hope I shall live to see you there. . . . I have neither room nor words to tell you how much you oblige your Humble Servant,

'A. POPE.'

That the promise to place the donor's name 'in the shade, but shining,' was amply fulfilled, appears from the following extract from a letter of Dr. Oliver's, dated December 15th, 1741:—'I suppose Sir John has told you that he has read your name in letters of gold in the grotto, an honour the greatest man might be ambitious of; but if it had been in black letters, made only of the common ink the little gentleman uses when he embalms his friends, it would be more likely to give you immortality.' As a slight acknowledgment of his gratitude, Pope forwarded to Borlase a copy of his own edition of his works, published in 1737. The appearance of a spurious edition in Dublin, which had been reprinted, led to the publication of this authentic one. The former, according to the extracts before us (though some curious lights have recently been thrown on this subject by Mr. Elwin), had given the poet great offence. We find him, for instance, complaining bitterly to his friend Sir John St. Aubyn 'that he was under the hard necessity of betraying his most familiar correspondences by the villainy of some who had taken advantage of Dean Swift's infirmities to get the original letters out of his hands.'

The following lines, written by Pope on his grotto, were printed after his death by his gardener in a small pamphlet on his garden, with the exception of those in italics, which were not published, but appear in 'an amended version' in MS. sent by the poet to Dr. Oliver:—

'Thou who shalt stop where Thames' translucent wave  
Shines a broad Mirrour thro' the Shadowy Cave;  
Where lingering drops from Min'ral Roofs distil,  
And pointed Crystals break the Sparkling Rill;  
Unpolished Gems no ray on Pride bestow,  
And latent Metals innocently glow.  
*Thou see'st that Island's Wealth, where only free,  
Earth to her Entrails feels not Tyranny,  
Approach! great Nature studiously behold,  
And eye the Mine, without a Wish for Gold;*

But

But enter, awful, this Inspiring Grot,  
 Here, nobly pensive, St. John sate and thought;  
 Here British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,  
 And the bright Flame was shot thro' Marchmont's soul;  
 Let such, such only, tread this sacred Floor,  
 Who dare to love their Country, and be poor.'

A touching trait in the character of Pope was, as all know, his devotion to his parents. Thus the central object of his exquisite garden at Twickenham was an obelisk erected to the memory of his mother. In connection with this feeling it is interesting to find that when Dr. Oliver was about to place a monument to the memory of his parents in Sithney churchyard, the poet wrote their epitaph and drew the design of a pillar, which was subsequently placed there. Pope frequently repeated his visits to Prior Park, and on each occasion renewed his intimacy with Oliver, sometimes walking in to Bath early in the morning to breakfast with him. His constitution, however, always weakly, was now rapidly giving way, and a letter from Sir John St. Aubyn in May, 1744, prepared Borlase for the news of his death in the following month. 'I doubt,' he says, 'your friend Mr. Pope can't last long. He sent to desire Lord Oxford and myself to dine with him t'other day, and I thought he would have dy'd then; he has a dropsie which has almost drowned him.' That his friendship for Oliver continued to the last, appears from the following letter, received at Ludgvan from the Doctor immediately after the news of his death had arrived:—

'I believe my dear Friend would be surprised if I should begin my Letter to him with any other Subject than that of condolence for the Loss of one, who contributed more to the pleasure and profit of mankind than any Poet has done these many ages—*delectando pariterque monendo*. This time twelvemonths I spent some time with him almost alone; I then endeavoured to know as much of him as I could, that I might fix the Idea of him in my mind that was to remain, for I parted with him with very little hopes of ever seeing him again. I suppose you have seen the Copy of his Will in the publick Papers, from which you may guess that all his works will be published in 4to. by Mr. Warb., who by commenting upon them, gains the property of the copy of those which are not already disposed of. Mr. Warburton tells me there are only two or three small pieces of Mr. Pope's remaining that will ever see the light. We must receive them, and be thankful for what we have already had. I hear Sir Wm. Stanhope declares strongly for the Grotto, but I would willingly have it fall into more philosophical hands. Whoever has it may be puzzled at the great Shining Letters which glow with gratitude in the Name—*Borlase*. On this part of his works only I think myself capable of writing a comment, which I will send to whoever possesses

possesses it, tho' I am not like to get the Grotto for my pains. If Sir John is now with you at the Mount, he can inform you of more circumstances relating to Mr. Pope than I can, and I should be glad of your Anecdotes which you receive from him. I believe he might have lingered some Months longer if he had not fallen into the hands of a curing Doctor.' Celsus says, '*in quibusdam morbis qui curantur citius moriuntur.*'

Just as he was expiring came forth the following couplet from some stander-by:—

'Dunces rejoice! forgive all Insults past,  
The Greatest Dunce has kill'd your greatest Foe at last.'

Sir John St. Aubyn, as we have seen, survived the poet only a few weeks, and never reached Ludgvan to tell his friend his anecdotes of Pope. Commenting on the two sad events, and evidently having in mind the 'Interviews in the Realms of Death,' Borlase, in a letter to Oliver, writes, 'Will not the best of poets, and the honestest senator and worthiest father, friend, and husband, renew their acquaintance, think you, and congratulate each other on leaving a country so devoted?' William Oliver survived his friend the poet for twenty years, and during all that time continued his correspondence with Ludgvan, for 'old friends,' he says, 'are like old coins, which encrease in their value in proportion to their age and scarcity.' In 1746 he purchased as a vacation residence a small farm-house two miles from Box, 'situated at the head of the vale, thro' which the river and the London Road run together towards Bath.' It commanded, he tells us, a lovely view. 'The city crosses the vale about three miles from me, and creeps up Lansdown; and about the same distance beyond it rises Mr. Langton's Park, a knowle of which, well wooded, terminates my view.' To this snug retreat, 'to show his love for Cornwall and the sense of his childhood,' he gave the name of his birth-place, and called it Trevarnoe.

'I would by no means forget,' he tells his friend in his account of the place, 'the years I spent with my father and mother. I have great pleasure in recollecting a thousand little circumstances of their tenderness and my own frailties. 'Tis not only with our own species that we contract the most lasting friendships in the beginning of life. I remember the name and character of every dog I used to miss school to hunt with; I could go to every little thicket which was most likely to afford game; I love the memory of a tall sycamore, out of which I used to cut whistles; I have the situation of the hazel which afforded the best cob-nuts full in my eye; and I remember with gratitude a rare [apple] tree, which afforded the first *regale* in summer, and the Borlase's Pippin, which, like its namesakes, was a high entertainment in a winter's evening, in a warm room, and with a good fire.'

From

From this letter we may perhaps form as true an estimate of Dr. Oliver's character, and the reason of his great popularity, as could be afforded by transcribing here a copy of verses descriptive of him from the pen of an amateur contemporary Cornish poetess, Miss Gregor, of Trewarthenick, which are, nevertheless, not without merit.

While at his new Trevarnoe, Oliver was frequently visited by Warburton, who had married the niece and heiress of Mr. Allen, of Prior Park, and hither also, amongst others, came a poor painter, called Vandreist. In former years this man had been intimate with Borlase. His profession, however, had, as is usual with all portrait-painters but the best, turned out little better than starvation, and he now lived on the generosity of his friends. The following is part of a letter from his old acquaintance at Ludgvan, encouraging the poor fellow to change the subject of his paintings for one which might be more profitable.

'If you will take my advice,' it begins, 'you must gett into quite another way. Change the serious primm traits of a face form'd by commanding constables and beadles, and flattered by the feasts of a Corporation, for the grim terrors and majesty of a General in action. Instead of Cupids and the soft and tender ladies, draw the fierce horse, the square batalion, the pale wounded heroe, the glittering swords, the level'd muskets, the streaming banners: in short, Van, I would have you quite lay aside the dull insipid face-painting; and, as I know you can easily master the difficulty of passing from one part of your profession to another (if you would be rul'd by me), go into battle; conform to the times; teach your mind to draw skirmishes, seiges, tents, and batteries; and, as Vander Meulen did, mix the delicate groves and country with all the parade of war. But—methinks I hear some arch-wagg say—"It is scarce worth while; we may have war without battles, as well as have so many armaments without war." If so, paint the sleeping Genius of Britain, whom no insults can rouse and no wrongs provoke, and I can assure you that no pictures will sell better.' \*

With two extracts from the letters of Dr. Oliver, bearing on very different subjects, we shall close that portion of the correspondence before us which led us to Bath, and to the literary circle that was gathered there. The first is dated November, 1746. It was written on his return from London, and speaks incidentally of the trial of the Lords in Westminster Hall, at which he was present:—

'I should long since,' he writes, 'have given you a Description of the most august Assembly this, or perhaps any Nation can shew, which was called together for the Trial of the late unfortunate Lords.

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\* This was written October 8th, 1739.

But even the Majesty of that awful tribunal was broke in upon by a thousand gigling women, whose Hearts felt Emotions very different from Compassion. Many of the Senators, clad in reverential Scarlet and Ermine, were debased by Toupees and Bags into Fops and Jockeys, and plainly discovered that their Heads at least had not the outward appearance of Judges. Is it not strange that a company of Grenadiers should be obliged to wear a uniform Dress, such as becomes the fierceness of their Profession, and yet that a House of Lords should have the liberty to disguise themselves in a manner quite unbecoming the Dignity of their high office? From all this pageantry we could easily have step'd into the neighbouring Repository of the Remains of the Ancestors from whom these noble Judges derive the pompous Titles they debase. I viewed the breathing Marble and curious Sculpture with grave delight; but upon reading the Inscriptions could not but think it an impious Absurdity that a House dedicated to the God of Truth should be made the Archives of lying Tables.'

The second letter from which we shall take an extract was written from Bath in July, 1760. After mentioning 'Poor Nash, the ghost of whose greatness still stalks amongst us,' and to whom 'Mr. Allen is very generous,' Oliver proceeds to describe the effect produced in Bath by the appearance of Sterne's book:—

'Pray,' he says, 'are the works of the Revd. Mr. Tristram Shandy yet arrived in Cornwall? This gentleman is perhaps one of the most extraordinary Authors that have appeared upon the literary stage in our day. He is admired, beloved, not understood, and adored by all kinds of People, from the right Reverends down to Fanny Murray, Kitty Fisher, Lady Cov., and Mr. Whitfield. Long had he sigh'd, and mourned in private the licentiousness of the Age, and its aversion to everything that is Serious and religious. The debauching Novels, and the luscious Histories of Lady's Adventures written by themselves were the only books, he found, that could meet with the approbation and encouragement of the great, and attract the attention of the οἱ πολλοὶ sufficiently to get themselves read, and to keep their Authors and venders from starving. As he was musing in his Study, and leaning his Elbow on his Desk, and his Satyr's cheek upon his Hand, revolving in his mind the hard fate of a poor Sermon about Conscience, which he had published the year before, of which his Bookseller could not get off a dozen, it struck into his pious mind that since all the ancient methods of propagating Religion and Morality were grown obsolete, out of date, and of none effect, some new method ought to be invented by the Pastors of the Church, by which the Novellists and Memoir-readers might be trapped into the reading of pious Discourses even without their knowledge or consent. If we have been foiled in the field, he said, let us try the ambuscade. The Doctor does not scruple to cheat Children and Fools into the taking of a bitter Pill, which will do them good, by hiding it in Jelly of Currants, tho' he knows the Vehicle will be a regale to the worms.

Tristram's



Tristram's fertile Brain soon hit on a new method of making his Sermon to be read, which succeeded beyond his most sanguine hopes. He immediately sat down to write the Life and Opinions of himself. . . . The whole Town were taken in by this Bit of History which hung delicious on their palates as it was highly Season'd, Pepper'd, and Salted with the most poignant wit, and decorated with the most lively Imagination. They read on with the utmost rapidity. But, as they were in the midst of their career, they ran full butt against the poor Sermon, which had been so long despised by the world, and were as much frightened as a poor Pilot is, who strikes upon a hidden Rock while his Vessel is under full sail. What should they do? They tried to pass it by on every side; but pious Tristram had laid it across their way with so much art, and tacked both Ends of it so fast to the precedent and subsequent parts of the history, that a man might as easily get from one side of Bristol Quay to the other without passing the Drawbridge, as to get through the whole Art and Mystery of Dr. Slop . . . without reading the Sermon, which they all did, no question to the great refreshment of their Consciences. O Tristram, how great is thy Ingenuity! It can surely be equalled by nothing but thy burning zeal for the Propagation of Religion. How many poor souls would have gone into another world without ever having read a Sermon in this, had it not been for this thy pious Fraud! Reverends and right Reverends shall give their Testimonials of their approbation of thy Contrivance! And, lo! they have already done it. Alas! poor Yorick, thou art dropt, and the *unstern* Face of the real Author, prefix to his Volume of Sermons, vindicates his Works, and the Universal applause they have acquired him. Two Volumes of Sermons are now published by the Revd. Mr. Sterne, Prebendary of York, Biographer of Tristram Shandy, and Successor to the revd. Mr. Yorick and his Horse. They are very pretty little quaint moral Essays, wrote with a great Spirit of Philanthropy; ushered into the world by Dukes and Duchesses, Bishops, Priests and Deacons, grave Matrons, pretty Masters, and innocent Misses, who will no doubt all read them, and recommend them to their Friends. Is not this a noble Conquest over the vicious Novellists? But perhaps you have neither seen Mr. Shandy, or Mr. Yorrick, and then all the Stuff I have been prating is meer unintelligible Jargon.'

The collection of letters, from which we have hitherto been making extracts, has led us far away from the quiet Cornish rectory, and what was passing there; and has left us little space to speak but in the most cursory manner of those pursuits which formed the life-work of William Borlase. His biography has indeed been so frequently sketched and his published works so often criticised, that it only remains for us to gather up from his MSS. such stray fragments as have never yet seen the light. The promise made in early life to 'amend those days of carelessness' was indeed amply fulfilled. His life as a literary man may be divided into three periods. The earlier portion was occupied



by the study of Archæology; the time of middle age and the vigour of his mind was engrossed by that of Natural History; while his later years were devoted to making collections for a parochial account of Cornwall, containing the Heraldry and Genealogy of the district, and which he never lived to publish.

The study of Antiquities, although rapidly reviving, had, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, fallen into very indifferent hands.

'I remember,' says Borlase, writing to Huddesford, 'when the name of an antiquary was, through some particulars in the professors, at a very low ebb. The eldest, in my recollection, was Tom Hearne, at Oxford, well skilled, indeed, in History, and a laborious and exact editor, but perhaps the oddest figure of a man, and one least cut out for society, or to make any study amiable that was ever met with. He was remarkable among us boys (such fools have disgraced Oxford) for his lank hair and uncouth address. My friend, Mr. Wise, had his share of learning, but he was the joke of the wits. Dr. Brown Willis had doubtless his merit, and as a compiler has much benefited English Ecclesiastical History; but you will allow he was not cut out to cast much lustre upon science. In his beloved forte, Antiquity, he was indefatigable, and intent upon and charmed with everything that was old. I remember he told me at Oxford how old his chariot was; I have really forgot the date, but it was an age before any post-chaise had being: his horses were a little more modern, and so was his garb, but not much. Dr. Rawlinson equalled all that went before him in oddity, as much as he fell short of them in learning. These were the antiquaries of my younger daies, all industrious, but unhappily inimical to elegance, not to say decency, and wanting that liberal turn and general knowledge of arts and mankind which this study has since experienced the benefit of.'

Neither were the ideas of these old antiquaries at all in advance of their manners. Dr. Stukeley, for instance, writes to Borlase: 'I am persuaded our Druids were of the patriarchal religion, and came from Abraham. I believe Abraham's grandson, Asser, helped to plant our island, and gave name to it.' Such being the condition of the science, it must have required a bold man to venture on the track. In 1754 appeared the first edition of the '*Antiquities of Cornwall*,' a work universally approved and applauded both at home and abroad. The Druids have, indeed, of late years been somewhat rudely dismissed from the shade of their accustomed oaks, and the rock basins have been proved to be simply the result of the weathering of the granite; but, these things excepted, the work is one which still holds its own as an authority among students of Archæology at the present day. The study of Natural History at Ludgvan soon followed that of Antiquities, almost as a natural consequence. To a mind like that

that of Borlase, the inquiry into the origin of the works of man soon passed, as from child's play to earnest, to the attentive consideration of those of man's Creator. Archæology to him had been but the first attempt to find a footing in the past, and, apart from the value of its own results, it gave birth to that spirit of curiosity which is the handmaid and forerunner of a more profound science. And this craving after science soon became science itself.

At the time of which we speak, the end of the first chapter in the modern history of inductive science was being worked out. But still the age was simply one of collecting, without a sufficient rudimentary knowledge in the collectors themselves to make any adequate generalisation possible. It would take far more space than is at present at our disposal to give any idea of the gropings in the dark, sometimes on the right track, generally on the wrong, which this collection of letters reveals. Progress, however, was undoubtedly being made. Let one of the correspondents, Emanuel Mendez Da Costa, speak for himself: 'Learning,' he says (writing in 1761), 'is greatly pursued at present, and we may hope that rewards will attend the meritorious. The discoveries daily made are of the utmost importance to human kind; the variations of the magnetic needle, and the deductions which will result from the observations on the late transit of Venus . . . will be invaluable benefits to posterity; and who knows,' he adds almost prophetically, 'what may hereafter be discovered from Electricity? for I am convinced that extraordinary effect in nature, one time or other, will be found to be of the greatest benefit to mankind.'

As to Geology, that science, in the form in which we learn it now, was not in existence. Even Werner's theory of the superposition of mineral groups had not yet appeared; but still signs of a coming change in the modes of thought on that subject, too, were to be found in papers read at the Royal Society on the causes of earthquakes, tidal waves, &c. Several phenomena of this nature, noticed in Mount's Bay, and one in especial which occurred simultaneously with the earthquake at Lisbon, set Borlase thinking; and accordingly, in due time, a MS. volume was circulated amongst his friends, entitled 'Private Thoughts on the Creation and the Deluge.' His view on submarine upheaval is curiously allied to that which has been so generally accepted of late years on that subject, and his theory on the causes of earthquakes might sometimes be almost placed in parallel columns with that found in Sir Charles Lyell's 'Principles,' so strikingly similar are the two. In spite of the fact that some of his friends detected in it passages at variance with the Mosaic account, this treatise was not only prepared for the press,

press, but two specimen pages were printed in octavo by Nichols, when the work was finally arrested by the last illness of its author. In this state it has come down to us, a volume full of interest, if not to the student, at all events to the historian of Inductive Science; since, while on the one hand it loyally adheres to the *historic* truth of the Mosaic account, it denies in toto its *scientific* pretensions. It enters at the same time a curious but forcible protest (giving a *résumé* of their theories) against the vagaries of Woodward and Burnet, Whiston and Hutchinson. Altogether it is the product of a bold and thoughtful as well as of a religious mind, and, had it been published, would have marked, if we mistake not, one not unimportant step in the progress of induction as it strove to free itself from the physico-theological mizmaze which reined the intellect and clouded the perception of those who were following immediately in the wake of Newton.

The Cornish minerals, which had before been the medium of Borlase's correspondence with Pope, formed also his introduction to the world of science. The Germans were at this time the sole masters of the metallic art. They derived a much-boasted knowledge—more the result of imagination and of a survival from the alchemists, than of real induction—from the effects of fire upon the different mineral bodies. The origin of crystals was one of their chief objects of research. Buf Romé de Lisle had not yet written his treatise, and the Leyden professors, Boerhaave, Gronovius, and even Linnæus himself, were still but gropers in the dark. The latter (Linnæus) was, as is well known, by no means happy in the mineralogical portion of his great work, as we could abundantly prove from original extracts now before us. Indeed, he owns himself elsewhere, that 'lithology is not what he plumes himself upon.' These were the men with whom Borlase corresponded. Each of them enriched his collection from the mines of Cornwall, and all communicated in return the results of their experiments, to be inserted in the year 1758 into the 'Natural History' of that county. On the subject of tin Linnæus remarks that it is 'nullibi præstantius quam in Cornwallia.' Amongst the numerous visitors who at different times paid a visit to Ludgvan, we may mention Thomas Pennant, whose love for natural history, according to his own account, commenced in the study there among the strings of birds' eggs and endless curiosities which adorned the walls and shelves. Ellis, too, the author of the 'Corallines,' and the elaborator in England of the French theory of their animal origin, picked up some of his best specimens on the Geer rock south of Penzance in the company of his Cornish friend. The letters of these two eminent naturalists form

form no small portion of the later correspondence. In order to show how a love of science for its own sake was gaining ground in the middle of the last century, we may insert one extract from the pen of James Theobald, of Waltham Place, Berks: 'I had the honour,' he says, 'of being a member of the Royal Society during the time when Sir Isaac Newton filled the President's chair; and then, if the meeting consisted of ten or a dozen, it was thought a handsome appearance, but at present it is reckoned a very thin one if there are not upwards of fifty.'

Of the Heraldic and Parochial collections of Dr. Borlase this is not the place to speak. The third volume, in which they were to have appeared, he never lived to complete. Suffice it to say that they are teeming with matters of interest, many still unpublished, relating to all parts of the county. We hear, for example, of the ghost of Boconnock; of the oak-tree whose leaves turned white on the day when King Charles I. was murdered; of the great and noble family of Carminow, who could trace their descent direct from King Arthur himself; of one of this family in later times who, being forced by circumstances to leave his house, wrote up over the door, 'Sin and iniquity have rooted out antiquity;' and of the last of the line, who was dragged over the cliff by greyhounds and dashed to pieces below. We hear, too, told in quaint language, the story of St. Agnes and the Giant Bolster; of a certain Sir Richard Vyvyan, who being master of the Mint, under Charles I., carried the Royal stamp to his seat at Trelowarren, and there coined money for the Western cavaliers; and (which is perhaps more interesting than all) we hear in this collection of a *Cornish Bible*, translated (as it seems from the context) into *that language* by John de Trevisa, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, at the close of the 14th and commencement of the 15th century. Here is a subject for inquiry indeed; apart from its bibliographical value, this volume, if it exists, would restore to the philologist the entire Cornish tongue.

In 1769 Borlase lost his wife, 'one,' he says, 'who took more than her part of domestic cares on purpose to indulge his tendency to his favourite pursuits.' From this date the care of his parish occupied most of his time. He had, indeed, never permitted his literary pursuits to render him callous to the duties of his profession. In 1732 he had, in addition to Ludgvan, been presented to the living of St. Just, a bleak mining country on the moors of the Land's End district. Comparing these two places (both of which he knew well), Oliver had written to him 'Ludgvan is like a buxom girl of eighteen, always laughing and playing, and affording plentifully all the superficial pleasures of mirth

mirth and jollity; but St. Just is an old haggard philosopher, whose ruthless appearance would deter the soft and luxurious from having anything to do with him; but he is full of riches within.' His new acquisition he found in anything but a satisfactory condition. His parishioners there were 'much given to drinking, especially on the sabbath day, a great part of which they spent at the alehouses of the church town.' 'They also,' he adds, 'began to absent themselves from their church on holidays;' in consequence of which, and other irregularities, he proceeded thither, and read the sentence of excommunication over a certain Mr. Pokenhorne. But, in spite of these unruly spirits, the average congregation 'in the forenoon on Sundays was 1000, and in the afternoon 500,' a fact which, taken with the others, is strangely out of accordance with the generally received opinion, that the Establishment in West Cornwall a century ago was at a very low ebb. Over the spiritual welfare of his own immediate flock at Ludgvan, Dr. Borlase\* kept a still more watchful eye. The belief in the power of evil spirits, working through the medium of 'white witches' or wizards, was at that time as constant in the West, as it was universal among all classes. The following is a curious letter on this subject, addressed to a certain Mr. Bettesworth at St. Ives:—

'Sir,—I hope the rumours of your pretending to conjuration are not true; and I have so much charity-as to believe that you have not been meddling in the dangerous mysteries of a lower world; but rather, like a true Christian, defy and refuse all intercourse with the devil; but since there are such rumours, and you are said to take upon you to discover lost or stolen goods, I hope you will think that, to retrieve and vindicate your character, it will be necessary for you to use abundant caution that you give no encouragement to silly women to come to you on such foolish and wicked errands; and particularly I am obliged to desire that no such encouragement may be given to those persons who are the flock, and must be the care of your most humble servant—WILLIAM BORLASE.'

It is curious to note that the affairs of the Church of England were affording her ministers at this time quite as much perplexity as they seem to do now-a-days; and that the special subject of anxiety exactly one hundred years ago was precisely the same as at present. Might not the following extract from a letter dated 1772, have appeared in a certain church newspaper in 1872? 'The rage against the Church,' says Borlase, 'is I fear increasing; and I shall not wonder to see a bill next year brought in to cut off the *Athanasian Creed*; and the year after

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\* He had been presented with the honorary D.C.L. at Oxford in 1766.

to strip the Liturgy of the Trinity ; and the third to sweep away the whole service, a sentence from which it would appear that the Athanasian Creed was in those days at least considered by most moderate churchmen as the touch-stone and the key-note of the Christian faith, and that to remove it from the Prayer Book would be paramount to striking a death-blow to the Church itself.

The next extract, which will be our last, relates to the extravagance of the lower classes in Cornwall in 1771. Like the last, it affords some interesting points for comparison with the present day :—

‘ We hear,’ it begins, ‘ every day of murmurs of the common people ; of want of employ ; of short wages ; of dear provisions : there may be some reason for this ; our taxes are heavy upon the *necessaries* of life ; but the chief cause is the extravagance of the vulgar in the *unnecessaries* of life. In one tin-work near me, where most of the tanners of my parish have been employed for years, there were lately computed to have been at one time three score *snuff-boxes* [the italics are ours] ; there may be in my parish about 50 girls above 15 years old, and I dare say 49 of them have *scarlet-cloaks* ; there is scarce a family in the parish, I mean of common labourers, but have *tea*, once if not twice a day, and in the parish alms-house there are several families, but not one without their *tea-kettle*, and brandy when they can purchase it : Your journey-men at London, and elsewhere, have their clubbs, and newspapers, and sometimes worse amusements, if worse can be than some of *them* : in short, all labourers live above their condition.’

As old age crept on, Borlase devoted himself to painting, and to sewing together and binding those letters from which we have gathered these few extracts. His habits of industry never deserted him to the last. Every morning he rose at five, and every evening retired to rest at nine, continuing these regular healthy hours until a few days before his death, which occurred at Ludgvan on the 31st of August, 1772. The leading feature of his character was contentment, as far removed from stoic indifference on the one hand, as it was from listless indolence on the other,—a temperament, indeed, which carried him pleasantly through all the duties of life, and calmly through its cares. From an age like our own, when intellectual life has so often to be maintained amidst the jostling elements of progress which knows no rest, it is pleasant to look back to that quiet spot by the Cornish sea, where, far removed as he was from the busy hum of men, the subject of our memoir was still happily engaged in working out for himself, line by line and page by page, that mighty book of nature in which his philosophy taught him to recognise the First Cause, and his religion the Creator of the whole

ART.



- ART. IV.—1. *Report from the Select Committee on Habitual Drunkards, together with the Proceedings of the Committee and Minutes of Evidence.* 1872.
2. *Report by the Committee on Intemperance for the Lower House of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury.* 1869.
3. *Self-imposed Taxation.* By Samuel Smiles. Year Book of General Information. 1870.
4. *Wine: its Use and Taxation.* By Sir Emerson Tennent. 1855.
5. *The Temperance Year Book for 1875.*
6. *The Licensing Laws of Sweden; and some Account of the great Reduction of Drunkenness in Gothenburg.* By David Carnegie, Esq., of Stronvar, Lochearnhead. 1873.
7. *Suggestions for a Permissive Clause.* By James Garth Marshall. 1872.
8. *The Necessity of some legalised Arrangements for the Treatment of Dipsomania, or the Drinking Insanity.* By Alexander Peddie, M.D. 1858.
9. *Uncontrollable Drunkenness considered as a form of Mental Disorder.* By Forbes Winslow, M.D. 1866.

THE old proverb says, 'To make a Devil you must take an Angel.' If, therefore, the relative superiority of the English race be estimated by the depths to which it can fall, the national pride may possibly find some compensation for a state of things not otherwise flattering to its self-respect, creditable to its common sense, or promising for its continued prosperity. A full exchequer, and a drunken population, are concomitants which will hardly be found to answer in the end; and while we encourage one chief source of our revenue, the golden eggs may prove to have cost us more than they are worth. In the power of drinking his pocket empty, his health away, and his mind imbecile, the British subject now carries off the palm before his foreign brethren, and there is reason to believe that he has long been foremost in that race. Our climate and our cooking have furnished the excuse, and our convivialities the tradition, for deep and strong potations. Our countryman is also the freest entertainer in the world, whether on the largest or the lowest scale; whether from the contents of the rich man's own cellar, or in the form of 'one more pot of beer' pressed by one silly and thriftless labourer on another. Shakspeare's touches of character as regards his own countrymen have in no respect survived with more truth than in those where he alludes to their pre-eminence in the consumption of strong beverages. 'The Song



Song and the Clink,' it is true, have not shared in the immortality of 'The canakin.' There is little of good-fellowship or of hilarity in the revels of our present sots; still, the ancient boast is as well-deserved as ever, that 'in potency of potting, your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander are nothing to the English.' But if as well deserved, no longer, it must be added, is it so well excused, as in the days when substitutes for the circling glass were not so easily obtained; when coffee was a rare luxury, and tea and teetotalism equally unknown.

The history of Drink, to call it at once by that much-importing monosyllable—which has come to designate those forms only of beverages which possess the prerogative of making drunk—is full of curious facts and lessons. Its statistics furnish a continuous side-stream of history, in which the habits of our English race at different times are reflected with unerring fidelity. All fermented and spirituous, and therefore intoxicating, liquors have been pronounced by writers on Political Economy to come under the category of *luxuries*, as opposed to *necessaries*. The common sense and experience of educated minds bear also witness that only a comparatively small number—the feeble and the sick—actually require stimulating drinks; that the majority of our countrymen and women are not the worse, and may be the better, for their moderate use; while some go further, and aver that most people would be better still—that is, healthier and longer-lived—if they never took any at all. Under these circumstances the true character of stimulants, as superfluities, is sufficiently affirmed; and as such, have they been dealt with as fit objects for taxation. That taxation has a twofold purpose, namely, to provide a legitimate source of public income, and a necessary control for the sake of public morals. As a principle, therefore, to be kept in view, we repeat that all fermented beverages, whether for rich or poor, are luxuries; and the happy mean at which legislation is bound to aim is that precise adjustment of the impost, and that careful limit of the temptation, where the profit to the revenue by the drink shall stop short of the demoralisation of the drinker. Beyond this no legislation is accountable. Every man in this country possesses personally a restraining limit over his right of self-indulgence, more precise than any law can make it, namely, the extent of his means. If a man of probity and sense be so circumstanced that he cannot afford strong beverages at his table, he requires no interference of the State to interdict them; and, on the other hand, if a man be so unprincipled as to indulge, and even inordinately, in that which he cannot pay for, no legislation can prevent his defrauding his family of necessities,

saries, his creditors of their money, and his employers of his work; and especially if an immense organisation of private charity and legal relief give him the power to do so with comparative impunity. Where Right and Wrong are, as in the matter of 'Drink,' things not of absolute definition, but of degree, each individual has virtually the control over his own pocket and his own corkscrew. It is only when lawgivers deliberately tempt infirm human nature to excesses, that they become responsible for the results.

The 'Drink' of our country is divided into two main streams—that which is supplied by the higher and middle classes, and that which is kept flowing, at ever-increasing depth, by the wage-earning portion of the nation. As regards the stream of Wine, the beverage of the upper classes, it has been so curiously affected by outward causes,—by fluctuations of duties, by the wars that interfered with its importation, by the policy which favoured some wine-growing countries at the expense of others, by the smuggling on an enormous scale which defrauded the revenue—that the thermometer of its consumption is difficult to read. Under a 3*s.* duty per gallon on Peninsular wines, and a 4*s.* 6*d.* on French, from 1787 to 1794, the revenue from wine declined from its previous amount—averaging something under a million pounds. From 1794 to 1810, during which period the duties were gradually nearly trebled, the revenue rose in the same increasing ratio, till, in 1810, it realised 2½ millions, the largest sum derived from wine the Exchequer of this country has ever known. But the demand for a luxury which thus bore the pressure of a duty of 8*s.* 3*d.* per gallon on Peninsular wines, and of 12*s.* 5½*d.* on French vintages, and rose to its highest point under that pressure, resisted a further burden. With the small increase to 9*s.* 1½*d.* on the Peninsular produce, and 13*s.* 8½*d.* on French, the demand slackened, and the revenue fell off. The luxury had become too dear. Under these circumstances it can only be regarded as a prohibitory and vindictive act, rather than a legislative experiment, which raised the tax on French wines in 1813—the year after Moscow—to 19*s.* 8½*d.*; a larger sum than three times the amount of very fair French wine now costs; though how the revenue dwindled under that imposition no one can now tell. For the records of that year—and the high duty lasted no longer—are destroyed. From 1810 to 1825, a period of rapidly-increasing wealth and population, with duties returned respectively to 9*s.* 1½*d.* and 13*s.* 8½*d.*, the demand continued its relative decline by remaining stationary, the revenue averaging just above two millions.

This

This may be said to complete one period of wine-history in this country. Another dates from 1825, when the duties on Peninsular wines were lowered to 4s. 6d., and those of France to 7s. 2d. Here the tendency to moderation in drinking which had set in more than overbalanced the cheapened supply, and the revenue for five years stood at about 1½ million. In 1831 the invidious distinction between the wines of France and those of the rest of Europe, which had existed from the time of William III., was abolished, and an equal duty of 5s. 6d. imposed on all alike. But again the same result in principle showed itself. The increase in the consumption hardly balanced the small decrease in the tax, and, despite still more rapidly-augmenting wealth and population, the revenue from wine, up to 1854, remained stationary at an average of something under two millions.

Or the sum may be worked in another way; for the same facts have been illustrated by calculations based on averages of years and of population. It is computed, for instance, that, from 1785 to 1794, with a population of 12½ millions, the annual consumption of wine in this country amounted to three bottles per head. During the time of the war, from 1794 up to 1815, with a population averaging 16½ millions, the consumption registered between two and three bottles per head. For the ten years after the peace, from 1815 to 1825, it sank to two bottles; from 1825 to 1851, during which years the population rose to above 27 millions—beyond which the calculations do not extend—it averaged little more than one bottle per head.

A statistical panorama is thus unrolled before us, commencing in dark colours, gradually becoming less gloomy, and terminating in refreshing light. We begin by that somewhat disgraceful period of our national history when the upper classes not only indulged in habits of hard drinking, now scarcely credible, but established them as a measure of manliness to which the men of weaker constitution, or higher principle, were compelled to conform as to any other usage of society: when, in short, the three bottles per annum per head for the whole population—man, woman and child—meant really the three bottles *per diem* among a certain hard-riding, swearing, and drinking class.

We thus perceive that with heavier duties on every article of consumption, as well as on wine, these excesses declined. That, far from returning with the return of peace, these habits gave way more and more; and, finally, that despite the double influence of diminished price and increased wealth, the use of wine, reckoned individually, decreased, within seventy years, fully

fully two-thirds. In this irrefragable proof of a voluntary moderation in the consumption of a tempting and cheapened luxury, we trace the record of that beneficent change in social habits, better home education, and general spread of domestic happiness and manly self-control, which is a truer gauge of a country's prosperity than any fiscal returns.

At the same time we shall be reminded that at the worst period of our squire and gentry convivialities, there was not that abnormal excess which now obtains among our lower classes. Their wines were of an excellent quality, and of far lower alcoholic strength—falling in that respect very much below the strong beers of this day.\* The hard port-wine drinkers entailed weaker powers on their children, but not the forms of disease now engendered.

But we must follow the course of wine a little farther. From 1862 ensued that great change in the duties which has undergone no further alteration. All foreign wines, except those of France, are taxed 2s. 6d. per gallon; while French wines, no longer inimically distinguished by higher burdens, are welcomed by a treaty of peace and good-will to the humblest tables at the small impost of 1s. per gallon. This measure was brought forward and carried with the ostensible purpose, not only of placing a cheap light wine within the reach of classes who never before tasted foreign wine of any description, but also to help to draw away even the labouring man from the inordinate use of beer and ardent spirits which had obtained. In 1860 Mr. Gladstone had publicly said, 'Wine is now the rich man's luxury—so was tea a hundred years ago. Let us bring the one, as the other has already been brought, within the scope of the poor.' This accordingly has been done; with such results as we shall presently show.

Meanwhile such a change in the duty immediately told in the figures of consumption. From 1830 to 1854, through all variations of price and increase of population, the demand had been stationary at about 6½ million gallons. In 1863 it bounded up at once to 10½ million gallons, and by 1873 it had risen to just 18 million. There is no need to dwell on the effect of this increased consumption upon the habits and manners of the educated classes. Nor will the increase of about one-tenth of the population go far to qualify the fact of a trebled consumption. The fact itself requires no qualification. For the greater fact of the non-deterioration in health and morals of those whom the change affects, is patent to all. Our educated

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\* See 'Edinburgh Review,' No. 289, p. 150.

ranks may consume about three times more wine than they did—and it would be easy to prove that the lighter wines play the larger part—but society, far from being arrested in its upward course of self-control, has most indubitably continued it. The present generation—their wives, their daughters—have little knowledge of drunken brawls; the universities show fewer of the follies of inebriety; gentlemen do not stay late at table or return to the society of ladies in an unbecoming condition; no new drinking-songs have been added to the large repertory bequeathed by former generations; while the tales of intoxication told by our police-courts have little reference to the upper and middle classes. We may, therefore, dismiss the subject of wine as far as it affects the general morals and home habits of the upper strata of the English nation, reserving a vein of secret excess of the saddest character for later mention. It is evident that the increased facility of a cheapened commodity is not more than the good sense of the country can bear, that it has not assumed the form of a general temptation, and that we have nothing to fear on that score. At the same time, the principle we started with, namely, that wine is a luxury, holds its ground through all varying circumstances, but a luxury now equalized in its use; numbers now drinking it in moderation who never drank before; and many drinking little where their fathers had drunk too much.

We now turn to the history of the poor as connected with our subject; though that word 'poor' is strangely contradicted by the wealth of which they give evidence in one form of expenditure. The history of 'Drink' here tends unhappily in an opposite direction to that we have been considering. The Englishman, as we have hinted, has always been a beer-drinking animal, and small blame to him; it is the product of his native land; the easy manufacture of his own humble home; and, in manly moderation, the best quencher of thirst and repairer of exhaustion. But as we pen these definitions we are conscious of a certain irony lurking in them. As things now stand with our working-man, exhaustion from honest labour by no means accounts for all his thirst. Home is a word which too often loses its real meaning when connected with himself; and manly moderation is a virtue of which he has not the remotest conception. Equally as it is a fiction to call that man poor who leads a life of habitual indulgence in an expensive luxury, so is it a mockery to credit him with any of the attributes of lowly station, simple habits, or narrow means. The characteristics of the upper and lower classes are indeed fast being reversed now-a-days. 'Drunk as a lord,' was the intelligible, however

however disgraceful, saying of the olden time ; now it is 'drunk as a beggar,' and no one will dispute the justice of the appellation. There must be reasons of great cogency for this topsyturvy rottenness in our State. In a certain degree the parallel, in the article of 'drink,' between the two classes, as far as they have been influenced by legislative measures, holds good ; for the increased facilities for indulgence have been common to both. How comes it, then, that the effects have been so opposite ? Many of the middle and even highest classes work as hard as the lowest ; the work of the brain instead of that of the hands ; the expenditure of force in phosphorus instead of in carbon ; each force equally needing to be repaired, and each man having the same temptation to exceed his need ; while the counterbalancing check of limited means must be abstractedly supposed to act more availingly on the part of the artisan or labourer than on any class above him. But here we are overlooking two important differences in the comparison. The temptation, though common up to a certain point to both, is, for patent reasons, infinitely stronger on the part of the poor man ; while his powers of resistance, owing to causes which have undermined his self-dependence and self-respect, have become immeasurably weaker. In short, there is enough to account for diversities of effect, even from causes partially similar ; both in the mal-government of the poor on the part of the Legislature in the special matter of 'drink,' and in that gradual course of miseducation which has been the result of a gigantic system of false charity. We will look first at the mal-government of the poor as regards the special subject of 'drink.'

In no respect have such fatal mistakes been committed in those aims to study the comfort and ease of the lower orders, which are the constant thought and occupation of the governing classes, as in such as affect the great virtue of Sobriety. In the main body of our people this is no longer considered a virtue, either in profession or practice. While those they call 'The Rich' have so far abjured excess in spirituous liquors that a drunken man of that class is a sight most of our children, thank God, have never seen ; those we call 'The Poor' have gone so much in the opposite direction that no humble home is safe from the degrading spectacle. The vice of drunkenness—rightly defined by the ancient Swedes as 'the disgrace of man and the mother of misery'—has spread over the length and breadth of our land, pervading country as well as town, agricultural as well as commercial districts, army as well as navy ; sparing the young as little as the old, the woman scarcely less than the man ; the destroyer of all health and  
virtue,



virtue, the breeder of all sickness and sin ; filling every haunt of vice, every prison for crime, every hospital for sickness and accident, every asylum for madness. No foul epidemic ever raged more, periodically, than this permanently ; no malignant plant ever seeded and propagated itself with more fatal rapidity and abundance. The very Acts of our Legislature, directed ostensibly to stem the evil, have only swollen it. In the first quarter of this century the temptation to the excessive drinking of ardent spirits afforded by the public-houses, called for legislative interference, and in 1830 that Beer-house Bill which appointed a secondary class of drink-places, and which, by a strange obliquity of reasoning, required the beer to be drunk in the Beer-shop, was passed. This Act simply added fuel to fire, and may be justly credited with the boundless increase of that it was intended to modify. The Act itself, with its accompanying condition, was short-sighted and injudicious enough, while the working of it by placing the power of granting licences for small prices in the hands of the Excise, left the country at the mercy of the department most interested in multiplying the number of these shops, whilst ignoring the character of those who applied for them. It would be useless to cite averages and computations of what is now drunk and spent in drink in this country. Billions of gallons and millions of pounds fail, from their very enormity, to convey definite ideas. The true statistics are those of *Crime*—the records of the Calendar, rather than those of the Exchequer or the Excise. The common police courts of London for one week suffice to prove what the last forty years and upwards have brought upon our country. The very reformation of the higher classes has helped to blind them to the magnitude of the evil. We live, as respects the vice of drunkenness, in an age of the direst iniquity ; of the oppression of the weak by the strong, of the demoralization of the innocent by the vile ; but we live, with few exceptions, in a charmed circle. Occasionally the intelligence that the cook is lying curiously asleep upon the kitchen floor,—guests perhaps expected to dinner,—startles our serenity by interrupting our comfort ; or the report of a fearful outrage, in which murderer and murdered, and all who looked, or hounded on, were alike drunk, raises a passing horror ; or we are distressed by the pressing demands of a poverty, which the more it is relieved the more it seems to grow ; but otherwise we know as little of those teeming millions to whom such excesses are familiar as of the inhabitants of the planet Saturn.

It was in 1869 that the Lower House of Church Convocation instituted an inquiry, better late than never, on the subject of



our national Intemperance. The Report which ensued, and which deals successively with the extent, causes, results, and remedies of the evil is an appalling revelation, loudly calling for the widest dissemination. In the multitude and repetition of the same hideous forms of misery, we are reminded of nothing so much as of scenes in the 'Inferno,' only that the reality of the picture far outdoes that which the poet has conjured up. The inquiry is directed to the clergy throughout the province of Canterbury, including a population of above fourteen million souls; to the recorders, governors, and chaplains of prisons, chief constables and superintendents of police, superintendents of lunatic asylums, to the coroners, and to the governors of work-houses throughout England and Wales. Also to several of our most eminent judges, to many magistrates, and to such landed proprietors as are known to take a humane interest in the question. The Report, therefore, expresses in the fullest measure the experience and intelligence of the country. The inquiry itself is framed so as to elicit answers as to the age, causes, and proportion, within the special knowledge of those addressed, of the various cases affected by drink. Of these answers, 2322 in number, we quote a few samples from each department.

According to all testimony the taste for drinking is of precocious attainment. The evil begins with mere childhood. 'From eight to ten' is the burden of more than one answer. 'Lads of nine and ten begin to frequent public-houses with their parents.' 'When the boy first begins to go out to work in the hayfield or stables.' 'As soon as they earn wages.' 'Or when they first make use of their earnings to join a benefit club.' For by a lamentable connection between supply and demand there is unanimous testimony that 'intemperance begins when the lad joins the sick benefit club.' 'Boys are seen intoxicated at twelve years of age; from that time they regularly frequent public-houses, where they are enticed to drink and smoke.' 'I have seen,' a clergyman writes, 'in a public-house on Sunday a room lined all round with boys of from twelve to sixteen, drinking.'

We speak first of the young, for there is no need to ask how late the habit will continue. The child is here inevitably 'father of the man.' Thus it is that the seed is sown, and we next see how the plant flourishes. We take the testimony of the late Chief Justice, Sir William Bovill, to whose upright character no testimony of ours can add.

'Amongst a large class of our population, intemperance in early life is the direct and immediate cause of every kind of immorality, profligacy, and vice, and soon leads to the commission of crime—including murder, manslaughter, robbery, and violent assaults. In many

many cases these crimes are committed by parties under the direct influence of drink. In others, the fact of a man being intoxicated induces persons to take advantage of his helpless state, and they afterwards escape punishment, from the inability of the victim to identify, or to know, or remember, or give evidence of what has occurred.'

Another Judge, Sir H. S. Keating, writes in the same strain:—

'In my own experience, of more than nine years upon the Bench, corroborated by a very long experience at the Bar, I have no hesitation in saying that a very large proportion of the crimes of violence brought before us are traceable, directly and indirectly, to intemperance. Some of the saddest cases with which we have to deal are those in which men go into public-houses respectable and respected, and come out felons.'

We turn to Mr. Selfe, Police Magistrate of Westminster:—

'If the Police-sheets submitted to a London magistrate every morning contain, say twenty charges, the chances are that fifteen out of the twenty involve drunkenness in the prisoner: e.g., A. B., drunk and incapable; C. D., drunk and disorderly; E. F., drunk and riotous; G. H., drunk, and using obscene language; I. J., wilful damage, drunk when charged; K. L., violent assault, drunk when charged; and so on, through all the letters of the alphabet.'

Again from a police magistrate at Liverpool:—'Drunkenness is the cause of nine-tenths of the crime in this country.'

Let us take next the answers of chaplains and governors of prisons:—

'From an experience of eighteen years as chaplain, I am convinced that at least 75 per cent. of those who are committed, whether for great or small offences, owe it in some shape to intemperance.'

'8880 prisoners have passed through my hands, and quite 99 per cent. have acknowledged drink as the cause of their getting into trouble.'

'I give an account of 1000 prisoners, to whom I have spoken personally. Of 296 females, 165 confess they are drunkards; but many more may be, for they have strange ideas as to what constitutes drunkenness. Of 704 males, 480 confess they are drunkards; and the same remark applies to the men I have made on the women. 54 of the women have drunken husbands. Many boys in prison, aged 13 and 14, are drunkards; and girls of 15 and 16 are drunkards. 44 of the younger criminals have drunken fathers, and 16, drunken mothers.'

Chief constables and superintendents of police follow next:—

'About 75 per cent. It brings the victims of their families to poverty and want, and then crime follows.'

'Intemperance is the hot-bed of all crime.'

'Nearly the sole cause of crime.'

'Habitual drinkers, who have not the means to maintain themselves in a respectable position, invariably become criminals.'

'Intemperance is in proportion to the indiscriminate sale of drink.'

'By inducing persons to spend their earnings in intoxicating drinks, instead of providing for themselves and those dependent on them for their bread. In fact, the public-house is a blot and a disgrace to this country.'

'Public-houses and beer-shops induce parties to steal, &c., applying the proceeds thereof in drink.'

'Public-houses are points of meeting, where plans are laid for burglaries and poaching expeditions.'

The policeman, especially, speaks eloquently in the following:—

'The liquor traffic is productive of crime. Drink tends to destroy every kind and sensitive feeling; renders man cruel and savage in domestic and public life; hardens the heart to commit deadly acts of violence on unoffending persons; *especially on those whose duty it is to repress wilful and lawless desires.*'

'One or two beer-shops would alone, by the crime they produce, find employment for the policemen.'

We now take a few answers from governors and chaplains of workhouses:—

'Eighty out of every hundred are admitted into this workhouse from drunkenness, and losing their work.'

'I have been engaged in the administration of the new poor-law for twenty years. I could almost say that every pauper inmate of a workhouse is made so, directly or indirectly, through intemperance. I am not a teetotaler.'

'Nearly all, immediately or remotely, by drink. Immediately, through insanity, crime, and inability to work. Remotely, through transmission to offspring of epilepsy, idiocy, semi-idiocy, scrofula, and other incident diseases.'

'After the experience of twenty-one years as governor of this workhouse, I am prepared to say that I have never seen a husband and wife and their children becoming inmates but I have traced the cause of their poverty to the intemperance either of husband or wife—in most cases to the husband's.'

'Two-thirds. Drink is the most prominent curse of the land. Residence in a workhouse for three months would soon convince anyone of that.'

'I have twenty-nine men in this house, independent of lunatics, and all, with the exception of three, are thorough drunkards. One, with whom I conversed, declared his belief that, if the question could be asked of the fiends below, "What brought you here?" the answer would be "Drink." Of women I have twenty-five. Three of these

I may

I may call idiotic (one old woman of good character). The rest, drunkards and abandoned. Three-fourths of the children, illegitimate, orphans, or deserted, are left to the care of the Union through the drunken and dissolute habits of their parents.'

'I have now seen twenty-eight years of public service; first as a police-officer, then as a warder in a prison, and for the last seventeen years here. I am positive that strong drink is the very curse of our land, the root of all sin and evil. In my humble opinion, so long as this curse is allowed to continue we shall have our prisons and work-houses well stocked.'

As regards the army, a few statistics quoted from a Report of some years back by Lieut.-Col. Henderson, R.E., Inspector-General of the Military Prisons, will suffice:—

'During four years the committals for drunkenness have steadily increased as follows:—In 1863, 882 committals; in 1864, 1132; in 1865, 1801; in 1866, 1926.'

And these cases were not those of simple drunkenness which are disposed of in police-courts for a fine of 5s., but for habitual drunkenness, which is defined in the military code as having been drunk for the fourth time in 365 days.

'Our military prisons would be nearly empty if intoxication could be kept in check.'

The inquiry, strange to say, has not included doctors; from the supposed propensity of the medical profession to prescribe stimulants—a practice now, on conviction, declining—they have been looked upon as belonging to the enemy's camp. But had the inquiry extended to them, they would have rung the changes on the same few sad notes. Hospital doctors bear witness that 75 to 80 per cent. of their patients, whether medical or surgical cases, find their way into gratuitous beds, much too good for them, from the effects of excess in drink.

We have allowed those to speak first whose callings lead them to administer the human penalties in various forms entailed by the vice. Let us now quote those whose duty and privilege it is not to enforce the penalty, but to hold out the means of cure. The effects of our national intemperance on the work of the Church is the saddest chapter in this Report:—

'The Gospel fails to meet the case.'

'Those who drink most, worship least.'

'No drunkard attends the ordinances of religion.'

'The utter annihilation of all moral and religious feeling.'

'As touching religion, this place is demoralised. No one is ashamed of drunkenness; and the violent and painful deaths which not unfrequently occur are no warning. Only a few weeks since, a  
drunken

drunken man was roasted to death upon a lime-kiln bank, and the same day his two brothers consoled themselves by a drunken debauch. I have told them at church that Drink is the God of this parish, and the public-houses his churches.'

'A fearful drawback on morals and religion; it ruins my senior scholars.'

'The spread of intemperance here is entirely owing to the setting up of first one and afterwards a rival beer-house. I do not see how any thoughtful person, who cares for the well-being of the poor, can feel otherwise than that the State, by its encouragement of the multiplication of beer-shops, commits a great national sin, which must one day be punished by a national retribution.'

The late Rev. Hugh Stowell, of Manchester, taking into account the money spent in drink on Sundays, said: 'It is questionable whether, for the majority of the people, it would not be better to have no Sundays at all.'

We now come to some of the 'remedial measures' recommended—many a minor cause of evil, exposed in this evidence, being doubtless capable of removal, and earnestly demanding it. Such are:—1. The system on the part of owners of collieries, iron-mines, and large manufactories of paying their 'hands' at public-houses. 2. The farmers' pernicious habit of paying their labourers partly in beer or cider. 3. The meetings held by Benefit or Friendly clubs in public-houses or beer-shops. 4. The custom of hiring farm-servants, men and women, at fairs and statutes, where the agreements are made at public-houses, which always take toll from the assembled crowds, and in the case of the young, especially the young girls, give them their first initiation in evil courses. 5. The influence of the public-houses in the recruiting of the army. 6. The billeting the militia in their periods of exercise upon the beer-shops. 7. The frequent corruption of the police themselves by the publicans; and, not least, 8. *The sluts of wives.*

All these causes of evil, except perhaps the last, are capable, even under present circumstances, of modification. But to use a homely proverb, quite in character here, 'It is little good to keep guard over the spigot while you let fly at the bung.' And this is evidently the opinion of all to whom these questions are addressed. For there is but one unanimous voice as to the root of the evil; namely the facilities, in other words, the temptations, which from the number of places open for drink beset the lower orders on every side. From clergy, constables, governors of workhouses, prisons, lunatic asylums, all who are intimately conversant with the lives of the Poor, comes the same cry, and almost literally in the same words:—

'Close

'Close every beer-house.' 'Abolish all beer-houses.' 'The total suppression of beer-shops.' 'The abolition of the Beer Bill.' 'The beer-shops, as at present conducted, are a social pest.' 'The beer-houses are an unmitigated nuisance.' 'Beer-shops are the curse of the country; wholly unnecessary; under but little control.' 'The resort of the worst classes.'

'I think the beer-houses should be closed altogether. The landlord is often a man without character. Where this is the case, his house is the school of the thief, and himself the schoolmaster. I have noticed this for the last twenty-five years.'

This from a superintendent of police :—

'Shut up the beer-shops altogether, and the public-houses, if possible, on a Sunday.'

'The spread of intemperance increases with the number of places for drink, which points to the necessity of very severe examination as to the wants of a neighbourhood before a public-house or drinking-shop is licensed.'

Let us now hear Chief Justice Bovill again :—

'Throughout the country one principal cause of the mischief is the present system of beer-shops, which, instead of being a benefit, are the greatest curse to the working-men; and until the beer-shops and all taverns and public-houses are placed under some sufficient restraint and regulation, there is little hope of effecting any reform in the habits of the people.'

From the police magistrate at Hull :—

'Believing, as I do, that intemperance is the main and too greatly-increasing source of criminality, I am bound to say that beer-houses appear to be so many modes of lending assistance by the State to the propagation of evil.'

And, again, Mr. Selfe :—

'I cannot imagine beer-shops can be necessary where there are already too many public-houses; and I conceive that the total suppression of beer-shops throughout the country would be an unmitigated good.'

Nor have the grand juries been silent. They have done, and are perpetually doing, their duty, by framing presentments to be forwarded to proper quarters by the Judge. From Stafford, Leeds, Liverpool, Birmingham, these warnings have again and again reached the Home Office, expressive of the strongest conviction both that the number of the drink-places, and the characters of those by whom they are kept, are the great exciting causes of the awful crimes that fill the calendars.

Let us now look at this question dispassionately, if dispassionateness



sionateness be, indeed, possible or advisable after such testimony. There can be no doubt of the excellence of the recommendation made by the 'Canterbury Diocesan Society,' namely, 'the formation of a sound public opinion as to the enormous evils of Intemperance, and the necessity of at once raising a practical and united protest against Drunkenness.' But there are two distinct communities in which this sound public opinion has to be formed, and a united protest raised—the one the lower orders, and the other the governing classes. If a sound public opinion, adverse to intemperance, once prevailed among the people, nothing further would be needed. For whatever the opportunities for drink the Legislature might institute, they would be powerless to keep up the drunkenness. But as things now stand, there is little chance or probability of the working-classes turning voluntarily against the sin that does most easily beset them. Unlike the ancient Lacedæmonians, our people take no lesson from the sight of a drunken man. Familiarity has bred, even with the sober working-man and woman, not so much contempt for the degradation they witness, as indifference. Even to the gentle and decent woman of his own class the drunkard is not such an object of disgust as those above them might expect. The 'drop too much' is the palliating designation for loathsome intoxication. Or the offence is condoned by the stock phrase, 'He is a very good man when not in drink;' which only means that he is a very good man when not a very bad one; and the beast gets a patient wife to beat, kick, starve, or to pull down to his own level, as readily as another man obtains one to love and cherish.

It is true that the cure for this hydra-headed evil must proceed ultimately from the reformation of the poor themselves; but meanwhile it is as unfair as useless to expect that reformation under circumstances the most unfavourable to it. A man may have power to stand firm, but not to stand firm against a force that is perpetually pulling him down. It is said, in conventional terms, that 'the spread of Education' is the only remedy. Nor will anyone dispute that the spread of *true* education, viz., the development of sound principles in a well-regulated home, under the example of virtuous parents, would effect all we could wish; but while the evil is increasing, these virtuous parents and well-regulated homes are further and further to find! It is not the spread of mere *schooling*, at best but a scanty instruction, which can avail, and which is all that is really meant by the cant word 'Education.' There is plenty of testimony from the source we have been quoting of the delusiveness of such plans or hopes. 'Some of the best educated are the most intemperate.'

'Moral



‘Moral education, mental alone will not do ; the cleverest artisan is often the greatest drunkard.’ ‘Our national schools, night schools, Sunday schools, have all failed hitherto.’ ‘Mere teaching is an empirical remedy for drunkenness.’

Let us not then delude ourselves with hopes of a sound public opinion, even supposing every man, woman, and child were competent to read, write, and cipher. ‘Do men gather grapes of thorns?’ If the drunkenness of the day be not sufficient to raise a public opinion against itself, neither the School Board nor the Church will ever do it. Does not every inebriated wretch that exhibits himself, sometimes maudlin, sometimes riotous, a coward in the street, a braggart in the tap-room, a beater of helpless women, and a starver of little children ; does he not tell his neighbour, in words clearer than any pen can trace them, that if he go and do likewise he will become, like himself, a creature not to be trusted for a word he says, or a thing he does ; whom, so long as he can get at drink, nothing can touch, and no one can save ; who is a slave to a Demon whom he worships instead of his God, serves instead of his master, loves instead of his wife and children ; and who, in return, gives him nights of misery and days of despair, and leaves him at last to die in an hospital, a mad-house, in a ditch, or on a gibbet ! And does he not tell him all this in vain ?

The formation of a sound public opinion must proceed, then, first and efficiently from above. That there is no lack of it in the form of protest is plain from what we have quoted. There are plenty of the excellent of the earth, intimately acquainted with the sins and sorrows peculiar to their poorer brethren, who labour in their behalf. The hard-working clergy set forth the virtue of sobriety both by precept and example. Good men and women wear themselves out in devices for promoting it. Temperance meetings are convened ; Bands of Hope formed ; the People’s Café Company established ; movable tea and coffee Stalls set on foot ; the Pledge is given, Teetotalism advocated. What Miss Marsh did among the navvies of England, one good woman, Miss Robinson, is doing among the soldiers ; and another, Miss Weston, among the sailors. Mr. Charles Reid, at Blackgang, in the Isle of Wight, is indefatigable in calling the sinner to sobriety. Dr. Bernardo has turned what was once a den of iniquity—the ‘Edinburgh Castle,’ Old Kent Road—into a place for good food and good words. All these labourers in the field will have their reward. But though they throw a plank to a few perishing ones, they cannot stem the torrent that engulfs its millions. What, then, is the mystery of all this powerlessness ? Everybody’s interest to arrest, or, at any rate, diminish the horrible

horrible infection, and no one able to do it! If the facilities for excess are confessedly so superabundant as to entice a poor, fallible child of man beyond his powers of resistance, why are they not curtailed? Here we touch the root of the matter, and know well the outcry which the mere suggestion will raise. Is the poor man not to drink as much as he likes as well as the rich one? Why should he not buy beer or spirits as freely as bread and meat? Is the liberty of the subject to be invaded? The answers are not difficult. If the rich man be free to drink as much as he likes, which it would be difficult to concede, the same questionable right may, for the argument's sake, be granted to the poor man; but only if he can afford it; for he certainly has no right to drink as much as he likes at the expense of others. But, we ask in return, why not place them both on the same level? Why *tempt* the one more than the other? The superior classes, with all their larger means, suffer no equivalent temptation compared with that which besets the lower orders. Even if a poor gentleman, with wife and family, were disposed to spend a quarter of his income in one selfish form of indulgence, there are no places handy for him at every step unless he descend to the haunts of the poor. By what logic is it then assumed that a man who earns his 30s. a-week has more control over his sensual appetite than he who commands as many pounds? If he have more control, such multiplied invitations to intemperance are not needed; if he have less, they are doubly *de trop*. In the one case the provision made for him is ridiculously redundant; in the other, diabolically seductive. No one can really pretend to believe that so many dens of temptation are opened for the *wants* of the labouring man, or that he resorts to them in the exercise of the same need and liberty as to other shops in his neighbourhood. On the contrary, if one fact be more patent than another, it is that the abuse of these places increases in proportion with their number. In the centre of Glasgow there are six public-houses to every thirty yards, and Glasgow is one of the most drunken places in the world. Who can forget the piteous tale of the poor woman, who, knowing her husband's infirmity, was wont to go and meet him of a Saturday afternoon after the payment of his wages. She could get him, she said, past seven places of drink, but not past fifteen! How many a heartbroken wife has mutely asked why the poor and ignorant should be exposed to trials from which the rich and educated are shielded? *They*, she may well plead, are not seen sitting in one gas-flaming den, with three others, equally brilliant, in sight. *Their* wives and children do not stand cold and hungry, watching that too-easily swinging door! or, worse still,

still, ending by being tempted through it! She knows the fault of it comes in some way from the Government; and if the poor soul be of a reasoning turn, she will hardly join with much fervour at church in the prayer for the High Court of Parliament! It is certain that no good legislation can make all men sober, but equally is it certain that bad legislation can help to make them intemperate. Meanwhile the question why the poor should not be allowed to drink as freely as the rich, can only be justly answered when the two are put upon a level, whether in the way of protection or temptation. For many years past, unhappily, the poor have been encouraged to drink much the more lavishly of the two.

As to the great question, why he should not buy beer and spirits as freely as meat and bread? you must again have things equal in condition before you can compare them. Not even a moderate use of stimulants, which are luxuries, can be strictly compared with meat or bread—which, bread especially, are necessities. The hard labour of the jail is no play-work, the diet of the jail includes no stimulants, and yet men, and notably drunkards, recover health and gain 'flesh by a few months' compulsory practice of such a regimen. The comparison, viewed in any way, is all against such argument. The poor, starved wife of the drunkard spoke as truly as feelingly when she said, 'Men can *drink* water, but we cannot *eat* stones.'

It is needless to say that we are not writing against the moderate use of anything. It is the excess of the one which must be compared with a parallel excess of the other; and even in that case the argument fails. For, grant that a man, as an extreme instance, might injure, or even kill, himself by inordinate gluttony, or some foolish bet; by cramming down ten household loaves, or fifty meat pies, at a sitting; that does not ruin his family, or murder his wife, or transmit idiotcy, epilepsy, insanity, or crime to his children. A glutton may eat himself ill, but he does not eat himself mad! Over-gormandising may make a man gross and indolent, and engender diseases, but it does not convert him into a raging demon, seeking whom he may stab, beat, or kick to death. In short, it would be difficult to find any logical connection between the use of meat and bread and that of strong drink, except that the last usually takes away the first.

As to the actual working of complete parity between drink and bread the experiment has been tried. Liverpool has distinguished itself as a voluntary example or warning. The excessive crime which has of late given to that city an unenviable notoriety is in great measure the offspring of the 'free trade in drink' which for some years was practised in Liverpool. Because  
free

free trade had succeeded with corn and cotton, some of the local magistrates propounded the bright idea that the same principle was applicable to one particular kind of slow poison; not to all, for the restrictions on strychnine, opium, &c., were not relaxed. Accordingly in 1861 the trade in drink was thrown open; no limit was placed on the number of licences issued; and the street architecture became still more largely interspersed with that unmistakable form of elevation, with ornamental cornices, swinging door, plate-glass windows, and peculiar gas arrangements, which we know too well:—

‘The effects were such as might have been anticipated. The greatly-increased facilities and temptations offered for drinking led to an immediate large increase in drunkenness, crime, pauperism, disease, and death. Debauchery ran riot; outrage and violence multiplied; the gaols became filled with drunkards and criminals; and the death-rate ran up to 55 in the 1000. . . . The judges on circuit, at each succeeding assizes, found the Liverpool calendar growing blacker; and one after another expostulated against the drunkenness fostered by the local authorities, which they recognised as the principal cause. Mr. Raffles, the local stipendiary magistrate, stopped the business of his court one morning to call attention to the increased drunkenness; urging the early closing of public-houses, and the provision of some place in which confirmed drunkards could be received and treated as lunatics. The coroner of Liverpool also—Mr. Clarke Aspinall—who shared, though unwillingly, in the harvest of death with the publicans, in the fees paid to him for inquests held on deaths caused by crime and drunkenness—deaths by falling down stairs or against kerb-stones, deaths by being run over in the streets while helpless, deaths of infants overlaid by their parents when drunk, deaths by murder and manslaughter committed under the influence of liquor—publicly protested against the prevalence of “This drink—this everlasting drink—this unpunished, unrestricted, desolating drink.”’\*

The city, accordingly, took alarm; requisitions were signed by tens of thousands, 123 medical men protested, and free trade in drink was abrogated.

The same tale, if we had space, might be told of Hull, where—it being just the place for the utmost caution—a wanton increase in licences doubled in ten years the convictions for crime.

We take next ‘the liberty of the subject;’ a most sacred plea, it is true, but how comes it to be invoked so earnestly in the person of the drunkard, and not only their liberty, but their maintenance, and their lives utterly ignored in the case of his wretched family? It is difficult to believe that such objections

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\* ‘Self-imposed Taxation,’ p. 37.

to the restriction on the facilities for drink are sincerely made. No one needs to be told that it is the express purpose of Law to interfere with the liberty of the subject whenever that liberty is misused against another, or even against himself. The law takes penal cognisance of a man if he attempt to murder his neighbour, and equally if he attempt to murder himself. The policeman who guards the bed of one who has taken prussic acid, or tried to cut his own throat, so long as he remains in hospital, is an agent of the law, stationed there till the patient be sufficiently convalescent for committal, and watching that he should not escape. Surely the same law that interdicts the indiscriminate sale of chemical poisons should be equally applicable to the unlimited purchase of spirits. All these minuter poisons taken in requisite moderation are harmless, and even beneficial; or if they do kill a man it is by a quicker and more innocent process than that of gin. His responsibilities are therefore less formidable; he is not so much tempted to lie, to cheat, to rob, or to murder on the way to his self-dug grave; and he has not so much time to break his wife's heart. And if the liberty of the subject be so precious a thing in the eyes of our legislators, why interfere with it in other personal matters, such as ventilation, drains, school-boards, &c.? Not a few British subjects have a decided objection to send their children to school. Many Irish poor prefer noisome dens to airy apartments. Lodging-houses, with twelve in a room, ten feet by fourteen, with open drains underneath a rotten floor, are doubtless injurious to life, but not nearly to the extent occasioned by habits of intoxication. The one slays its thousands, the other its tens of thousands. It is calculated that upwards of 60,000 die annually in this country from the effects of drink. We shudder at the waste of life entailed by war, but '*Gula plures quam gladius peremit*' and slays them ignominiously by their own fault.

We will not insult the understanding of our readers by discussing the flimsy plea of the poor man's need of an inordinate number of places for drink. There is incontestable proof, not only that he can live healthily and happily without such equivocal privileges, but that he does so live, and that to a considerable extent, in this free country. It may not be generally known that in the diocese of Canterbury alone there are upwards of a thousand parishes guiltless of either public-house or beer-shop. The inhabitants of these benighted regions do not seem to be aware of any privation of rights or debasement of position. Their leading peculiarity consists not so much in the consciousness of being debarred the true liberty of the subject, as in an exemption from want, misery, and crime, which, after the

the facts we have been considering, sounds almost Arcadian. To begin with the letter B; there are no less than eleven parishes in Bedfordshire, twelve in Berkshire, and thirty-six in Buckinghamshire, which rejoice in this disability; and we have only to turn to the Report we have quoted before for the results. From chief constables and superintendents of police: 'Whenever you find a village without public-house or beer-house, you find peace and plenty.' 'In the parishes where there is no public-house or beer-shop, I have had no case of drunkenness or crime for the past five years.' From the clergy: 'The people of my parish are remarkably moral and religious, one cause of which is certainly the absence of beer-shops. I have another parish which is exactly the reverse, where there are no less than seven of these accursed shops.' 'Police seldom come into my parish. No work for them, because no public-house or beer-shop.' 'The chief cause for the sobriety here is, I consider, that the men have to walk two miles to get drink.' 'Magistrates never have a case from this parish, nor has there been a pauper in the Union for some time past.' 'Not one public-house or beer-shop here—a sufficient reply to all the rest of the questions.' 'Thank God, no crime, no lunacy, no pauperism, no public-house.' 'No police; none required.' 'For eighteen years I have been rector, my predecessor thirty-eight years; fifty-six in all. Not a single instance of drunkenness has occurred, nor has one of the parishioners been brought before a magistrate.'

It is superfluous to add more to prove, what is our chief aim, that it is the *number* of places allowed for drink which has brought our population to its present pass, and that it is to this point that public attention must be directed. If we could close all the beer-shops and limit the number of public-houses, the mischief would be, to a great extent, stayed. Considering the vast capital invested in the traffic it may be fruitless to expect any direct measures for its effectual control. Still, England is the last country to quail before sacrifices, even Utopian in extent, if once convinced of their necessity. No limit, it may safely be asserted, will ever be set to this national evil so long as the administration of the liquor trade is left to those pecuniarily benefited by the sale. Our readers may therefore be interested to know the result of a scheme, founded upon the opposite principle, which has been tried and found successful in the town of Gothenburg. The past history of drink in Sweden appears to have outdone in physical and moral evil all we are now experiencing. The country had to all purposes 'free-trade' in liquor, and that entirely spirits—unlimited distillation of corn and potatoes being considered  
necessary



necessary for the prosperity of agriculture. The inebriety, accordingly, was beyond belief, the criminal calendar hideous, and the physical aspect of the race deteriorating. A general cry, of course not unopposed, arose from the people, appealing to those in high places to relieve them from the curse which previous legislation had imposed. The Diet of 1853-4 took the subject earnestly in hand, and measures were passed of such wholesale abolition, prohibition, and regulation, as soon effected considerable reforms in the habits of the race. In the town of Gothenburg, however, these measures, partly from local reasons, were not found sufficiently restrictive, and a committee, appointed in 1865, readily traced a concurrent progress between the increasing pauperism and the increasing drink. The laws were evaded, the police set at nought, and nothing remained but to inaugurate a radically new system. This consisted of various measures, all subordinate to one great principle, viz., *that no individual, either as proprietor or manager, under a public-house licence, should derive any gain from the sale of liquor.* To carry out this principle in its integrity the whole liquor-traffic of the town was gradually transferred (no licence being previously rented of the town for a longer lease than three years) to a Company, limited, consisting of the most highly-respected gentlemen of the town, who undertook by their charter to carry on the business in the interests of temperance and morality, and neither to derive any profit from it themselves nor to allow any person acting under them to do so. This company now rent all the houses and licences from the town, pay a moderate interest on the capital invested, and make over the entire profits of the trade to the town treasury. The places for drink—the number of which was immediately curtailed—are of two classes, public-houses and retail-shops, both bound to purchase their wine and spirits from the company, to sell them without any profit, to supply good food and hot meals on the premises, and not to sell Swedish brandy, except at meals. The public-houses are managed by carefully-chosen men, who derive their profits from the sale of malt-liquors—a weak class of beer—coffee, tea, soda and seltzer-water, cigars, &c., and from the food. The retail-shops are managed entirely by women, who have fixed salaries and no profits. This system began to work in October, 1865. Its effects have been immediately perceptible. In 1864 the number of fines paid for drunkenness in Gothenburg was 2164; in 1870, with a rapidly-increasing population, 1416. Cases of *delirium tremens* in 1864 were 118; in 1868, 54. Nor are the financial effects less encouraging. In 1872 the company realised, in net profits, no less than 15,846*l.*, which, paid over to the town, more than covers the entire poor's-rate; thus most appropriately



appropriately compelling the liquor-trade to pay for what is mainly its own causing, instead of saddling that tremendous bill upon the innocent and industrious. Another pleasant fact is, that this large amount of trade is carried on without virtually any paid-up capital, the whole outlay of the company having only amounted to 454*l*.<sup>\*</sup> The sale of drink in Sweden is still enormous; but that which averaged ten gallons per head in 1850, now only amounts to two gallons—about the same as in Scotland.

To return to our own misery. It is unnecessary to dwell upon three ominous phenomena—moral and physical—the abnormal outgrowth of long-continued intemperance on the deepest and widest scale:

1. Education impeded by depraved constitutions of mind and body, entailed by drink.

2. Medical knowledge puzzled by the confusion of symptoms between 'long-continued disease and drink.'

3. Justice obstructed by the temptation the drunken man presents to the ruffian, so that the fault of the victim ensures the escape of the criminal.

But there is another and fourth outgrowth of far greater significance; and the question arises what to do with it? There is a wretched class of beings, the complicated product of the evil we have been considering, whom no law of God or man can now deter from drinking their own damnation—the 'habitual drunkards,' or 'dipsomaniacs' of modern phraseology—who have no place in our criminal code, and ought to have no toleration in society. There are few families so happily situated as not to know something of a disease which renders a man or woman mad in every sense except that defined by Act of Parliament; the wretched victims of which are so many spreading centres of disgrace, misery, and ruin.

The habitual drunkard is distinguished from the common sot, as having crossed that frontier which divides responsibility from irresponsibility—the vice he could have conquered from the disease which has conquered him. Whatever the cause that first tempted him along the foul path—whether his own sin or that of his parents—he has now reached the goal whence, voluntarily, he can return no more. His retreat is cut off; a door is closed behind him which no power of his can open. There are a large number of these miserable beings of all classes among us—no less, it is computed, than 600,000 in England and Scotland—who riot and waste with comparative impunity in presence of terrified

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<sup>\*</sup> See further account in 'Macmillan,' March number, 1873.

children and despairing partners, and too often end in suicide or homicide. Fathers and mothers of families, they are hedged round with a false respect; alternately sane and insane, they retain the authority over others which they forfeit over themselves. Every plea, every measure is tried, that religion, affection, and reason can urge. Every thought and device of the home circle is devoted to prevent the turn of the dreadful wheel which crushes all beneath it; but the demon in possession defies equally prevention or resistance, and those who would give their lives to rescue are condemned to stand helpless and passive by, while the Furies hunt their victim to destruction. Had Shakspeare lived now he would have added another line to his sonnet on 'The World's way,' illustrating that worst trial of all, the bondage of Sobriety to Drunkenness! Few sufferings in this world more deserve the palm of martyrdom than those now endured in the home which the dipsomaniac defiles. Those are most truly the victims of Intemperance who themselves never touch strong drink! There is something even tragi-comic in a case related in the Report on Habitual Drunkards of 'relatives'—not, it is to be hoped, the nearest and dearest—whose patience being completely worn out, and all attempts failing, from want of legal authority, to confine their incubus, sent him, a man of position, to board himself at an hotel, where he quickly drank himself to death! For such degraded specimens there is, indeed, but one means of cure, namely, the privation of the poison that riots in their veins. If the habitual drunkard never drank again he would be restored to his right mind, and to all that man values beside; but while his own master, however contradictory that very phrase, such cure is hopeless. That warfare which every one of us has to carry on between the *two* powers that be, has merged with him into indifference or despair. He is perhaps the most pitied and despised wretch upon God's earth; no galley-slave more wretched, for, conscious that he is doing wrong, he has no power but to do worse.

It is now openly admitted by the medical faculty that this last culminating '*furor bibendi*' has 'its cause, symptoms, diagnosis, and treatment, as clearly marked as that of pneumonia.'\* Recognition of it, in this character, is known to have been recorded as early as 1817 by a physician of the name of Salvatori—one of the few men connected with the French army who remained in Moscow after the retreat. He gives the same diagnosis of the

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\* President's Address at Annual Meeting of the Birmingham and Midland Branch of the British Medical Association, 1874.

approaching periodical fit of craving as would be given now-a-days—the languor, the discomfort, the failing appetite, the restless sleep, the growing, undefinable misery, which comes upon the victim like an armed man, and renders life a burden. At this stage the fatal cup presents the only form of relief. He is driven to it by an irresistible force, and it rewards him for a time. His depression ceases, his nausea vanishes: if he never sleeps, he feels none the worse; if he is perpetually in movement, he is conscious of no fatigue. The first few days are all excitement and joy, ending generally in violence, storming, and rage; and then the reaction sets in—the headache, the thirst, the visions, the wandering, the gloom—the detestation of strong drink, the condemnation of himself—and as surely as all these, the certainty of a fresh fall. For each attack leaves that which smoulders only to burst out with increasing heat; each is in turn cause and effect, heir and progenitor.

Now, the difference between this and other forms of illness of a preventible kind consists in the fact that it overpowers the will. If a man suffer from bronchitis, he is careful not to expose himself; if he have a bad digestion, he avoids a certain diet. If he have brought misery on himself by folly or wickedness, he *can*, under certain conditions, repent and reform. Our mortal lot is a heritage of moral and physical fallibility, indissolubly connected. Most human error is accompanied by physical conditions which minister to it; most physical derangement has its root, if we could trace it, in some foregone moral derelictions. The words of our Lord give to sin and to disease a mysterious identity; saying to the sick of the palsy, ‘Thy sins be forgiven thee;’ and to the impotent man, ‘Sin no more.’ But he spoke to those capable of choosing the better part. It is not so with the dipsomaniac. ‘Sin no more,’ is vainly said to him. His will being in bondage, he can as little repent as stand still. No matter what the class, or the mind—high or low, cultivated or illiterate, refined or depraved; whether the statesman or the labourer, the lady or her fallen sister—the pathological results are the same. The Baronet’s answer to the most urgent medical expostulation is: ‘If a bottle of brandy stood on one side, and the pit of hell yawned on the other, and if I knew that I should be pushed in as sure as I took another glass, I could not refrain.’ The poor man’s answer is: ‘If a knife were at my throat, I must have it’—meaning the drink.

The man, therefore, who *cannot* refrain from that which renders him periodically mad is as irresponsible as the chronically insane, and must be treated accordingly. His own will being in  
abeyance,

abeyance, it is only by the act of another's will, and that supported by the law of the land, that he can be rescued, and his family relieved. This rescue can take no other form than that presented by a Refuge or Asylum, where the patient may be placed and detained, not only till the old habit be broken, but a new and better habit formed—till the disease in the brain has died out, and fresh blood, free from alcoholic taint, made. For this beneficent purpose, only attainable by entire abstinence, a period of detention is required varying from one to three years—a treatment, we need hardly say, impossible to carry out without the authority of the law. Many a poor wretch, in the brief period of remorse, will voluntarily, nay eagerly, enter an asylum and submit to a system which promises to break his bonds; but it is equally certain that he will not voluntarily remain long enough to ensure that end. The recurrent summons to the service of his Zamiel returns with all its miserable tyranny, and then only the absent bottle and closed door can avail.

It was especially to the relief of this class of mania that the late Member for Bath, Mr. Donald Dalrymple, devoted his energies. Himself, in early life, a medical man, and the son of an eminent member of the profession, he knew, as few of his Parliamentary colleagues can know, what the physical condition of that man is whose blood is laden with alcoholic poison; what the irresistible despotism of that craving must be which is excited by an inflammatory state of the tissues of the body. For the purpose of investigating the working of certain Refuges, Mr. Dalrymple, in 1871, crossed the Atlantic to the United States, where the same reckless liberty of temptation, and the same Anglo-Saxon nature have entailed consequences identical in kind, but, among the educated classes, more extended in amount. Thus they have been driven to forestall us in providing the only remedy of which the disease admits. Mr. Dalrymple visited nine institutions for the reception of dipsomaniacs; all originating either with societies or individuals actuated by philanthropic motives, and partly maintained by them; also most of them receiving small public grants, and all chartered by the respective States to which they belong. If difficult to prove the exact amount of actual cures effected by them, it is, at all events, certain that a large percentage of benefit accrues to the patients and to their families which can only be thus obtained; for, next to his cure, his incarceration is the greatest boon. Most of these institutions are based upon direct Acts of the Legislature, by which both the person and the property of the hapless drunkard can, after public inquiry, be placed in ward.

This authority is found to act in America, as it would doubtless in England, far more by indirect than by direct means. For men will rather submit voluntarily to compulsory detention than face the sure exposure of an inquiry. A few months after Mr. Dalrymple's return, a Select Committee on 'Habitual Drunkards' was granted, of which he was appointed the Chairman, and before whom those physicians, both English and American, best qualified by experience and knowledge in the treatment of mania, with other individuals, were examined. The Report in which this evidence is embodied is an awful revelation of one form of human fallibility, carried by excess into abnormal conditions of terrible interest both to the physiologist and Christian philosopher.

Much curious evidence, pointing to special modes of treatment, was elicited in the first place, as to the special distinctions between the insane from ordinary and general causes, and those from the sole and inordinate indulgence of habits of intoxication. Governors of prisons, superintendents of asylums, keepers of private refuges, and even of Reformatories for drunkards, were unanimous on certain points:—1. The utter uselessness of all committals of this class to prison, on breaking the public peace, for such periods only as the law provides. 2. The fruitlessness, except for the temporary relief to their families, of such comparatively short detention in refuges as in the present absence of legal authority can alone be enforced. 3. The injustice to the dipsomaniac, who transgresses the law, to classify him even under the same roof with criminals; and 4. The equal injustice to the lunatic to place the dipsomaniac in the same asylum with the insane. In all these cases the intermittent nature of the disease—with other causes—is at cross-purposes with the continuous and uniform system of the institution. As regards the lower classes, the prison-rules are strained and broken to keep them. Their violence and excitement give trouble—their stupefaction renders them incapable of work—in both respects their example is pernicious; and when the seven or fourteen days of compulsory abstinence have sobered the creature, there is no further excuse for his maintenance at the public expense; albeit he only leaves the prison to return again. As regards private refuges or reformatories, or even such as are of a semi-public kind, as in Scotland, there is no doubt that the temporary rest they confer on the over-tried families is the chief result, and a very important one: but, from the nature of the disease, they stop short of effecting any real change of the patient himself. A man or woman is persuaded to enter by doctor or friends,

friends, or even by the threat of consignment to a lunatic asylum, and will promise to remain for a certain time. But they know that there is no legal power to detain them; when abstinence, therefore, has partially restored them they defy their keepers, and insist on leaving, and, as a matter of course, a relapse ensues. One English medical man, head of a large provincial lunatic asylum, and with great private experience of the upper-class of patients, openly states before the Committee that, for the good of the patients, he has often detained them against their will. 'Legally, one is bound to let them go; but I have been in the habit of taking an indemnity from the friends or relatives of the patients, and of illegally keeping them. In some instances it has had a very beneficial and even a permanent effect.' Another doctor, more shrewd, evaded the law by a less elaborate device. When a patient wanted to go out, who was quite unfit to be trusted, he simply took away his hat and shoes! These gentlemen were constantly threatened with prosecutions by the patients, which, however, never troubled them. In the words of one of them, 'a man who gets into that state has but little purpose to carry out anything, however strong his intention at the time.'

But of all places the lunatic asylum, by common consent, is the most inappropriate. The nature of their mania does not square with its object. Sobered, in spite of themselves, they cease to be insane, and are rightly dismissed by the Commissioners of Lunacy. A dipsomaniac also requires totally different modes of medical treatment and of moral government. The lunatic stands often in need of a considerable amount of stimulants—a form of medicine which must never be within sight or reach of the drunkard. And, finally, from the peculiar degradation of the mind, they are voted by all witnesses of experience the most intolerable nuisances in the asylum, and the worst companions for its regular inmates. The insane require quiet and absence of excitement; but 'the habitual drunkard is an habitual liar—cunning, devoted to every artifice to gratify his morbid propensity; mischief-making, scandal-talking, inveterately idle, and quarrelling with those about him.' The wretched dipsomaniac, indeed, fares but ill as to character at the hands of those who know him. A mere drunkard in the intervals of sobriety has the possession of his mind, and often transacts both public and private business with perfect intelligence. But the dipsomaniac is both more violent and dangerous—more given to suspicion and to hating—in his fits, and more stupid and incapable when out of them. The mere



mere drunkard in the earlier stages retains his affections for those about him; even becomes maudlin in that respect; but 'the morbid appetite of the other is always accompanied by a change of character in the direction of degradation—a loss of the sense of duty, of truth, of honour, and affection.' Another medical man says, 'they are entirely given to lying, you cannot believe a word they say;' and a third, 'no truth is ever found in connection with the habitual drunkard's state.'

The distinction between intemperance as a vice and that which has become disease—between the 'vicious drinker' and the 'inevitable drinker'—is a point to which the attention of the Commission was particularly directed. Generally speaking, the craving of the 'inevitable drinker' has no reference to externals; it has nothing to do with social intercourse or joviality. Strange to say, the poor creature has no pleasure in drinking. His very manner of taking it, away from society and observation, gulping it down as if it were a drug, distinguishes him from the drunkard who sits and sips and enjoys, convivially, and sometimes riotously, warming to his feast. Accordingly, the dipsomaniac, as we have seen, urges, as a rule, an internal impulse, 'I cannot resist it:' the ordinary drunkard, equally as a rule, some external pretext—'meeting a friend'—'a party of good fellows'—'a hot day'—'or any other reason why.' With the one it is defined as the '*vis à tergo*,' driving him on whether he will or no; with the other as the '*vis à fronte*,' tempting him forward, yet with power to resist. Again, the dipsomaniac, when the craving is dormant, will not touch stimulants; the sot is always ready to take them when he can get them. The one can be controlled by punishment or fear of consequences; the other only by actual intervention. For if the drunkard, as compared with the dipsomaniac, is addicted to a habit he can conquer, the dipsomaniac, as compared with the lunatic, is the slave of a habit that can be conquered for him.

All testimony goes to show that the unprincipled man lapses into the helpless man. He who gets repeatedly intoxicated passes through a series of short attacks of mental disease, which eventually result in cerebral disorder. The period when this takes place no one can precisely predict or define. Till the brain is affected, the man is responsible for his acts, and therefore the faculty do not acknowledge any but the last stage as coming within their sphere. Dr. Chrichton Browne answers curtly, 'Drunkards do not come under my notice till they are dipsomaniacs. I look upon intemperance *per se* as a vice.'

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That doctors should so view it is inevitable, and yet in this very fact lies the peculiar curse of this form of dementia. The vice entails the disease, and yet the vice cannot be met by the medical profession, and the disease is not met by the law. The vice can never be cured by the law alone, and the disease never cured by the doctor alone. It is here that the hereditary nature of this curse tells with double effect; the parent even transmitting as an irresponsible malady to his child that which was responsible wickedness in himself. Nor does it travel only in a straight line; the propensity once implanted crops out in lateral branches, just like any other form of disease; 'children even being known to have shown the tendency before they had had the chance of seeing the habit.' Many instances are given in the Report; one of which, stated by Dr. Peddie, the Edinburgh physician, 'of a lady of good education and principles,' may be quoted here:—

'She began to drink at the age of 16, and died at 56, during which time she had many and protracted fits of drinking, and, in fact, drank herself to death. She was most untruthful when the desire was on her; resorting to the most ingenious methods for procuring alcoholic supplies; swearing in the most solemn manner that she had never tasted a drop, when she was incapable of walking. She was boarded in many places in town and country, and when under control was intelligent, active, and industrious. Sometimes, when under care, she employed herself as a Bible-reader; and when in the country, gave herself to botany and geology, and wrote most excellent letters from her retreat. Now her father was an habitual drunkard; a grand-aunt, and also a cousin on the father's side, the same. The mother also was a drunkard; a brother, an habitual drunkard; another brother was insane; an aunt was a drunkard; two nieces, daughters of the same, were habitual drunkards; and other members of these two families are said to have been mentally affected.'

It is also known that by some predisposition even one single excess in alcoholic liquor will permanently upset the mind. Dr. Nugent, Inspector General of Lunatics for Ireland, instances a case in the Cork District Asylum where three people—two sisters and a cousin—were brought in quite mad. Two nights before they had been at a wedding, where they had been persuaded to drink spirits. Two of the three died insane in the asylum. This was the most rapid case of insanity from spirituous liquors he had known; but the predisposition was in the family, a fourth member of which was insane.

Dipsomania is also recorded to have been developed suddenly by a sunstroke, or by a blow on the head (though not, it is suspected,

suspected, without some preceding habit of indulgence); thus all evidence proving the same thing, that whether thus suddenly brought on, or by the effects of individual or hereditary transgressions, the state is in itself the indication of a disordered brain; in other words, of a condition of which intoxicating drinks are the secondary causes; that cerebral unhingement which creates the desire for them, the primary one. Every form of insanity has its correlative physical cause, and every maniac shows his insanity by some fixed idea in inevitable connection with that cause, though the connection may be beyond the power of science to define. A lunatic may have the conviction that he is the Great Mogul, and that it is his duty to bowstring his fellow-patient, or his own mother; no one argues with such hallucinations, for they are known to be in themselves uncontrollable; but means are taken to prevent their leading to harm. By the same rule the fixed idea of the dipsomaniac is the attainment of drink, an idea which, like other monomanias, comes and goes, and has its lucid intervals, but the indulgence of which must be prevented so long as the mania lasts. Nor is he more ingenious in the pursuit of his particular object than many lunatics have been known to be in the contrivance of suicide or homicide. But here the parallel ceases; for in the case of the dipsomaniac, the food, though not the cause of the malady, is known to lie in the drink, and the cause in most cases, happily for him, may be arrested by the stoppage of that food.

As respects the mania for drink, no agencies except such as are outside the man can stop it. Stupid as the dipsomaniac becomes, he is never so stupid as not to pursue that which is the main business of his existence—'to procure and conceal liquor.' A gentleman who was ashamed to drink at home, and was not in the vicinity of a public-house, is known to have procured a dozen bottles of ardent spirits at a time, and buried them in different places in the fields near; taking his rounds periodically till the stock was exhausted; all the time denying that he had touched a drop. But ladies, according to Dr. Peddie, are generally the worst, as far as untruthfulness is concerned.

'I have had the most solemn assurances that not a drop of liquor had crossed their lips, when they could not have walked across the floor—that not a drop was in their houses, when I would find bottles of liquor wrapped up in stockings, and in other articles of clothing; concealed in trunks and wardrobes; put up the chimneys, and under beds, and between mattresses; and on a late occasion, in the case of a lady, after all means had failed in discovering the cause of the con-

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tinned intoxication, on making a strict personal investigation, a bottle of brandy was found concealed in the arm-pit, hung round the neck with an elastic cord, so that she might help herself when she pleased. Such is but an instance of the determination to obtain the necessary supplies.'

A curious fact in the history of this disease is the length of time before it tells its own name. In this respect, again, from their greater interest to evade suspicion, their greater imputed innocence, and their more limited liberty of access to what they desire, the worst offenders are women. Their supplies have to be clandestinely obtained : sometimes from the grocer or confectioner—whose power to sell such articles is another form of temptation entailed by mistaken legislation—and entered to them under false names ; aided also by contributions from the chemist, ostensibly for the family medicine-chest, or her own dressing-table—medicinal tinctures, red lavender, chloric and sulphuric ethers, quantities of 'eau de Cologne,' spirits of wine, or in whatever form the odious thing with its cant name of 'pick-me-up' can be contrived. The husband, meanwhile, sees her much on the sofa, depressed, or excited, given to tears—hysterical,—and perhaps recommends the very thing she most longs for, a little brandy,—and then goes to his daily work, not dreaming that it is anything more than some feminine infirmity. And so it goes on, till perhaps the arrival of unaccountable wine and spirit bills, or the persistent going out of the table and hall-lamps, or the strange disappearance of the drawing-room ornaments, and finally, the sneering hint of some house-servant—reveals all his domestic misery. Even the doctor, in cases of unimpugnable respectability, is puzzled to account for symptoms, and is treated like little less than a maniac himself if he attempt to open the eyes of husband or father. One case is too curiously ingenious not to be mentioned. The medical head of Queensberry Lodge, in Edinburgh, an institution for the reception of female Inebriates, reports that a lady came in who was known to have the habit of taking chlorodyne to the extent of an ounce at a time. After she had been a fortnight in the home she was found to be drunk :

'I could not fathom the cause of it ; but on opening her trunk, I found about sixty empty chlorodyne ounce-bottles. She had rinsed them out in the washhand-basin and drank the water. On another occasion I found three persons apparently under the influence of drink, and on searching the matter, discovered that they had got possession

possession of a box of Locock's Pulmonic Wafers, had divided them among them, and were all tipsy.'—2313.

Nor can such unhappy creatures remain stationary as to the potency or quality of their beverage. The thirst becomes stronger; the appetite more depraved; methylated drinks of the most nauseous kinds, sometimes mingled with shellac; an infusion of tobacco-leaves in whisky, and, in the instance of a lady, turpentine and shoe-blackening are known to have been enlisted in the hideous category.

In Scotland the greater prevalence of habits of intoxication led to a far earlier recognition of the mania than has been the case here, and to various forms of provision for it. For long the statutory test of the Lunacy Act was stretched so as to allow its admission into public insane asylums, and cases have been known to be sent to Scotland purposely to take advantage of that fact. But since the Commission of Lunacy in 1855, which revealed how greatly the asylums were burdened and puzzled by these misfitting cases, the test has become much more strict, and families are proportionably distressed to know what to do with their ungovernable inmates. At the same time, numerous private refuges have been established, mostly in situations protected by local circumstances; as in Skye; in the little island of Lismore; and in many a retired manse. Queensberry Lodge, in Edinburgh, already alluded to, where 'ladies,' as the expression is, are 'sent into privacy,' was even built by public subscription, though now supported by the payments of the patients. In all these cases it is openly acknowledged that if any good be done, it is done illegally,—that is, by detaining patients beyond their will—for to detain them no longer than they are willing to stop does them no good.

'Voluntaryism,' therefore, as it is called, has had a fair trial; and refuges supported on no other principle are pronounced to be, 'one and all, failures.' Just as a certain stage of improvement is reached the system breaks down. As the Report expresses it, 'where the medical difficulties end, the legal difficulties begin.'

We need not multiply proofs. From all the faculty alike comes the same testimony. Dr. Chrichton Browne (Superintendent of the West Riding Asylum, Wakefield), says: 'I believe the founding of some such institutions to be the only chance of benefiting habitual drunkards.' Dr. Peddie: 'I would have voluntary admission, but compulsory detention; and I would have compulsory detention in trying cases in any rank of life, by some authority; indeed, in any case where the relatives or friends

friends did not, or would not, step forward to undertake the responsibility.' Dr. Anstie, the well-known London physician : 'I know of nothing excepting entire seclusion for a long period, and under the most absolute and despotic restraint, that would have the least chance of doing any good whatever.' The late Dr. Forbes Winslow : 'Such institutions are to my mind one of the great and crying wants of the age. I believe such institutions would be a national blessing, and self-supporting.' Mr. Nelson (Manager of Queensberry Lodge) : 'All that we want is power to detain them.' And, finally, the late and celebrated Dr. Simson, of Edinburgh : 'These are all, I think, cases of madness in the true sense of the word ; and if they are not dealt with as such, they should be.'\*

Detention, therefore, whether resulting in cure or not, is a manifest duty to society and to the patient. If his restoration be not effected, it is, at all events, a far more humane measure on the part of a Christian Government to protect him from himself than to connive at a state which endangers life and property. We venture to think that the objections now urged against legislative action will, before long, be looked back upon with astonishment. These objections, which are fully ventilated and answered before the Commission, may be thus stated. 1. The danger of mistakes on the part of medical men. 2. The fear of innocent persons being incarcerated by designing relatives. 3. The expense which such institutions, which ought neither to be incorporated with lunatic asylums† nor with jails, would cost the State. The first objection, as may easily be believed, is made very light of by medical men, who know that the diagnosis is simpler and the characteristics more marked in dipsomania than in many other forms of insanity. These refuges also, it stands to reason, would be under the same system of inspection, official and medical, as lunatic asylums now are. It is equally fallacious to fear that a legal power to restrain such patients would put a dangerous weapon into the hands of their families. That same intermittent nature of the mania, to which we have before called attention, interposes a peculiar check here. The family, according to a stock phrase, are 'afraid of consequences.' They know that sobriety will intervene, and with it ill-will, and perhaps revenge. The real difficulty, therefore, anticipated, is that of inducing the family to come forward

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\* Dr. Peddie on 'Dipsomania,' p. 21.

† Their connection with lunatic asylums has caused their failure in Australia. People will not fasten on their relatives the stigma of real insanity.

at all. 'Not one family in a hundred,' according to a chief medical witness, 'would dare to exercise the power.' At the same time the authority of the act must be based on the deposition on oath of the nearest relative—wife, husband, father, or son—endorsed, it is proposed, by the minister of the parish, and one or more medical certificates.

But American experience, as already hinted, shows that such legal authority would be virtually a dead letter; the fact of its existence being in itself both a check in early stages of the tendency, and an inducement to surrender voluntarily. In the province of Quebec an Act was passed in 1870 enabling a Judge for the Superior Court of Lower Canada, on application on oath from relations or friends, 'to pronounce the interdiction of such habitual drunkard, and to appoint a curator to him to manage his affairs and control his person, as in the case of one interdicted for insanity.' But Mr. Dalrymple states, on the authority of the Attorney-General of the province of Quebec, that the Act was hardly ever put in force; the fact of its existence, or, at most, the threat of its enforcement,—in short, 'the legal rod over them,'—being sufficient to induce a man either to control himself, or to submit to treatment; so that 94 per cent. of the cases admitted into these institutions are *voluntary*.\*

As to the minor question of treatment, one point is emphatically decided by the medical witnesses, namely, the necessity and feasibility of cutting off all alcoholic supplies *at once*. Dr. Anstie says: 'The question would only be complicated by letting them down by degrees. The only way is to cut them off from drink altogether, and that is perfectly and absolutely safe, and the only thing that is calculated to do good.'

And the continuance of the good is only insured by a continuance of the same measure. The dreadful temptation may be conquered, the spell broken, but, like a train of gunpowder, it will kindle with a spark. The most moderate taste—the joining in a toast—an injudicious prescription after getting wet—even, sad to say, the sip of the sacramental wine, has been known to summon up the demon afresh. For the man, therefore, who has been rescued, yet as by fire, there is no half-way place between safety and destruction. He must either surrender himself again to demoniacal possession, or walk the strait and narrow way, 'a Nazarite unto the Lord.'

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\* Quotations from the Act, Question 1393, are given, too long for insertion here, which suggest an admirable model for English legislation.



Of course, such questions were not mooted before the Commission without 'the liberty of the subject' being fondly brought up, and as admirably answered. The hardship of a dipsomaniac being kept under restraint when sober, and therefore sane, was met by the fact that the same happens to the lunatic in his lucid intervals. The needlessness of restraining a man in cases where he can only injure himself, elicits the just retort that we have a duty as fellow-citizens to care for one who cannot care for himself. The injustice of assuming control over a drunkard's property only because he is wasting his means, when plenty of extravagant men are allowed to do the same with impunity, draws out the intelligent distinction that the drunkard's waste leads to a disease which may engender crime. Another question why the dipsomaniac should be under restraint, and the kleptomaniac not, was unfortunate; the fact being that, under the Lunacy laws, there is power to detain that class of mania in an asylum. The question of expense was also fully entered into—a question of some complication, but of no positive difficulty. With regard to the upper classes, such institutions would be entirely self-supporting, as the insane asylums provided for their more innocent brethren now are. And they would be on the same footing, only with more liberty; for the care and medical supervision is after a time limited to the insuring the absence of the fatal cup. Books, papers, music, billiards, all would be provided: also gardens of the most inviting kind; and, as exercise is imperative, the power of horse exercise and hunting; one head of a private asylum stating that he himself keeps a pack of harriers for his patients.

But the greater proportion of habitual drunkards in this country belong to the lower orders; filling our prisons, hospitals, workhouses, and lunatic asylums. The position of a pauper or a criminal—and the drunkard of that class is sure to be one or the other—is radically different from that of a man of independent means. He must be maintained at the expense of the State, and therefore he must *work*. Nor can society afford to let him go at large so long, or sink so fatally deep, as his richer brother. The military definition of an habitual drunkard is, as we have seen, the fact of being drunk four times in the year; or rather, being reported to be so; for the soldier may be drunk as often as he will, if he so comport himself as to keep out of the 'defaulter's book.' By the same rule it is proposed that three or four committals for that excess of inebriety which entails disorderly conduct shall be considered sufficient to qualify a man to be relegated to an asylum; there to be detained till better habits



habits of mind and body are formed. Once there, and health restored, his work would not only keep himself but his family. If he knew no trade he could be taught one, as in the case of some prisons. The governor of the Borough prison of Kingston-upon-Hull deposes that the labour of the inmates might be very profitable; and that the surplus, after deducting 6s. a week for their keep, would leave very much more for their families than they get out of such men when at liberty. At a Discharged Prisoners' Home at Wakefield a man pays 7s. a week for his maintenance, and can make 23s. a week by mat-weaving. Nor, from the nature of the cases, would the expenses be so heavy as for a prisoner, from thirty to forty inmates being easily overlooked by one officer. Would not this be a better mode, whether of punishment or reform, than allowing a man or woman to come into a gaol forty or fifty, or a hundred times, each time more incapable of honest work or moral cure than the last? That experiment has been tried to excess, and has *never* answered. No poor wretch has ever been really bettered by reiterated sentences of seven or fourteen days. The cost of Anne Scott, with her many aliases, who had been committed fifty-nine times, would have paid for a far longer period in an inebriate asylum than would have sufficed, with God's grace, to cure her, soul and body. The poor old Bible stealer, who showed 'a root of good in things evil,' might have ended his life peacefully in his own land! If looked at reasonably it is astonishing that systems of punishment should be persevered in, proved by lengthened experience to be utterly vain, whether for prevention, correction, or reformation; and which, furthermore, all connected with their administration alike deplore and condemn. Our national respect for the law has its evil side when it allows such a routine exercise of it to continue unquestioned. It is impossible to imagine a greater expense in money, crime, and lives and souls of men than is caused by that fatal vice which is allowed to spread, blossom, and seed, to all intents unchecked among us. We have said enough about the crime that appears in the calendar: but there are the wrongs of the defrauded minds of the idiots—out of 300, 145 known to have come of drunken parents; there are the sufferings of the crippled bodies of little innocents, fed, not with milk fit for babes, but with strong gin. The very shame of society hides some of the results of this prevailing curse. The frequent verdict on suicides of 'temporary insanity' is so returned when the cause is known to have proceeded from intemperance, 'because,' as the coroners depose, 'juries, for the sake of the family, are disinclined to return

return verdicts reflecting disgrace on the memory of the deceased.\*

Mr. Dalrymple's Bill, 'For the better care and management of Drunkards,' had been read once, and was down for a second reading in the spring Session of 1873, when Mr. Gladstone's temporary resignation caused an adjournment of the House. This postponed the prosecution of the measure till the next year, by which time its humane and indefatigable advocate—chiefly owing to his labours and anxieties in the cause—had, in the prime of his life, passed away from this world. But he had done the good work as far as it depended on individual exertion, and it remains all prepared and ready to be carried to its desired consummation.

We have dwelt the more on this branch of the enormous subject in consequence of a late important movement to bring it again to the attention of the Legislature. A deputation from the most eminent members of the medical profession—in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin—headed by Sir Thomas Watson, and presented by Lord Shaftesbury—waited early this last July on the Home Secretary with a memorial, setting forth the urgent need of legal control over habitual drunkards 'for their own personal safety, for the protection of their families, and for the welfare of society;' and recalling the recommendation for Sanatoria or Reformatories, which resulted from the Commission of 1873. The 'great practical difficulties' dwelt on, though not defined by Mr. Cross, are doubtless identical in great measure with those which the Commission successfully elicited and refuted. It is devoutly to be hoped that the public will not allow this special question to rest; indispensable as it is, under every view, to the welfare of hundreds of thousands in this country. The *real* reason why Government continues to ignore this evil is because, as simply stated by the late Dr. Forbes Winslow, 'the Legislature does not recognise habitual drunkenness as a form of insanity, though medical men do.' With this Report before them, such a plea can no longer be valid.

As to the larger general question of the Intemperance of the land, those particular difficulties which we have here endeavoured to refute will not present formidable obstacles. But there are others, not so lightly confessed, or easily met, because deeply interwoven with private and public interests on a gigantic scale, of which no one will attempt to make light. Still, delay will not facilitate their solution; and it is, therefore, simply a

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\* 'Report of Convocation,' p. 85.

question of what the country can best afford—to let the evil gather strength with every year, or to grapple with it earnestly, and at once.

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- ART. V.—1. *Vejledning til det Islandske eller gamle Nordiske Sprog*. Af Rasmus Kristian Rask. Kjöbenhavn, 1811.
2. *Det Norske Sprogs Grammatik*. By C. R. Unger and P. A. Munch. Christiania, 1847.
3. *Nordiske Oldskrifter udgivne af det Nordiske Literatur-Samfund*. Kjöbenhavn, 1847–62. (Icelandic Texts, with Glossaries or Translations in Danish.)
4. *Grettis Saga*. Ved G. Magnússon og G. Thorardson. Kjöbenhavn, 1853.
5. *Lexicon Poeticum Antiquæ Linguae Septentrionalis*. Conscriptum Sveinbjörn Egilsson. Hafniæ, 1860.
6. *Edda Sæmundar hins Froða*. Herausgegeben von Theodor Möbius. Leipzig, 1860.
7. *The Story of Burnt Njal, or Life in Iceland at the end of the Tenth Century*. From the Icelandic of the Njáls Saga. By George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L. Edinburgh, 1861, 8vo. 2 vols.
8. *Die Ausdrücke: Altnordische, Altnorwegische, und Isländische Sprache*. Von K. Maurer. München, 1867.
9. *Sæmundar Edda hins Froða*. Udgiven af S. Bugge. Christiania, 1867.
10. *Sæmundar Edda hins Froða*. Udgiven af S. Grundtvig. Kjöbenhavn, 1868.
11. *Grettis Saga; the Story of Grettir the Strong*. Translated from the Icelandic by Eiríkr Magnússon and William Morris. London, 1869.
12. *Lilja (The Lily); an Icelandic Religious Poem of the Fourteenth Century*. Edited, with a Metrical Translation, Notes, and Glossary, by Eiríkr Magnússon. London, 1870.
13. *Die Edda, Die ältere und jüngere, nebst den mythischen Erzählungen der Skalda*. Uebersetzt und mit Erläuterungen begleitet, von Karl Simrock. Vierte Auflage. Stuttgart, 1871.
14. *The Orkneyinga Saga*. Translated from the Icelandic, by Jon A. Hjalte and Gilbert Goudie; edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Joseph Anderson, Keeper of the National Museum of the Antiquaries of Scotland. Edinburgh, 1873.
15. *An Icelandic-English Dictionary, chiefly founded on the Collections made from prose works of the Twelfth to the Fourteenth Centuries*.

*Centuries.* By the late Richard Cleasby. Enlarged and completed by Gudbrand Vigfusson. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. Part I., A—H, 1869; Part II., H—R, 1871; Part III., R—Ö, 1874.

THE above list of books on the language and literature of Iceland presents but a sample of the numbers which within the last thirty years have issued from Scandinavian, German and English presses, following one another with all the briskness of competitors in some newly-opened field of golden promise. Ever since the fresh stimulus given to these studies by the great philologer of the north, Erasmus Rask, the acceleration of interest has been steadily accumulating, and notwithstanding the great disadvantages under which Icelandic has had to be learnt, the books that have been produced in the present century are too numerous for us here to recite. It is the last on the list which now at length removes the difficulty of Icelandic study, and which affords occasion for the present article. Like some great road driven through the heart of a land which has hitherto been known only to the rare and hardy adventurer, this complete and masterly lexicon opens up a language and literature which has hitherto been closed to all but the leisurely few, and makes it the inheritance of the whole world.

And this important work, which now for the first time crowns our Icelandic library with a sense of completeness, has, with a happy chronological fitness, reached its termination in the year 1874, just a thousand years from the date of the Norwegian colonisation of the sub-arctic island. When in the ninth century the great feudalising movement had reached Norway, and Harald Harfager was relentlessly forcing the allodial owners to do him suit and service as their sovereign lord, the untamed Viking spirit of the western fiords burst away to seek a free land, and successive bands settled on the shore of Iceland, which at first served chiefly as a new base for piratical expeditions and plans of southern conquest. But when at length their wild career was run, they became gradually domesticated in the strange land; they formed a Commonwealth, which is one of the greatest of curiosities for the jurist; they produced a literature so original as to be absolutely unique; and they preserved a language which may be called the survival of Gothic antiquity.

Perhaps there is not in all the records of the world, not even in Greece itself, a more striking example of the character and circumstances of a people being faithfully mirrored in the writings they have produced. The old ancestral mythologies which they had brought with them from the mainland took shape in a

series of lyrical odes, which have in modern times acquired the collective name of the 'Sæmundar Edda,' that is, the Edda of the collector or composer Sæmund. One of the characteristics of Icelandic literature is the droll homeliness of its book-titles, and the title Edda simply means Grandmother. This Edda is also spoken of as the elder Edda, and the poetical Edda, to distinguish it from a later collection of old-world lore, which is called the prose Edda, or the younger Edda. This latter was the work of Snorri Sturlason, who died in 1241; and after him it is sometimes also called Snorra Edda, which means the Edda of Snorri. Of this work Simrock says, 'it is to be regarded as the oldest and truest commentary on the Songs of the Elder Edda.' These two Eddas stand wide apart, and between them lies the first and freshest era of the Sagas. An age of wild adventure had been succeeded by a corresponding development of romantic stories; and as the Viking age had supplied the material, so the domestic life which the Icelanders settled down into, was remarkably fit for the culture and preservation of traditional narratives. In proportion as they were further removed from the centres of population and those springs of novelty which are so frequent in populous places, in the same degree were their ancestral tales the more cherished and the oftener repeated, till, like Solon's ordinance for the recitation of Homer, some ancient tale formed part of every solemnity.

The word Saga (plural Sögur) is a substantive of the verb to say, and the English analogue is *saw*, as in Shakspeare's 'wise saws and modern instances.' It applies to any kind of narrative or tale, whether history or legend; but the precise sentiment of the word harmonises very closely with that of the English 'story.'

Story-telling had its securest rooting-place in the winter circle of the family: from this base it spread out and became a constant entertainment at public meetings, at feasts, weddings, wakes, at the festivities of Yule, and even at the assemblies of the Al-thing; and narratives of banquets are extant which tell what saga was recited on the occasion, just as in the Beowulf it is told what was the Song of the Scôp in the hall of the Gar-Danes. The early sagas had taken a definite shape in oral transmission before the literary period began, and as the writers of these were in no sense their authors, this may be the reason why their names have not come down to us along with their books. The title of Saga which properly indicated the narrative told with the living voice, had gained too firm a hold to be changed with the change of literary form, and being thus established beyond challenge it obtained the widest and vaguest application, covering all the narrative literature

literature from the merely mythical at one extreme, through the various grades of half-historic, to the truly and fully historical at the other extreme. On the one hand we find a saga occupied with adventures, like those of William Tell; and on the other the truly historic group of the *Islendinga Sögur*, or Histories of the time of the Icelandic Commonwealth. Among these is even reckoned the highly documentary work, called the '*Landnámabók*,' that is, '*The Book of the Land-taking*,' or colonisation of the country; which is for Iceland what the Domesday Book is for England. But of all the group the most characteristic specimens are those which tell the career of men or families between the dates of 900 and 1030; and these are '*The Sagas*,' properly and distinctively so called. Of these we can happily direct the English reader to some of the best examples in the sagas of *Burnt Njal* and of *Grettir the Strong*, both of which, as well as the later *Orkneyinga Saga*, appear in the above list in English translations. The latter is one of the more strictly historical sagas; but even of those which are less so in form and manner, and which even contain superstitious matter, we may say that their historical value, in the hands of a discriminating reader, is often very high; and we can almost endorse the sweeping words of Mr. Dasent, which were printed so far back as 1843: '*I cannot imagine it possible to write a satisfactory history of the Anglo-Saxon period, without a thorough knowledge of the Old Norse literature.*'\*

In a preliminary glimpse of Icelandic literature, we must make mention of the old Laws of the Commonwealth, which form a collection known by the whimsical title of *Grágás*, that is, *Gray-goose*. Then there are the Laws after the Union with Norway in 1262. Then come Bible Paraphrases, Homilies, Lives of Saints: Romances and Fables, mostly after French and Latin originals, resembling our own mediæval translations. Then there are works of a scholastic character: the Icelandic language boasts to possess the earliest philological treatise written in any Gothic language. Then there are works arithmetical, geographical, medical, besides deeds and diplomas, and inscriptions; and all these without reckoning any of the post-Reformation literature. Taken as a whole, it must be admitted that this is the finest display that any language of the Gothic family is able to make in the way of a vernacular literature, and none is so purely native, so free from intermixture of alien material.

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\* '*A Grammar of the Icelandic or Old Norse Tongue, translated from the Swedish of Erasmus Rask*,' 1843, p. vii.



But interesting as this literature is for its contents, it is hardly less so, at least to Englishmen, for the language in which it is enshrined. For, as we hope to be able to show, this language contains within itself the materials for enabling us to understand much that has hitherto been very imperfectly explained in the mechanism of the English language. In truth, it offers us a direct explanation in many places where we have hitherto had to be satisfied with an indirect explanation. We have, of course, looked to the Saxon in the first place as the great basis of our mother-tongue, after that we have looked to the Old French, long dominant in England, as the most prominent modifier of Saxon forms and structures. But the more the investigation has been pursued, the more has it ever come to light, that these sources left unexplained many a feature in our highly composite speech, while no other language seemed historically able to claim a place by the side of these two, which had severally reigned their hundreds of years in the land. The nearest approach to such a claim belonged to the Danes, and this claim was sometimes put in, but an adequate body of facts was never advanced to support it. That a language which never had a vernacular hold on any part of the soil, for which the utmost that could be urged was that it was current for a generation and a half in a bi-lingual court, a language which produced no literature in our island, that such a language should claim to be grouped, even in a minor sense, along with the great factors of the English language, must always have appeared unworthy of credit, until a work was put into our hands full of the language of our Danish settlers, and at the same time resounding on all sides with the echoes of our most homely and most deeply ingrained idioms.

This Icelandic language has almost all the rich store of its vocabulary in common with the other languages of the Gothic stock on either side of the Baltic. It is the standard language of the northern division of the Gothic family. But as an indication how deeply it is severed from its southern or Teutonic kindred, the following particulars may suffice. It possesses neither of the prepositions *by* or *to*; nor has it any substantive ending in *-ness*; nor does it appear to have ever possessed either of the verbs *to make*, or *to do*. One word serves for both of these and that is *göra*, a word familiar to us in its transplanted position as the Scottish *gar*. In this language the sun is called *sól*, and the word 'sun' is only known as a rare poetic term; while in all the Teutonic languages this is reversed: moreover, the sea is called *haf*, a name quite unknown in the Teutonic regions. These are profound distinctions, and they describe a deep gulf between the Scandinavian and the Teutonic branches.

Of



Of considerable import, but still of less depth, are those commonly-assigned characteristics of the Scandinavian languages, viz. the post-positive article, and the expression of the passive verb by flexion.

The characteristics now enumerated are indeed common to the whole Scandinavian group; but they are seen to the greatest advantage in the Icelandic, which is the oldest form of those dialects, and which indeed represents the parent language from which they have all diverged. These dialects are, first of all, the two national languages of the Danish and Swedish; then the Norwegian or Norsk, just now beginning to recover a distinctive character after long subordination to the ruling Danish;\* and, lastly, a variety of sub-dialects such as that of Jutland, but especially in Sweden, where, next after Iceland, the antiquities of the language are preserved in their richest deposit. It is the pride of the Icelandic that it wonderfully preserves the parent language which was spoken in common before these several dialects and languages had branched off; and although we can now hardly avoid giving it the local name of Icelandic, because the term Danish now belongs to a special division of the group, yet we should remember that in the age of the Vikings, when it was the common speech of the Northern rovers, its old ancestral name was Danish †—‘Dönsk tunga.’

To this primitive name we call particular attention, because it is the name which has a special interest for ourselves; it is the name by which this language has come into contact with our own language and history. From the second half of the eighth to the first half of the eleventh century ‘the Danes’ are always hovering in the background, and often pressing forward and even occupying the forefront of English history. During a tract of time that was not inconsiderable—indeed, for the half-century before the Conquest—the Court of this country must have been almost as conversant with the Danish language as it soon was to become conversant with the French language. ‡

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\* The present position and future prospects of the national language of Norway, about which there has been some misunderstanding, is well stated in “Danish” and “Norse,” a paper read before the British Scandinavian Society, by Mr. Andrew Johnston, May 25, 1875.

† Snorri (13th century) in the Prologue to the *Heimskringla* uses the term Danish as generic, and Norsk as its modification. The native tongue of the original settlers in Normandy is also called Danish by Wace.

‡ See this remarkable passage from the *Saga of Gunnlaug Ormtungr*:

Chap. vii. ‘þá red fyrir Einglandi Adalrádr Konungr Játgeirsson ok var góðr höfðingi; hann sat þenna vetr í Lundúnun. Ein var þá tunga í Einglandi, sem í Danmaurku ok Noregi, enn þá skiptuz tungu í Einglandi er Vilhiálmr Bastadr vaun Eingland; geck þáðan af í Einglandi Valska, er hann var þáðan kyniáðr.

That is to say, the parent language, *Dönsk tunga*, was for a time current in the mouths of courtiers in London. Since the subdivision of the language, the name which was once general has become special to that southern branch of the family which has been most exposed to external influences; while that which is truest to old memories has taken the new name of Icelandic—a name which we cannot avoid using, though we shall not use it to the exclusion of the name Danish in its old historic sense. The Icelandic language is the representative of the old Danish; while modern Danish, though not really far removed, all things considered, is yet that member of the Scandinavian group which has varied most from the ancestral meaning of its name. Perhaps it would be clearer, if we wrote the old language not as Danish, but ‘Denish,’ at least occasionally and when there is danger of confusion, restoring the old Saxon vowel of the word ‘Denisc,’ as it was written in the ninth and tenth centuries.

Along the whole stretch of the coasts of Denmark and Norway one language was spoken in the ninth century. Incipient and minor differences there must, however, have been, as the nations had already their distinct centres, and jealousies began ere long to appear. By the year 1000 we find the distinction between Danes and Norwegians strongly indicated in Olaf Trygvason’s boast: ‘Never yet did Danes beat Norskmen, nor shall they not to-day.’ At so early a date did the generic name of Danes begin to have a more confined application. Indeed, we can recognise the difference between Danes and Northmen in the traces they have respectively left in this island. The Danes settled over a large tract of country, of which the base-line extends from East Anglia to Durham.\* This country was called the Danelag, because it was governed by Danish law. It is marked by the many local names ending in *thorp* and *by*, forms

*kyniaðr. Gunnlaugr gekk brátt fyrir Kóng ok qvaðði hann vel ok virðuliga.*—*Sagan af Gunnlaugi, Hafn, 1775.*

‘Then King Ethelred, son of Edgar, ruled England, and was a good chieftain; he dwelt in London that winter. Then was there the same tongue in England as in Denmark and Norway, but the tongues changed in England when William the Bastard conquered England; thereafter prevailed in England Welsh (i.e. French), from which race he came by kin. Gunnlaug went promptly before the king, and saluted him well and honourably.’

[Since the above was in type, the *Saga of Gunnlaug Wormtongue* has been made accessible to the English reader. It is one of the ‘Three Northern Love Stories,’ translated by William Morris and Eiríkr Magnússon.]

\* During the present year, an English traveller in Denmark was struck with the similarity of the Danes to his own country-folk of North Lincolnshire. Writing to a relative in that part of the county, he said that when he was on the steamboat from Kiel to Copenhagen, the appearance of the people and the tones of the conversation around him were so like those of his native district, that he could have fancied himself on the Trent steamer, running from Gainsborough to Hull.

which

which are distinctly Danish, and which are, indeed, 'a mere reflection of the names in *trup* and *by*, which are everywhere found on the map of Denmark. A peculiar and remarkable feature of this district is the word *egir*, by which they designate the tidal wave or 'bore' in the rivers. This appears to be rightly identified with the name of the Scandinavian sea-god *Cegir*, to be mentioned below; the Neptune of the North.

As we move northward, we pass out of the region of these Danish names, but we do not escape from the evidences of Scandinavian life. The whole Lowlands of Scotland all up to Sutherland, the islands of the north and west, the Isle of Man, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and parts of Ireland and Wales, retain to this day, in one form or other, the traces of this restless people. But in these northern parts it is no longer the Danes (in the restricted sense), but the Northmen, the children of the fiords of Norway. The local names by which we trace the footsteps of these Northmen are such as *dale*, *fell*, *firth*, *force*, *gill*, *garth*, *haugh*, *holm*, *tarn*, *thwaite*. To these may be added the use of the word 'water' to designate a lake; as in Ullswater, which seems to claim affinity with Icelandic lake-names in '-vatn'; as *Mý-vatn*, Midge-water; *Fiski-vötn*, Fish-lakes. A term which is common to both of these districts is *-gate*, in the sense of street, as in Micklegate, Canongate. This is probably as well known in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire as in Scotland.

A strong mark of the Northmen in the Lake-district is the frequent termination of river-names in *-a*, which, in the accented form *á*, is the Icelandic word for river, and is the almost universal ending of river-names in Iceland: as *Reykadalsá*, the river of the valley of smoke: so in the Lake-country we have the *Bretha*, *Calda*, *Greta*, *Rotha*, and others. And not only are large tracts of the north of our island dotted over with names made of Norwegian elements: there are also names which betray a Norwegian stand-point; as when the most northern country of this whole island is called Sutherland, that is, Southern-land; and when our ecclesiastical title, 'Sodor and Man,' is traced back to the Norwegian name for the Hebrides, viz. *Sudreyjar*, that is, Southern Islands.

In local names the Norwegian traces are more various and abundant than those which we owe to the Danes of Denmark: and the same thing holds in regard to the local colouring of common speech. The Danish of the Danelag is but a local dialect: the Norwegian infusion in the Lowlands of Scotland has produced a national language, and a world-famed vehicle of song. This has not altogether resulted from the superior vigour of

of the northern over the southern portion of the Scandinavian race, but has been largely due to political circumstances. The Danish dialect in some parts of the eastern coast is much more like the broad Scotch than is generally supposed, and this is brought well out in Mr. Atkinson's 'Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect.' For example: the auxiliary *maun*, which figures as one of the most marked features of Scotch, as in this from Burns:—

‘I maun see thee never, Jamie,  
I’ll see thee never,’

this auxiliary, concerning which we are told in the Dictionary now before us (v. *munu*) that hardly any verb is more frequent in the old literature of Iceland, is not really peculiar to Scotland, though it is through Scotch writers that it has become known to most of us. From Mr. Atkinson we learn that there is in the dialect of Cleveland a present tense, *min*, and a preterite, *mond*, analogous to our English *can* and *could*. And it is not of Scotland specially, but of the North generally, that Southey in his ‘Doctor’ tells the following story:—

‘A north country dame, in days of old economy, when the tailor worked for women as well as men, delivered one of her nether garments to a professor of the sartorial art, with these directions: “Here, Talleor, tak this petcut: thoo mun bin’ me’t, and thoo mun tap bin’ me’t: thoo mun turn me’t rangsid afoor, tapsid bottom, insid oot: thoo can do’t, thoo mun do’t, and thoo mun do’t speedily.”’

But it is through Scottish writers that this dialect has become famous, a dialect which carries with it—whether in lyric poetry or in dialogue—a certain nameless and inexplicable delight; and not only throughout England, but far beyond its coasts, it is known as ‘a thing of beauty.’ Of this imperishable language it is not an exaggeration to say that, so far as its effect can be traced to words, those words, all those which, to a southern ear, render it strange and fascinating, are distinctly Scandinavian. Indeed, almost all those words which we regard as distinctively Scotch are not to be traced, as has been generally supposed, to Anglian sources, but to Norwegian. Such are the words *bairn*, *big* (= build), *byre*, *fey*, *gar* (= make), *greet* (= weep), *ken*, *lax*, *sackless*, *speer* (= ask), and particularly the constant use of *till* for ‘to;’ the Scotchman talking of going ‘till Stirling,’ just as the Norwegian does of going ‘til Bergen.’

There is an auxiliary which is common to early Scotch literature, and a section of early English literature, and, so far as we know, it has never received a satisfactory explanation. This

is

is the use of *can* in the auxiliary sense of *did*. In Wyntoun the death of David II. is thus told \* :—

‘He had bot sevyn yere and fourty,  
Quhen he out of this liffe can pas.’

When we find that Icelandic *kunna* is not straitened like our common English *can*, but has a long catalogue of uses—among others that of the Greek *εἶδέναι*, as in *εἶδέναι χάριν*, to be thankful, which appears in early Icelandic as ‘*kunna thökk* ;’ and when, following the list down, we find that it is also used for ‘to chance, happen ;’ as ‘*ef Björn faðir theirra kann fyrr andask*,’ ‘if Biorn their father should happen to die first :’ ‘*hvar sem thik kann at bera*,’ ‘wheresoever thou may happen to arrive ;’—we feel footing under us for the first time as to the origin of that old English and Scotch auxiliary ‘*can*.’

A very remarkable word in the English language is *get*, and we shall have to consider it by-and-by when we come to the Danish influence upon English ; but, for the moment, we are engaged upon the marks of Norwegian influence in the speech of North Britain ; and among these we venture to reckon certain peculiar and frequent uses of this word which fall so strangely upon an English ear. In Dorothy Wordsworth’s ‘*Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland in 1803*,’ the surprise of this ‘*get*’ is well brought out :—

‘The woman of the house was very kind. Whenever we asked her for anything, it seemed a fresh pleasure to her that she had it for us. She always answered with a sort of softening-down of the Scotch exclamation, “Hoot !”—“Ho ! yes, ye’ll get that,” and hied to her cupboard in the spence. We were amused with the phrase, “Ye’ll get that” in the Highlands, which appeared to us as if it came from a perpetual feeling of the difficulty with which most things are procured. . . . We asked for sugar, butter, barley-bread, and milk, and with a smile and a stare more of kindness than wonder, she replied, “Ye’ll get that,” bringing each article separately.’

The Scotch legal term *wadset* must be referred to the Icelandic *veð-setja*, to pawn or mortgage. In the ‘*Fortunes of Nigel*,’ c. 4, we read : “There is a mortgage over your father’s extensive estate, to the amount of 40,000 marks.” “I know nothing of a mortgage,” said the young lord, “but there is a wadset for such a sum.” “A wadset in Scotland,” said Heriot, “is the same with a mortgage on this side the Tweed.”

These are but fragments of the evidence that might be collected to identify the peculiar characteristics of Scotch with

\* ‘*The Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland*,’ by Androw of Wyntoun. Edited by David Laing. Edinburgh, 1872. Vol. ii. p. 507.

Scandinavia.\* The facts lie around us in a hundred familiar books, and there they have long lain, waiting only for such a work as that now before us to complete the circle of evidence; and if we offer no more in this place, it is that we may not cheat the interested reader of the pleasure of a charming investigation. The investigation is not only delightful but easy, which is more than we can say of that part of the subject which will next engage our attention.

It has long been an acknowledged question of interest, and almost of speculation, what sort of effect the Danish settlements have had upon the English language. This is a subject which has often been attempted, but in regard to which nothing has been settled. Nor, indeed, was it possible to make a definite statement of the case before there was a good Icelandic dictionary. That the English language is indebted to the Danes to a larger extent than is generally admitted, is a thesis which Dr. Dasent has consistently maintained for the last thirty years; and if he has at times been thought to overstate the claim he championed, we apprehend that the evidence now before us will go far to justify the position assumed by him and other strong assertors of the old Scandinavian influence in England.

It should not, however, be imagined that with a good dictionary before us we have only to count the words and the work is done. To trace the effect of Danish upon English is a work that requires patience and discrimination, for the problem is somewhat involved; and excellent as this dictionary is, it does not quite present the solution of our question on its surface, because this is beyond the function of a dictionary. What it does is this:—It supplies us with ample materials for the investigation of the question, and thus holds out a reasonable expectation that we may be able to reach some solid and definite conclusions.

Our task will be to find out that common element between the English and the Icelandic, which, after due consideration of other sources, we shall find reason to conclude must have come into our language by the way of the Danish settlements. If in the districts themselves we find little more than the names of

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\* The physique also of the two nations is remarkably like, at least in the eyes of some competent observers. It is not long ago that Dr. Beddoe, of Clifton, received from Tidemand, the celebrated Norwegian artist, a collection of photographs representing select specimens of the various types of the population in the neighbourhood of Bergen. In the opinion of the receiver, they were nearly all such as he had seen in Scotland: he being well acquainted with North Britain, and a former President of the Anthropological Section of the British Association.



their villages and manorial farms, and a strongly tintured local dialect, we may with the help now offered us find reason to think that though the superficial relics are but few, the body of the old *Dönsk tunga* has not wastefully evaporated, but rather that it has mingled itself with the English language, and has been dissolved into it like some genial and stimulating infusion; and that it may still be possible to assign some of its effects, and to render some account of what we have inherited from it.

In order to investigate this subject effectually, we must keep before our mind the fundamental fact that, before the Danish came into contact with the English in the ninth century, there was a common family likeness between the two languages, such as made them resemble one another, even in minor details; and therefore the assignment of any contribution which the one may have brought to the other requires careful discrimination.

It is an easy matter to discern Latinisms in English, but by no means equally easy to detect them in the context of the French language. And so always, in proportion as confluent languages are related, does it become difficult to distinguish their elements after they have been blended in lengthened use.

A comparison between Anglo-Saxon and Icelandic shows us that, while they are clearly distinguished from each other in the finer parts of their mechanism, they are substantially identical in the more impassive material of the vocabulary. The effect of such a comparison is to make us sensible of the fundamental relationship of the two languages, and to apprise us that when they have blended it must be a delicate task to discriminate their several contributions. It is indeed a task that cannot be conducted much by the way of generalisation, but almost entirely by slow examination into the facts concerning particular words and turns of expression. It is a task which could never have been satisfactorily undertaken but for the possession of a dictionary like that now before us, a dictionary worthy of its name, which gathers up into a focus not only the words but also the phraseology (*dictiones*) of the whole period of saga literature. With this help we may once more spend labour in a field that has hitherto been rather unremunerative, and endeavour to form some definite idea of the Danish element in the English language.

As, however, there are few things more like a rope of sand than a string of selections from a strange vocabulary, we must seek for some principle of organisation among those words and phrases which we are about to present to the reader. The material of a language easily divides itself into Words and Combinations of words. Words are either presentive or symbolic.



bolic.\* Combinations make either phraseology or compounds. Guided by this division, we will notice successively the presentive words, the symbolic words, the phraseology and the compounds of the Icelandic language, and observe where or how in each of these capacities it has left its impress upon the English language. After taking each main group in this philological division, as in cross-section, we will change the aspect, and briefly endeavour to present our observations in something of historical order, marking a few of the chief points where the Danish influence crops out and comes to the surface in the lapse of a thousand years. And first of presentive words. Of these, we have only been able to collect between fifty and sixty, which we now present to the reader. In the following list each word is accompanied by the Icelandic cognate, for the convenience of those who may wish to refer to the Icelandic dictionary, where the reasons are generally, though not always, to be found, which make us refer those words to the Danish source. We are the more careful to furnish the means of reference, because space will not permit us to comment on all the instances; we shall, however, endeavour by treating them in groups to comprehend as many as possible in the remarks which follow the table.

ale (öl)	hair (hár)	scrape (akrapa)
anger (ánger, ángri)	hansel (hand-sæl)	shallow (akjálgr)
bridal	hap (happ)	skill (skil)
call (kalla)	heel (hæll)	skin (skinn)
carl (karl)	hit (hitta)	sky (ský)
cast (kaasta)	husband (hús-bóndi)	slit (slita)
cow <i>v.</i> (kúga)	husting (hús-þing)	slouch (slókr)
cringle (kringla)		sneak (sníkja)
crop (kroppa)	ill (illa)	spoil (spilla)
dream (draumr)	irk (yrkja)	swain (sveinn)
dwel (dvelja)		
earl (jarl)	kid (kið)	take (taka)
egg <i>v.</i> (eggja)	knife (knífr)	thrall (bræl)
fellow (félag)	law (lag)	thrift (þríf)
flat (flatr)	leet (leið)	tiding (tíðindi)
flay (flá)		time (tími)
flit (flytja)	meek (mjúkr)	ugly (uggligr)
foreman (fyrir-maðr)		
foster (föstr)	ransack (rannsaka)	want (vanr)
gain (gagn)	score (skor)	wont (vanr)
gust (gustr)	scrap (skrap)	wapentake
		wile (vél)

\* Still called by some philologists, as by Mr. Sayce in his 'Principles of Comparative Philology,' by the old name of 'empty words;' but this seems unworthy as an Epithet to be applied to a group of words which, more than any other group that can be defined, constitutes the essence and identity of every language. The term is doubtless true as far as it goes: the lady who was remarked upon by Lord Chesterfield for calling a little snuff-box so 'vastly little' had plainly 'emptied' the adverb of its presentive signification, when she used it symbolically.

It has long been surmised that the duplicates 'ale' and 'beer' were due to the concurrence of the Saxon and Scandinavian vocabularies. The fact that ale, in the form of *öl*, is the one word in Denmark for this class of beverage, was alone enough to suggest that perhaps ale was the Danish, and beer the Saxon word. The question is complicated by the circumstance that in the oldest writings of both nations the two words are found. But against this we may array the observation that each nation had made a peculiar appropriation of one of the words in its own way. Each of the words had received, in its several country, a further signification beyond that of mere liquor. In Saxon a banquet was called 'gebeorscipe,' that is to say, a beer-ship: and in Icelandic we find 'öl' in the same advanced character. This advanced use may perhaps indicate which is the domestic word in each region. It seems highly probable that beer is the word of the Teutonic region generally (as Mr. Vigfusson says), and ale that of the Scandinavian. When in the *Alvis-mál* it is said that it is called ale by men, but beer by the gods (*öl heitir meðh mönnum, en meðh Ásum bjór*), this is probably no more than a compliment of admiration paid to the foreign or uncommon word. Of *Ægir's* banquet it is said, 'hann hefðhi búið ásum öl,' 'he had prepared for the gods a banquet.'

Out of the above there rises another interesting question of derivation:—What is the origin of our word *bridal*? We have it first in the 'Saxon Chronicles' under 1075, in the three forms—*brydeala*, *brydealo*, and *brydealoð*; and this means the *bride-ale*, or ale of the bride. There is no such word as this in the Icelandic, or any other Scandinavian vocabulary; and we think it must have been a Danish compound made in this island. The Icelandic word is *bruð-laup* or *brul-laup*; and the common Danish word at this day is *bryllup*, the bride's leap, with reference either to her journey or to the wedding procession. In the year 1075 The Worcester Chronicle, besides *brydealo*, brings in this Danish word also in the course of the story: 'ealle tha the wæron æt tham brydlope æt Norðwic,' 'all those who were at that wedding at Norwich.'

The proper Saxon word for marriage was *gifte*, and the word *bridal* was never fully current until quite modern times: we think we may say it is hardly to be found anywhere in our Bible-translations, in which the succession has been as follows: Saxon, *gifte*; Wiclif, *wedding*; Tyndale, *marriage*.

The word *call* is almost certainly Danish. The sporadic appearance of the word in Saxon literature, compared with its continuity and variations of sense in Icelandic, urge us to this conclusion.

conclusion. In the ballad of the 'Battle of Maldon,' A.D. 991, we read: 'Ongean ceallian tha, ofer cald wæter,' call for call across the water, defiance for defiance. And in Cædmon, Moses haranguing the Israelites at the verge of the Red Sea is styled *hildecalla*, the hero whose voice is heard above the din of armies. The presence of this and other words in the poems of Cædmon will probably raise some questions among the critics hereafter.

*Cringle* is one of an interesting group to which we are not aware that any one has ever called our attention. That we are indebted for many of our nautical terms to the Dutch is a trite observation. But that we should owe a deeper and more original debt to the Danes seems even more probable from the history of English shipping. Here is a bold and a famous example. The term indeed may be obscure to many who have had no marine experience, even while its sound may be familiar through the title of the sea-faring novel, 'Tom Cringle's Log.' Sailors know well that a cringle is the round metal eye worked into the corner of a sail for the sheet or other rope to run through. But the word has a reach of fame beyond the radius of novels. It enters into the name of that Icelandic work, which perhaps has the greatest European reputation—to use Lord Dufferin's words, 'the first great historical work that was written by any European in his mother-tongue'—'The *Heimskringla* of Snorri Sturlason.' We have already noticed the play of fancy in Icelandic book-titles; this means the circle (*kringla*) of the world (*heim*).

In assigning to *dream* a Danish origin, we are led entirely by a consideration of the signification. There is in Anglo-Saxon a word of the form of *dream*, but its sense never touches that which we now attach to the word. It uniformly means the mirth of music in the midst of the convivialities of the hall, and has nothing whatever to do with sleep. On the other hand, the Icelandic *draumr* appears in the sense of our English dream in the earliest poems, while the Anglo-Saxon sense of the delights of song is quite unknown. Can we doubt that this sudden transition of sense has come from the Danes?

Our next example shall be *fellow*. The word seems very familiar to us, and yet, if we seek its connections in our language, it will appear to be an alien. But if we turn to the Icelandic dictionary, it becomes at once plain that the word is at home, and naturally rooted in that language. The Icelandic form is *félag*, and signifies the laying of fee or property together; and it is a word that has an important status in the legal phraseology of the Grágás: whereas in England this word

is unknown until long after the Conquest. This is one of the words that have been often suspected to be Danish, and which by the evidence now afforded is established as such beyond a doubt.

The word *foreman* is the usual one in the sagas where we should use 'captain,' and, as it is unknown in Saxon, there is little doubt of its Danish introduction among us.

The word *foster* is not found in Anglo-Saxon, Mæso-Gothic, or German. But in Icelandic *fóstr* is the fostering of a child; and *fóstri* is a foster-father or foster-son.

*Hair* is a good example. In Saxon the word was *feax*; and accordingly a comet, *stella crinita*, was called 'feaxede steorra;' and the English name *Fairfax* is equivalent to *Har-fagr*, the nickname of the famous Norwegian Harold of the ninth century. Not that the word *hair* was wanting in the mother-tongue, but it was repressed; just as, on the other hand, the word *fax* was not absolutely wanting to the Norsk; for in the *Snorra Edda*, the name of the horse of night is *hrím-faxi*, frosty-mane; and the horse of day is *skin-faxi*, shining-mane.

*Heel* is a Scandinavian word; the Saxon word in its place was *hōh*.

*Hit* has all the appearance of being Scandinavian, not only by its absence from Saxon and its presence in Icelandic, but also by a touch of kin that is observable in the phraseology wherein it figures in the two languages: thus, 'hitta ráð,' to hit upon a plan, rede, or device.

*Husband* is originally a participial form, meaning house-dwelling, house-occupying person; and so it was in the Scandinavian languages somewhat equivalent to our 'house-holder' or 'goodman,' and in this sense it appears in the Saxon Chronicle of Peterborough. But as the second part, *bóndi*, was habitually associated with the idea of ownership in land and stock, so the early use of 'husband' was that which is now reflected only in 'husbandry' and 'husbandman.' The partnership of man and wife in domestic economy prepared the way for that meaning with which we are familiar, an old Scandinavian meaning now faded in its native regions, but well rooted in England.

*Ill* is a Scandinavian form, the Danish is *ild*, the Swedish *ill*: our native Saxon word is *evil*, which we have in common with all the Teutonic dialects; Saxon *yfel*, German *übel*, Mæso-Gothic *ubils*.

Few of our obligations to the Danes are better evidenced than the use of the word *law*; the Saxon word had been a grandly conceived word, but it was reduced to a tenuity of form

form which made it unequal to its position. The word was *æ*, thus the Law of Moses was 'Moyses *æ*,' and this was what remained of an ancient substantive that may have been of kindred with *aiel*, *αἰών*, *ævum*, and which survives in English only in the poetic adverb *aye* always.

There is a compound of the word law, which in Saxon is written *lahslit* and means breach or violation of the law. This introduces us to a new Danish word, viz. *slit*, a word which we find in old Scandinavian laws, not indeed in any word like *lahslit*, but in the analogous compound *handsals-slit*, which signified breach of bargain.

Of the long repose of a word in provincial obscurity—of its ultimate emergence to light and celebrity, followed by its expansion into a larger sphere of thought—the word *SLOUCH*, offers a particularly interesting example. This word appears in the 'Edda of Snorri' as *slókr*; and in our Danish provinces it has long reposed in the form *slotch*, which Halliwell renders 'a sloven.' In this sense it first entered literature: thus Henry More has, 'A foul, great, stooping slouch with heavie eyes.' Then came *slouching* as an adjective; thus Chesterfield: 'The awkward, negligent, clumsy, and slouching manner of a booby:' and we sometimes read of 'a slouching gait;' then we get a substantive abstract:

'And others for familiar air  
Mistake the slouching of a bear.'

We have also *slouchéd*, as 'a slouchéd hat.' But the movement had come full circle when the simple *slouch*, which at first designated a person, was used for the manner or bearing, and this we find in Swift: 'Our doctor hath every quality which can make a man useful, but, alas! he hath a sort of slouch in his walk.' The next and latest step in the grammatical development has been to make a verb of this new substantive, the verb to *slouch*, and the quotation with which we close this paragraph offers a fine instance of a word making that spring to a high rhetorical use and an imposing moral significance for which its previous course had been unnoticedly preparing it: 'The Cross of Redemption is signed upon your brow; the blood of Redemption is on the lintel of your house of life. And yet, how many of you are drawling and slouching through the world, trying to make life a pastime, &c.'\*

But perhaps the most thoroughly illustrative word on the above list is *take*. It is usual to explain this word by reference to *tacan*, and it has been necessary to ignore the wide difference of

\* James Baldwin Brown, 'The Higher Life,' 1874, p. 23.

sense between English *take* and Saxon *tæcan*. This difference is so wide, that it would not be too much to say that *tæcan* meant something much more like *give* than like *take*. It is rendered by Grein 'monstrare, ostendere, zeigen;' it was often used in the sense of imparting, handing a thing to another, and it survives in our present verb to *teach*. Whereas our word for *take* during the Saxon period was *niman*, as it now is in German *nehmen*, and the root of this verb it is that constitutes the name of Shakspeare's pilfering Nym. This verb *niman* is quite extinct in English, and instead of it we have the Denish *take*. Now the most interesting, and indeed, for our present argument, the most essential part of this word's history, we can only glance at sufficiently to guide the reader who may be disposed to follow it out for himself. It turns upon the manifold applications of this word, and especially those applications which are indicated by what we are accustomed, after the analogy of German grammar, to call separable prefixes—thus: take in, take off, take to, take up, which are so wonderfully numerous that many an Englishman, referring to this word in Johnson's Dictionary, would feel that he had had no more notion of the manifold uses of this word than if he had been a foreigner in his own language. Upon this phenomenon we have space only to remark that if, after scanning the columns under TAKE in Johnson, he should read those under TAKA in Vigfusson, we think argument would be needless to convince him that the two sets of phraseology constitute one continuous formation.

*Want* and *wont* have been explained from Saxon. The one has been referred to that particle *wan* which made the prefix in *wanhope* = despair; the other has been associated with Saxon *wunian*, mediæval *wone*, to dwell, inhabit. In accepting these explanations, it was necessary to content one's self with vague approximations; but we no longer feel this when we read the two articles under *vanr*, which is the one form of two distinct words in Icelandic.

In order to do full justice to the above collection of examples, we must remember that they are but a remainder which have survived the chances of a thousand years, while many other Denish words which were once current in the English language have from time to time dropped away into oblivion. But although this observation certainly increases the weight of their evidence, yet, after all, they make but a small and an inferior part of the case. Even if we should add to them all the Denish presentives that have ever at any time been in our language, they would be but as so many scattered relics floating on the surface, witnessing to some vast absorption that had taken



place. They would be but a superficial incident, pointing to some influence more important but less exposed to observation. A considerable number of presentive words may, through the most superficial relations, be caught by one language of another. There are many Arabic words in English,—*alchemy, alcohol, alcove, algebra, alkali, almanac, admiral, cipher, elixir, magazine, nadir, sirop, sherbet, zenith*, but the relation of Arabic to English is hardly worth speaking of. It is only when they become far more numerous, and when they are concerned with subjects that lie near to human life, that presentive words become evidence of any close relationship. But in the case of symbolics each word is an evidence in itself. When, for instance, we observe that the symbol ARE is derived from the Danes, we have a fact that may look small, but it really outweighs a whole list of more palpable words. When we perceive that *they, their, them*, are due to Danish influence, that if not actually borrowed from the Danes, the use of these words as personal pronouns was after the pattern of their speech, we have another fact of great import for our enquiry. The pronoun *same* and the verb *seem* may go for rather less, but still these also are of very considerable significance. But perhaps none that we have mentioned exceed in value the instances of the auxiliary verbs *let, get*; words that went a long way towards modifying the general policy of English syntax.

When we are estimating the influence of one language upon another by means of words that have passed from this into that, we must always recognise the superior evidence of symbolic words. And a reasonable account may be given of this superiority. In the case of the presentive words there are always superficial causes in operation which tend to promote the circulation of strange and foreign words. We easily appreciate the motives which lead masses of people to say *commence* rather than *begin*, or to talk of *eliminating* instead of *removing*, or (and this we recently saw in a provincial paragraph about a fashionable wedding) to call the church gallery an *orchestra*. It is newer, and sounds more important, and that is enough. But the same sorts of causes do not so readily operate to bring in such a word as *are*, and make men say 'they are' instead of 'they be.' So with the rest of those above named, *let, get, they, their, them, same, seem*.

But, unaided as these little words are by the lighter sort of motives, yet they have advantages of their own, which tend to their preservation and propagation. Under permanent social conditions their security is the natural result of their position on the half-conscious side of the speech-faculty, where they are the less



less liable to caprice because they provoke little notice: but when in the collision of races they are dislodged, they run great risk of extinction. Yet even here they have one chance of life. That single chance arises out of the circumstance that, compared with presentive words, the symbolics enjoy an immense frequency of repetition: and if occasional words, like *commence*, *eliminate*, win favour by their own attractions, we see that such a word as *are* was able to establish itself in a new land by dint of reiteration.

Before such words are adopted and able to run upon their own feet in a new field they must have been made familiar in combination with words of a more palpable sort, that is to say, such little words are not learnt singly, but in phraseology. Along the extensive border line between the Danes and the Saxons, many of those idiomatic sayings, for which the northern language had such a remarkable talent, must have struck the Saxon ear and have kindled that pleasure which leads to unconscious imitation. The currency of Danish phrases would render their little symbols familiar to Saxon lips, and as the phrases got diluted, or even dissolved, in the Saxon language, some symbolic word might permanently survive. As the Sarsen stones on Salisbury Plain are said to be but the residuary nodules of a vast sandy stratum that has been washed away, so are the little words under notice the during relics and tokens of a world of Danish talk that has been absorbed and neutralised in the contiguous and kindred Saxon.

Sometimes the irruptive language suggests a mechanical improvement of which the native language avails itself, and this may happen with either class of word. The word *law* (already spoken of) was adopted almost immediately, and probably for its mechanical superiority over the old Saxon word which was physically effete. Something of the same kind happened in the case of the personal pronouns. The Danes had long employed demonstratives for the plurals of the personal pronouns, and the example was one which it was easy for the English to adopt. This is the history of *they*, *their*, *them*. We now use these symbols as if they were the plural cases of *he*, *she*, *it*; but we cannot trace this up to Saxon grammar. The plural of *he*, *she*, *it*, in Saxon was, nominative, *hi*; genitive, *heora*; dative, *heom* (*hem*); and the popular use of *'em* for *them* is really a survival of the pure Saxon speech. But if we look at the Saxon demonstrative pronoun, we find the plurals *tha*, *thæra*, *thæm*, and these, with Danish prompting and the increased fulness of expression which they offered, became very gradually the substitutes of *hi*, *heora*, *hem*. This is one of those many speech-changes which spring from the

passion for emphasis, and it was only natural that the fierce and violent sons of Odin should take the lead in such a movement. But there is something like phonetic evidence that such is the true history of this translocation. Before the Icelandic Lexicon came to hand we were satisfied with the derivation of *their* and *them* from the Saxon *thæra* and *thæm*, but we always felt that something was wanting to make *they* deducible from such a form as *thá*. This void is in the most interesting manner satisfied by the facts of Icelandic grammar. In that language the demonstrative has its three genders in the plural as well as in the singular—*their*, *thær*, *thau*; just like the Latin *illi*, *illæ*, *illa*. In active use, however, the neuter has a great advantage; for when a plural pronoun is wanted, not for masculines only or for feminines only, but for a mixture of masculine and feminine, the neuter plural is resorted to as a compromise. Thus in the narrative of 'Thorstein the White' we read: 'Thau Thorir áttu tvau börn,' 'Thorir and his wife had two bairns:' lit. They Thorir, &c. We have nothing at present to do with the quaint syntax of this expression, any more than to observe that the word 'thau' is neuter plural corresponding to the Latin 'illa,' and that it marks a 'they' which is made up of 'he' and 'she,' Thorir and wife. This 'thau' does not seem any nearer than the Saxon 'thá' to our pronoun until we are informed that it is, in the present Icelandic, pronounced 'thöy,' so very nearly like our 'they,' as to leave little doubt that for this pronoun we are debtors to the Danes. The following example is still more complete:—'Thorgerð hét kona hans; thau áttu thrja sonu, hét einn theirra Thorsteinn ok var kallaðr hinn fagri, annarr Einar, thriði Thorkell; allir váru their mannvænligir.' 'Thorgerd was his wife's name; they (=he and she) had three sons; one of them hight Thorstein, and was called The Fair, another Einar, the third Thorkell; they (three men) were all promising.'

The chief impression which is left upon the mind by a course of reading in Icelandic prose is the peculiarity and variety and fertility of the phraseology. This is very striking when viewed in comparison with Teutonic languages, and not least so when contrasted with Anglo-Saxon. The remarkable freedom and elasticity of Icelandic prose when compared with the straitness of Anglo-Saxon syntax, is naturally calculated to suggest that the English language has been quickened in its phraseological activity by Danish contact; and when we examine the Icelandic phraseology in comparison with much that appears in English in the Transition period, of which Anglo-Saxon furnishes no adequate account, the idea is greatly confirmed. For instance, such a characteristic phrase of early English as 'on the King's

King's behalf'—'in his behalf'—is not to be explained from Anglo-Saxon, but is fully accounted for by what this dictionary gives under the word 'Hálfa.' When we proceed a step further, and compare the cast of many of our phrases with modern Danish, the apprehension that our phraseology received a strong impulse from the Danelag gradually shapes itself into a settled conviction. Some of the readiest illustrations of the Scandinavian influence on our phraseology are to be found in connection with the auxiliaries *let* and *get*, as they involve many turns of speech entirely dependent upon their functions, and which could not have existed without them. Thus, under the verb *láta*, such phrases as 'láta naut inn,' to let neat into (a stall); 'láta út,' to let out; 'látið mik vita,' let me know; have too familiar an air to escape recognition. Our auxiliary *get* has this grammatical peculiarity, that it construes equally with the infinitive and with the participle, and this we meet again in the Icelandic *geta*, as *geta sjá*, to get to see; *geta tekinn*, to get taken.

Phraseology is very fickle and changeable. We may assure ourselves of this by opening any popular book that is as much as a century old. In the latter half of last century an eminent statesman advises his son thus: 'There is likewise a particular attention required, to contradict with good manners; such as begging pardon, begging leave to doubt, and such like phrases.' These phrases have now utterly lost their charm, and we seek for some expressions of newer device when we are upon our politest attitudes. Each generation innovates and has its own turns of expression, while it wearies of the old phrases. Therefore we must not often expect to find a verbal identity in modern English phrases with those in the Icelandic dictionary, but we may acquire the habit of discerning a family likeness where time and transmission have necessarily altered much on the surface.

From the phraseology we will pass on to the last part of our division, and call attention to the fact that we may trace a reminiscence of Danish syntax in certain Compounds. Inasmuch as compounds were originally formed by the coherence of words standing next to each other in grammatical structure, it follows as a consequence that compounds will often embalm the memory of an extinct syntax, and afford the best evidence of past states of phraseology. For example, in our present syntax we speak of 'breaking horses' and 'making shoes;' but the compounds which we employ in these matters testify to a different collocation that once prevailed, for in the forms 'horse-breaking,' 'shoemaking,' we have traces of a time when the object stood before instead of after the verb. And this may be applied to the present inquiry. In the compound, *welfare*, we have

have a word that was already coherent in early Danish times, thus, 'welfara-öl,' literally welfare-ale, meant a parting banquet: and it is a relic of that archaic syntax 'vel fara,' in which the adverb preceded the verb instead of following, as now we say, to fare well. In our 'farewell' we have another compound of the self-same materials, but of later date, and belonging to the recent syntax. This is a compound which has been made out of Danish materials but upon English soil, like *bridal* and *lahslit*, which have been noticed above. This is the kind of compound which might profitably exercise the search of the young student who wished to sharpen his faculty of observation upon the Denisms of the English language. Those which, like *welfare*, *heyday*, *handsel*, *ransack*, *foreman*, have been received by us in the compound state, belong not strictly here but to the ordinary list of borrowed words.

Having now illustrated the several parts of our analytical division, we will endeavour to give the same facts a more coherent aspect by taking them in the order of their historical manifestation, in the progress and development of the English language. The first place in which the Danish language has distinctly sprinkled our own is in those tenth-century ballads which constitute one of the most genuine beauties of Saxon literature. We cannot here indulge in any detail, but we may give indications enough to establish our meaning. In the 'Ballad of the Battle of Brunanburh,' A.D. 937, the boats of the Northmen are called by the name of *cnear*, a word that has sorely perplexed the Saxon scribes. This is precisely the Icelandic *knörr*, a word which passed into the Latin vocabulary of Normandy in the form of *canardus*.\* In the beautiful fragment of the 'Ballad of Maldon,' A.D. 991, we have probably the earliest extant instance of the use in English of the Danish verb to *call*. In the Saxon laws there are some important novelties which begin to manifest themselves after the period of the Danish settlement. The title *earl* is the Danish *jarl*, and the *thrall* is the Danish *thral*; but above all in importance, the word *Law* itself, a word that has proved so expansive in modern times, and taken such a leading place in scientific development, was learnt by us from the wild Danes.

In the Saxon Chronicles we may say generally that the later years are tinged with the Danish element, but of one of them in particular, namely, the 'Peterborough Chronicle,' it is not too much to say, that for the last hundred years it is bespangled with Danish words, and deeply tinctured with Danish modes of

\* 'Quatuor naves magnæ quas canardos vocant, de Northwegiâ in Angliam appulsee sunt.'—*Ordericus Vitalis*, viii. 23.

phraseology. We will not cumber ourselves with the list of words, but an example of Danish phraseology from this Chronicle may be useful. We quote the Annal 1140: 'In the lengten thestrede the sunne and te dæi abuton non-tid dæies, tha men eten, that me lihtede candles to æten bi:—' In the Lent eclipsed the sun and the day about noon-tide of the day, when men eat, that men lighted candles to eat by.' Although the vocable 'by' is un-Danish, yet the cast of phrase is eminently Scandinavian.

From the conclusion of the 'Peterborough Chronicle' with 1154, we have only to step forward half a century to meet with the long poem of the 'Diatessaron Versified,' by a monk who bears the Danish name of Orm. This grand and peculiar relic rose out of the midst of Scandinavian homesteads, and is full of the internal evidences which we should look for under such circumstances.

Of all the 'Denisc' evidences in the 'Ormulum,' that which is of most import towards the history of the English language, is the posthabited prefix after the above-quoted pattern of 'candles to eat by,' and this formula will be found by any one who has the patience to count, recurring in our homiletical poet quite as frequently as in the papers of Addison. We subjoin examples from Dr. White's admirable edition:—

Vol. ii. p. 149. 'thatt he wass borenn offe.

" " *that he was born of.*

" 151. Drihhtin badd Noe gan till.

" " *the Lord bade Noah go to.*

" 152. the; alle samenn jedenn inn.

" " *they all together went in.*

" 160. all harrd to ganngenn onne.

" " *all hard to walk on.*

And here certain symbols claim our attention, both the symbols that are coming in, and also those which are reluctantly yielding ground and falling out. Nothing perhaps shows the wide distance at which Icelandic stands from its cognates more than the peculiarity of its symbols. For example, the prominent use of 'thing,' so common in English and all the Teutonic branches, is unknown in Scandinavian, except where borrowed in modern Danish from us or from the Germans. Other words perform this service, such as 'hlutr,' lot: thus, 'i öllum hlutum,' in all things; 'aðra hluti,' other things; and stranger still, 'kostr,' cost: thus, 'at theim kosti,' on that condition; 'at versta kosti,' in the worst case; 'alls kostar,' in every respect. This clears up a unique and obscure passage in the 'Ormulum':—

'Agg

'Agg whil thatt I was litell child  
 Ice held o childess thæwess,  
 And son summ ice was waxenn mann,  
 Tha flæh I childess costess.'

'Aye while that I was little child, I held of child's manners, and soon as I was waxen man, then fled I the *things* of a child.'

Among the lights which guide our path through the obscurity of the Transition period, we may mention the 'Cursor Mundi' as a work in which many Danisms are preserved, and as the earliest in which we have found the verb ARE. But of all this outer and wider circle of English literature, there is nothing that is so thoroughly Danish as the 'Ballads of the Percy Folio.' It is not too much to say generally that our ballad literature is a growth of the Scandinavian districts, and that their peculiar phraseology and that savour which is all their own, is the natural result of this circumstance of their birth. It is here that we find some of our choicest Danisms. Among the most prominent of these are *busk* and *bowne*, both well-marked Icelandic words: the former meaning to prepare, get ready; the latter signifying ready to start:—

'Buske ye, bowne ye, my merrimen all.'

Dr. Dasent, in his translation of the 'Saga of Burnt Njal,' while he professes to avoid antiquated expressions, claims a special exemption for these two, as being so often required and so hard to substitute, and therefore almost indispensable to his work. Another example is the antithesis, very familiar to all readers of the ballads, 'whether I ryde or goe;' which means not whether I choose the one or the other manner of travelling, but whether I am mounted or afoot—whether in high or low estate. This use of 'go,' in the sense of walk, and indeed the whole idea of the antithesis is found in Icelandic; as, 'reið jarl en karl gékk,' 'rode the earl but the yeoman walked;' and it is well displayed as a class-distinction in the Edda-song, Rigs-mál.

And if from these popular specimens we pass to the standard writers which have determined the character of the English language, we may still continue to follow upon the tracks of the Scandinavian element. We perceive certain Danish symbols beginning to take their place in the standard language. Chaucer has adopted *they*, but not *their*, *them*: he adheres to the pure Saxon pronouns *hir*, *hem*.\* One of the most interesting symbols for

\* Tyrwhitt felt the importance of this pronominal change, but he was not in a position to explain it. His words are: 'It is very difficult to say from whence, or why, the pronouns *they*, *them*, and *their*, were introduced into our language. The



for the present inquiry is *are*: not only does Chaucer not admit this word in his own diction, but he makes use of it to mimic the dialect of the north.

¶ In the 'Reeve's Tale' there are two Cambridge students out of the North countree:

'John hight that oon and Alayn hight that other  
Of oo toun were they born that highte Strother  
Ffer in the North, I can not telle where,'

And these northern lads bring out many native expressions, such as 'alhail,' 'how fares,' 'bihoves,' 'howgates,' 'whilk,' 'sal,' 'ilhaill,' 'twa,' 'til,' 'com of man al atanes;' they use the preposition *ymel* (Icel. *í milli*) thus: 'ymel hem alle' = among them all; and their verb-substantive has a grammar different from the south, thus: I is, thou is; we, ye, *are* (spelt *ar* and *ere*):

'I is as ille a Millere as ar ye.'

'Now ere we dryven til hething and til scorn.'

Wiclif's Bible is not without those Danish traces which we should expect in a Yorkshireman, and the very first word of the following quotation affords an instance. But he, like Chaucer, is constant to *be* and *ben*; he never admits *are*.

'Til into this hour we hungren, and thirsten, and ben nakid, and ben smytun with boffatis, and we ben vnstable, and we trauelen worchinge with oure hondis; we ben cursid, and we blessen; we suffren persecucioun, and we susteynen; we ben blasfemyd, and we bisechen; as clensyngis of this world we ben maad, the paringis of alle thingis til jit.—I Cor. iv. 11-13.

Like Chaucer, he uses *thei* constantly; and for the other cases he retains both forms of the genitive, the old and the new, *her* and *ther*, while for the accusative case he keeps to the old *hem*. Indeed, the use of *them* is so very exceptional, that when it is met with, it is a peculiarity, not shared by both versions, and we feel constrained to understand the translator as using not the simple pronoun, but the emphatic demonstrative, as in Isaiah i. 23:—

1384.

'Thi princes vnfeithfull, felawes of theues; alle thei louen þittus, folewen yeldyngus; to the faderles child thei demen not, the cause of the widewe goth not in to them.'

1388.

'Thi princes ben vnfeithful, the felowis of theuys; alle louen þittis suen meedis; thei domen not to a fadirles child, and the cause of a widewe entrith not to hem.'

The Saxon pronouns, *hi*, *hem*, and *hir*, seem to have been in constant use in the time of Robert of Gloucester. Sir John Mandeville and Chaucer use *they* for *hi*, but never, as I remember (in the MSS. of authority) *them* or *their*.



In Wiclif's Sermons we meet with strange words, evidently familiar at that time, which can be well explained by the help of the Icelandic dictionary: 'And disciplis wenten into the citee to bie hem mete; for thei snokiden not fro hous to hous and beggiden mete, as freris doon.\*' This form becomes plain when we see that 'snókr' is one of the Icelandic forms for snake; and Wicliff's word yielded to the superior expressiveness of *sneak*, which is of the same root.

Passing now to Shakspeare, we will instance the nautical term *yare*, so prominent in the opening scene of the 'Tempest,' and which we trace not to the Saxon *gearo*, ready; but to the same source as the Scottish *gar*, to do, and we think the reader may satisfy himself of this fact by a study of the article under *göra* in the present Dictionary.

In connection with the name of Shakspeare we will mention one more Danism, which may presumably be new to the reader, as we do not remember to have seen it noticed anywhere, but which is certainly very remarkable as a rare instance in literature of a word that is very familiar to our ears. It brings us in contact with Shakspeare's use of dialect, a subject which, as far as we know, remains unworked, and offers a vein of promising inquiry to the labours of the Dialect Society. We have already instanced the pronoun *same* as one that we owe to the Danes. There is a kindred word, even more interesting, but ignored by Dictionary and Grammar, and that is the old Scandinavian relative *som*, which figures in the provincial *whatsomever*. This *som* (Icelandic *sem*), disowned in English, is the ubiquitous relative of modern Danish literature. In 'All's Well' Shakspeare has put this word *whatsomever* into the mouth of Diana, as if with the intention of giving her speech a tinge of rusticity appropriate to the part of a 'gentlewoman' who might fitly wait upon a lady at her dressing-table.†

It is symbols of this kind that claim the attention as we pass on from the superficial words that we noted in the tenth and three following centuries; and we will close this paragraph with the oft-mentioned ARE in connection with the Bible of 1611. In this version the word is frequent, but its place is undefined.‡

\* 'Select English Works of John Wiclif' by Thomas Arnold, M.A., vol. ii. p. 83.

† Just as in 'Henry the Eighth,' he has put a rustic expression or two in the mouths of the staid and homely lords who entertain one another on the absurdity of the new French fashions.

‡ For a specimen of the indeterminate use of *be* and *are* in our Bible, see Zechariah iv. Hooker's habit is the same, thus: 'All points of Christian doctrine are either demonstrable conclusions or demonstrative principles. And principles be grounds which require no proof in any kind of science, because,' &c.—*Of the Laws, &c.*, v. lxiii. 1.

We can imagine that the claims of *are* and *be* may give some trouble to the revisers. How slow is the placing of a borrowed symbolic may be gathered from the fact that this symbol has been a thousand years arriving at its definite place in the language, and that the national Bible has not yet fully admitted it. And in some keeping with the slowness of their advent to place is the tenacity with which they cling to it. In Aldburgh Church, Holderness, there is an inscription which runs thus: 'Ulf het aræran cyrice for hanum and for Gunthara saula,' 'Ulf ordered rear church for him and for Gunthar's soul.' Here every word is Anglo-Saxon, except the pronoun *hanum*, which is pure Danish, and utterly foreign to Saxon. If to this we add the parallel case of *costess* in the 'Ormulum,' which has been described above, we shall allow that the symbols die hard. And as we have passed on from the presentive to the symbolic words in the course of tracing the Danish element down the broadening stream of our language, so the next thing that will deserve our attention will be something less palpable still, namely, the turn of symbolic phraseology in which we have been largely advanced by the Danes.

After Shakspeare there was almost a century in which the Romanesque tide continued to rise unchecked, and then came the reaction under Queen Anne, which, without revolutionising the habits of the language, was of a very distinctly marked character. Addison discovered that the native idioms were available for a graceful and easy style, and the taste which he displays for the old ballads may have had something to do with the shaping of his diction. The writers in the 'Spectator' sought to extend the area of the reading public, and to this end it was fitting that a new and more familiar style should be aimed at. The difference between the style of the early essayists and that of previous writers is rather to be felt than defined or described; but there is one particular feature which has been pitched upon as a tangible characteristic. This consists in putting at the end of the clause, as a suffixed adverb, some little word which the Latin and other Romance languages would put either at the head of the clause as a preposition, or in the body of the clause as a verbal prefix. Thus: 'some certain follies which were then in vogue, and which at present we have not any notion of.\*' In the French structure it would run thus: 'of which we have not any notion.' There is perceptible throughout the writings of Addison a gentle and unobtrusive infusion of native idiom modifying the Latin or Gallic style in vogue before; and the particular structure

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\* 'Spectator,' No. 101.

now noticed has been selected as characteristic of this tendency, and has received the name of the Addisonian construction. This construction may be found in most, perhaps in all, the prose writings before Addison's time, though it was in him first that it was raised to the dignity of a characteristic. The attribution, however inexact, conveys a general truth that the effect of Addison's writing was to strengthen the part of the native idiom in our literary diction. It would perhaps be correct to say that by this innovation the frequency of the sentence-ending preposition was raised to the proportion which it holds in the pages of the Danish and provincial Ormulum; and that this hitherto questionable structure obtained its citizenship in our literary diction at a time when Latin and French had long been our only recognised models. This was not so much the substitution of one form of construction for another as the assertion of a native right that was in danger of being swamped, and the renewed exercise of a faculty that was languishing from neglect and inaction: it still left the field so freely open to the foreign structures that it can hardly be said to have operated to their restraint; but at the same time it proffered to those who knew how to use it a valuable addition to that varying power which is so fruitful in capabilities of expression, and which never ceases to offer new opportunities of harmony in the intricate conferences between thought and language.

Lest it should be thought that we are making too much of an idiom which some writers even now seem scrupulously to avoid, we will call in the evidence of an eloquent and judicious American critic:—

‘— that peculiarly characteristic arrangement which puts a preposition at the end of a sentence. This is eminently an English idiom, and nothing but prejudice arising from misapplied analogy with the southern languages, and the propensity to make style more formal and less idiomatic, would ever have led any one to suppose this construction to be wrong. The false fastidiousness which shuns a short particle at the end of a sentence is fatal often to a force which belongs to the language with its primal character. The superiority of the idiom I am referring to could be proved beyond question by examples of the best writing in all the eras of the language. As the error is pretty wide spread, let me cite a few of these. “Houses are built to live in, and not to look on;” and again, “Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more a man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out.” Any attempt to transpose these separable prepositions would destroy the strength and the terseness of the sentences. Even a stronger example occurs in a passage in Donne, one of the great English divines, a contemporary of Bacon's: “Hath God a name to swear by? Hath God

God a name to curse by? Hath God a name to blaspheme by? and hath God no name to pray by?" The opening sentence of one of Mr. Burke's most celebrated speeches is, "The times we live in, have been distinguished by extraordinary events." Dr. Franklin's phrase, with its twenty-five Saxon and four Latin words, "William Coleman, then a merchant's clerk about my age, who had the coolest, clearest, head, the best heart, and the exactest morals of any man I ever met with." And observe such a sentence as this of Arnold's, "Knowledge must be worked for, studied for, thought for; and, more than all, it must be prayed for." I really think that people, in writing and speaking, might get over their fear of finding a preposition at the end of their sentences.' \*

But what we wish particularly to draw attention to is this: that this enlargement was gained from an element which the popular speech owed to the Danish portion of the population. We must trust that this remark will commend itself to the readers of the original sagas, while for those who are without experience in Icelandic diction it hardly admits of proof, though it is possible to supply an illustration. Books of travels in Iceland commonly quote, in evidence of the attachment of the natives to their rude island home, the following Icelandic proverb: 'Island er hinn besta land sem solinn skínar uppá;' and it is constantly rendered by a French structure thus: 'Iceland is the best land on which the sun shines;' although verbal fidelity here results in Addisonian English: 'Iceland is the best land that the sun shines upon.' We have before us at this moment two books of Icelandic travels; the one by a Commander in the Royal Navy, and the other by an Oxonian; and in their translation of this proverb they both avoid the Addisonian and literal method out of preference for the French construction, plainly demonstrating that the Addisonian phrase has only gained its footing among us, and not acquired equality of recognition. But neither of these constructions was natural to our first-planted mother-tongue. The Saxon would have expressed this by a particle in composition with the verb, as, 'Thæt betste land the seo sunne on-scineth,' or 'on-lihteth,' just as the Latin would do it: 'Optima terrarum quas illuminat sol.' When, therefore, we see that the Addisonian structure can be explained only by reference to the Icelandic, and when we perceive that it is too native and idiomatic for many writers, insomuch that some even who are strong in Gothic tastes avoid this structure only because it is too homely, there hardly remains any other conclusion than that the English language has

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\* Henry Reed, 'Introduction to English Literature,' cap. liii.

drawn some of its most peculiar idioms from the Danish habits of phraseology.\*

And this naturally leads us to consider another point, by which the probability of the above explanation will be heightened. It has been often asked—How is it that modern Danish is so very like English? The question is the more puzzling, because we do not find that the likeness which now exists between these two languages increases as we follow their respective courses upward into a higher antiquity. If it were simply the natural likeness of two branches issuing from a common starting-point we should expect to find the approximation greater in proportion to the primitiveness of the period at which we renewed the comparison. But this is by no means the case. The old Danish laws are not particularly like the Anglo-Saxon laws in diction; not nearly so much so as the Frisic laws are and the continental Saxon of the *Heliand*; yet modern English is more like modern Danish than it is like the Dutch, or any modern representative of the old Frisic and the old Saxon.

If now it be true that the Danish element has been gradually leavening the English language, and if the results of this age-long process have been slowly and imperceptibly coming to the front, and if they have displayed their greatest effect so recently as the eighteenth century, we have then an adequate explanation of the observed fact that there is a stronger family likeness between modern English and modern Danish than between these two national languages at any earlier stage of their development.

From the above review of the relations between Icelandic and English, we seem to gather two general conclusions:—First, as to the early period of the English language, we may say that the Icelandic offers a new instrument for the critical study of the Anglo-Saxon remains. This study will acquire additional interest with the increased facility of comparison with Icelandic; and several Saxon writings will become capable of nearer assignment than hitherto both as to locality and chronology. Then, also, as on the one hand the Icelandic will be the test of the Danish element in Saxon, so, on the other hand, will the demand naturally be quickened for Teutonic evidence to control and check it, and thus the old Saxon of the *Heliand*, the Frisic, and other Low Dutch dialects, will acquire a new value in the eyes

\* If the origin here assigned to the Addisonian structure should be generally admitted, it might prove of advantage to give it the technical designation of 'the Danish construction,' or 'the Danish formula.'—Perhaps something ought to have been said to obviate an idea which might naturally rise in minds studious of German, that this structure has come to us from that source. But if we failed to think of it, it was because the whole evidence of history is incompatible with such a supposition.

of the English philologer. Secondly, as to modern English, we see reasons to think that it has been partly shaped by Danish influences, which have been slowly working their way forward, while they have been long eclipsed or suppressed by the more prominent and advantageous position of French and classic models. The positions held by the Icelandic and French languages respectively in their relations to the English language are not without an aspect of similarity which provokes a suggestive comparison. As the French language is in the forefront of the whole Romanesque movement, so was the Danish in its day the most advanced member of the Gothic family: and as it is through the French that we have been most indelibly tinged with the southern, so it is by the Danish that we have been led to embrace the extremest idioms of the northern type.

And if there be something in English which qualifies it for that leading place to which it seems destined among the languages of the world, we would trace this qualification not solely to the original excellence of our fine old Teutonic mother-tongue, but we would likewise bring into view the profitable intercourse it has enjoyed with the most vigorous and maturest specimens of the two chief speech-families of western Europe, whereby it has distilled from both what was best for its own constitution, and has brought from north and south into assimilation with its own natural talents other gifts richly contrasted;—the homely and the dignified, the quaint and the felicitous, the sweet and the racy, of the Romanesque and Scandinavian languages.

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ART. VI.—*Registrum de Panmure*, records of the families of Maule, De Valoniis, Brechin, and Brechin-Barclay, united in the Line of the Barons and Earls of Panmure. Compiled by the Hon. Harry Maule of Kelly, A.D. 1733. Edited by John Stuart, LL.D. Edinburgh, 1874. (Privately printed.)

THE 'Registrum de Panmure' is one of the most interesting of the volumes which the literary tastes and feudal sentiments of the Scottish nobility and gentry (in this respect more zealous than their English compeers) have produced as 'mémoires pour servir,' materials for the history of their country. Since 'The Honours of the Morton Family' were edited for the Bannatyne Club, we have had in 1858, 'The Stirlings of Keir,' which received scant mercy at the hands of the great peerage lawyer, John Riddell, in his 'Comments in Refutation' of their claims; in 1859, 'The Montgomeries of Eglinton;' in 1863, 'The Maxwells of Polloc;' in 1867, 'The Carnegies



Carnegies of Southesk; in 1868, 'The Red Book of Grandtully; in 1869, 'The Chiefs of the Colquhouns; in 1870, 'The Book of Caerlaverock; and in 1874, 'The Book of Lennox.' The responsibility of arranging these has rested on Mr. William Fraser, a man of great learning in the science of family history, who has lately acquired fresh laurels by the successful issue of the great Peerage case, in which he has successfully vindicated the claim of the Earl of Kellie to the historic title of Mar. Of the value of such publications (if one may use this expression of costly volumes printed for private circulation) one cannot speak too highly. Beyond the mere genealogical and family interest, they bear very directly upon history. From the high politics of the kingdom down to the smallest details of domestic economy, there is nothing too great or too small for their notice. The religion, hagiology, manners, morals, and tone of thought of the different degrees of society in their several generations, economic development and industrial advance, prices, contracts, the condition of the law, the state of farming and horticulture, the measures of intellectual progress, the social relations, the influence of the sexes, everything that affects society—

'Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,  
Gaudia, discursus.'

are to be found here. Nor is the stock exhausted: for the Reports of the Commission on Historical Manuscripts, the Scottish portion of which has been contributed by Mr. Fraser, by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, and notably by Dr. Stuart, the learned and painstaking editor of the volumes, which we are now reviewing, exhibit how much is still in store for future publication.

First of all we have the important papers of the ducal family of Hamilton, which from its relationship to the Royal Family of Scotland took such a prominent part in the politics of the kingdom. These have now been inspected carefully and kalendared. They had been little studied since the days of Bishop Burnet. The regency of Arran, the Commissionership of his grandson at the General Assembly of Perth, when 'The Five Articles' were adopted, and of his great-grandson at Glasgow, when Episcopacy was abolished; the services of the second duke, who fell at Worcester, and of the third, who was concerned in the affair of the Darien Expedition, are illustrated copiously in the muniment room at Hamilton, and twelve precious volumes which probably belonged to the English Privy Council, throw light upon the times of James V. and his daughter Mary.

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The mighty family of the Gordons, whose lands extended from sea to sea, and who were more like Sovereigns than vassals in their northern territory, where they kept up a miniature Court, are not so well represented. Probably being Roman Catholics, and waging a constant war with the neighbouring presbyteries, it was not deemed safe to preserve any compromising correspondence. At Newbattle the Lothian family possess letters of rare interest from the political personages both in Scotland and England who took part in the great rebellion. The Balcarres papers in nine folio volumes, now in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, extend from the marriage of James V. to Mary of Guise, and give a most important correspondence of the leading characters of the time in France. The State papers collected by Sir James Balfour supply materials for the different negociations of James VI. with foreign powers, especially the Spanish marriage. The collections also of Sir Robert Sibbald and of the Rev. Robert Wodrow are most important. As might be expected, the charter-chest at Buchanan is rich in documents connected with the great Marquis of Montrose, and his correspondence with King Charles I., Queen Henrietta Maria, the Queen of Bohemia, but many of them have been already printed. Still there remain many unpublished papers, especially touching on the rebellion in 1715, and the treatment of the MacGregors, and generally the collections are not surpassed in historical importance and interest by those of any other ancient family. At Dunrobin the long missing document, the Dispensation by Archbishop Hamilton in favour of Bothwell and Lady Jean Gordon, afterwards Countess of Sutherland, —the non-appearance of which enabled her to divorce her husband, and so enable him to marry his unfortunate sovereign —concerning which there was so much mystery, and on which so much of the question of Queen Mary's character hinges, was discovered by Dr. Stuart. Its history, as detailed by that calm and judicial antiquary, casts a most painful light on the conduct of all concerned: Mary, the Archbishop, Bothwell, the estates of the realm, and the lady herself, who died in the odour of respectability at a great age, come in their different measures very ill out of the transaction, although it is due to truth to say that grave considerations affecting the formality and therefore the legal validity of the document, thus affording a reason for its suppression, have been urged as explanations of what certainly is difficult to be accounted for. Among Lord Crawford's papers is a remarkable Royal Commission issued by James VI., in 1605, for the settlement of the borders, which affords numerous illustrations of the singular conditions of

society then prevalent in the Debateable land. One hundred and twelve out of one hundred and fifty Grahams are deported to the garrisons and cautionary towns of Brill and Flushing. Most of them have nicknames; John Graeme's alias is Jock of the Pear-tree, and we have Jock's Richie, and Little Andrew, and All-over-Kaines. A curious list of the names of those 'that standes in feade (feud) with otheris' exhibits a pleasant condition of society. The Youngis are at feud with the Widdringtons, with the Hallis and the Ogles; the Burnes with the Collingwoods and Dycks; the Rodderfordes with the Potts and the Fenwicks; the Elliotis with the Carletons, the Dodds and the Weltons; the Armstrongs with the Ridleys, and so on. The learned reader will compare with this the amusing account of a border night spent by Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pius II., as detailed by himself in the history of his visit to Scotland.

The Cawdor papers are chiefly curious as throwing light on the early Thanes and Thanages, and illustrating the condition of the population of Argyle in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It places it in an unfavourable light. A full list of the parishioners of Muckearne is given, exhibiting the trades of that simple state of society on the occasion of a parish clerk being appointed, who takes symbolical possession by receiving the holy-water vessel and aspersory. The papers of the ancient family of Forbes, which has the honour of being mentioned by Ariosto in the tenth canto of the '*Orlando Furioso*,' along with Huntly, Errol, and Crawford, all families of the north-east of Scotland, are chiefly remarkable for the illustrations they supply of the fortunes of the wandering Scot. Letters exist from the Forbes of the day from London, where he goes up to seek his fortune in the reign of King James VI., when 'the envy of the English crue has so borne him down,' that he betakes himself to Florence; from another at Stralsund, where allusion is made to some circumstances which nearly led to the last judicial combat in England; from the tenth lord who rose to be lieutenant-general in the service of Gustavus Adolphus, who received a testimonial still extant from Oxenstierna, and who afterwards was employed in suppressing the Irish rebellion in 1642. Lastly, there is an account of two brothers of the family who go to Flanders, turn Capuchins, and one of them dying '*victima charitatis*' in attending plague-stricken sufferers there, 'is inscribed in the Album of the Blessed.'

The Sandiland's papers show how the lands of the Orders of the Templars and of the Hospitallers became alienated. In 1546 James Sandilands has licence from the crown to pass to Malta,

Malta, where he obtains 'provision' of the preceptory on the resignation of the Preceptor Lindsay. Next year he obtains the 'ancianitas,' a right of expectation confirmed by Paul III. In 1547 he becomes Preceptor on Lindsay's death, and in 1551 is invested in the spirituality and temporality, by receiving chalice, missal, and keys of Church for spirituality, and earth and stone for the temporalities in the court of the place of Torphichen. In 1563 he resigns all the lands into Queen Mary's hands, and receives a re-grant of them as Baron of Torphichen, and so the preceptory was secularized.

The collection at Glamis Castle is chiefly interesting from a remarkable document, in which Earl Patrick, the most noteworthy of the family, records how he redeemed his estate from mortgage, and after a definite plan restored his castle, which is the most splendid of the chateaux of Scotland. At the end is a remarkable entry showing how little, in 1694, the author anticipated the permanence of the Presbyterian Establishment. Six months before his death Patrick, Earl of Strathmore, executed a deed, in which he leaves orders to cause, erect, and build four lodges upon the corners of the open, for the highway through the church-town of Glamis, at Westhill, leading to Perth,

'For the use of four aged men of our own surname, if they can be found, and failing them, to such depauperated tenants as, through infirmities, are reduced to want, and not through debauchery or negligence, to each of which I mortify yearly 4 bolls of oatmeal and 25 merks Scotch money with a new white-coloured wide cloth coat lined with blue serge once every three years; and that they shall render such services to us and our successors as their age and capacity will suffer, they being in health, and that they constantly keep the Parish Church and attend Divine Service and wait always at the Church-door when we go there and at their own doors whenever we shall have occasion to pass by, if they be not employed abroad, and that they be holden (if sickness and infirmity do not hinder) to repair every day once, at the 12th hour of the day, to our Burial Place (whereof a key shall be given to each incomer), and a form of prayer to be read by them by turns by such of them as can read, and if they cannot read that they learn the same by heart, and that they keep that room over the burial place always neat and clean, and our loft in the Church, and this to be recorded in the Session Books of the Church of Glamis. At Glamis, the 2nd of December, 1694, in the 51st year, sixth month, and 4th day of our age, in presence of Mr. John Lyon, Sheriff Clerk of Forfar; James Nairne, Jaen Greenhill, our servants. Pray God that when He has served Himself by us in this our time, we may arrive at last by a happy end to His eternal bliss, through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.'

At Cortachy, the seat of the very ancient Celtic family of the

Ogilvy's, besides the usual deeds and charters, are some ecclesiastical documents of a singular nature, charters of lands held by the custody of S. Medan's bell (it is said that accidentally the bell itself was sold as a bit of old iron in the present century), and of those which accompany the office of hereditary porter of the Abbey of Cupar. There are commissions granted to the family as baillies of the regality of the Tyronensian Abbey of Arbroath, an office somewhat similar to that of the Advocatus, Vicedominus or Vidame, of the Episcopal sees and monasteries of France. A foundation of a chaplaincy on the island of the picturesque loch of Cluny by the distinguished Bishop George Brown of Dunkeld, who in vain tried to stem the tide of corruption in the Church of Scotland, at the end of the fifteenth century, affords graphic illustrations of the clerical morals of the period.

A very different class of documents are found at Oxenfoord, the seat of the Earl of Stair, whose family, like so many others of the seventeenth century, sprung from a successful lawyer. The Stair papers, arranged in twenty-eight volumes, in the main consist of the despatches, instructions, and correspondence of Field-Marshal Lord Stair, who distinguished himself in the campaigns of Marlborough, and was afterwards ambassador in France and Holland. They illustrate the politics of Europe of the period, as well as the state of parties in England during the reigns of Queen Anne and the two first Georges.

The library at Dysart possesses the correspondence of Lord Chancellor Loughborough, in which are to be found many letters from Fox, Burke, and Clive. The manuscripts of the family of Dundas of Arniston are such as we should expect to find in the charter-room of a race which for a very long period exercised such bureaucratic power in Scotland.

These are specimens of the unedited and often uncalendared historical documents lying treasured up in the charter-rooms of the Scottish gentry. Long after the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions, Scotland remained a feudal country; the government of the nation was entirely in the hands of the lords of the soil; and therefore it is among their papers that we must seek for indications of many of the secret springs of political action, as well as for illustrations of the domestic life and manners of the people.\*

But the volumes before us have an additional interest. They are not the work of the present century, or of its revived taste

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\* See 'Reports of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts,' i. pp. 110-126; ii. pp. 165-206; iii. pp. 368-423; iv. pp. 470-538.

for archæological study. The science of palæography, which now professes to determine from the handwriting alone the date of a document within twenty years, has not been worked to test the genuineness of this charter or of that breve. They are not the result of the great and general interest which now prevails with regard to all the incidents of old-world life. It is a compilation of the early part of the last century. If it owes its origin to any source whatever save the antiquarian tastes of the compiler and his son, it owes it to the impulse given to such studies by the learned Benedictines of the Congregation of S. Maur. The 'Iter Italicum,' and the treatise, 'De Arte Diplomaticâ,' written by the learned Mabillon to confute the undue literary scepticism of the Bollandist Papebroch, tended to create a taste for archæology in those who came under the influences of such pursuits; and who so likely to succumb to them as a Scottish gentleman of noble birth and high culture, whose political relations were with S. Germain's and not with S. James', and who would find more congenial company in the society of the learned and cultivated Superiors of the Scots College at Paris, than in that of Professors of the Universities of his native land, of whose discipline, Meston, the Scottish Butler (one of the fraternity himself, till ejected for the part which he took in the affair of the 1715), has given such a Hudibrastic description?

'He vies, if sober, with Duns Scotus,  
Sed multo magis si sit potus,  
In disputando, just as keen as  
Calvin, John Knox, or Tom Aquinas,

For he, by page and leaf, can quote  
More books than Solomon e'er wrote.  
A lover of the mathematics  
He is, but hates the hydrostaticks,  
Because he thinks it is cold study  
To deal in water clear or muddy.'

In the notices of the learned compilers of the 'Registrum,' as gathered from the correspondence of their friends, and other incidental notices, we seem to get the portraiture of the accomplished Scottish gentleman of the period, a character which has again and again reproduced itself, from the days of King James I. and the Admirable Crichton, through a long list of distinguished men, sometimes cultivating letters at home, on their estates, or in the literary society of the Capital, sometimes expelled from Scotland for religious or political causes. Thus we have the many cultivated Scots who, on account of their adherence to the old religion, had to leave their country, and who filled many an  
episcopal

episcopal see and professorial chair on the Continent, while at home we have the scholarly Latinists whose lucubrations are preserved in the '*Deliciae Poetarum Scotorum*.' From the narrowness of the limits of his country, from the poverty of the realm and the consequent necessity of seeking his fortunes elsewhere, from the political connections which so often threw him into relations with France, there was a cosmopolitan element in the culture of the Scottish gentleman of the last century which has not yet entirely died out. The whitewash of French civilisation, which mitigated in some measure the coarseness of the native manners, and which has left its mark in nearly two hundred French words till lately in common use among the Scottish peasantry, remained as a social influence, and was aided by the circumstances that many of the Roman Catholic and Episcopalian Lairds sent their sons for education to Douai and to Ratisbon; that the disabilities following on the unsuccessful risings of the '15 and '45 sent many a well-born Scot to trade to Sweden, where he found friends among the ennobled descendants of his countrymen who in a previous century had borne arms for Gustavus Adolphus; and that even the lawyers in pursuit of their studies of Roman law betook themselves to the universities of Holland. Neither can we say at the present day, that this element has disappeared, so long as letters are illustrated by such men as the Earl of Crawford and the Laird of Keir.

The Honourable Harry Maule of Kelly, third son of George, second Earl of Panmure, was a fine specimen of the character which we have been describing. Soldier and politician, antiquary and enlightened Churchman, he seems to have been as remarkable for the dignity of his person (if we may judge from the portrait prefixed to the volumes which we are reviewing) as for the nobility of his sentiments. Though a member of the Convention of Estates, in 1689 he submitted to the fine for non-attendance at Parliament, rather than recognise the forfeiture of the crown by King James VII. Like most patriotic Scotsmen, he opposed the projected Union, and was actually present on the Stuart side at the battle of Sheriffmuir, where, at great risk to himself, he rescued his brother the earl, who had been taken prisoner. Obligated to fly to Holland, he there occupied himself in hard study; read Grotius '*De Jure pacis et belli*' four times over, studied Struvius on feudal law as well as the constitutions of the different countries of Europe, especially the United Provinces, 'and was surprised at the blunders Sir William Temple had made in his account thereof.' Above all he applied himself to the Canon Law and Fathers of the Church, 'and studied them hard for a year and a-half.' This enabled him on

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his return to Scotland to take part in the great controversy which broke out in the Episcopal Church between the usagers and the non-usagers, and by his learning and social authority he exercised a wholesome moderating influence. He was 'against all innovations,' and 'was for keeping the Church on the footing it was on before the Revolution; and since they could not now get bishops named by the regal authority, proposed that the bishops already made should get themselves chosen to a particular diocese by the clergy and laity of that district, and upon their death an election made, and the person chosen confirmed by the Bishop of Edinburgh and consecrated.' On his return to Scotland he kept up a great correspondence with the leading adherents of the Jacobite cause, and the prominent men of the day; and he specially occupied himself in historical pursuits, making an extensive collection of chronicles, chartularies, and documents bearing on the history of Scotland, to the consideration of which he brought the well-balanced judgment and critical acumen of his learned correspondent, the Rev. Thomas Innes, of the Scots College at Paris. Twice married, first to a daughter of Lord Wigton, and then to Ann Lindsay, of Kilbirnie, Harry Maule, on the death of his brother, styled by the Jacobites Earl of Panmure, was predeceased by his son the issue of his first marriage, James, Lord Maule, a young man of great learning and of the highest promise, who was associated with him in the compilation of the '*Registrum de Panmure*,' and to whom we shall have hereafter to refer. The son died in 1729, the father in 1734.

We now proceed to examine the work which was the result of the labours of this remarkable father and son. Disgusted by the 'false and fabulous stories of the rise and beginning of several families of Scotland,' they set themselves 'to write the history of some one of our Scots families, like those done abroad, which nobody has e'er yet attempted,' and naturally pitched upon their own, in which they found: '1st, An antiquity not to be paralleled (*orig.* paralleled), being as ancient in Scotland as any name ever there found; as ancient in England as the Conquest, an age before we have anything certain of Scots families, and traced in France a century above that. 2nd, Their continuing in the male line so great a time as 760 years. 3rd, The nobleness and grandeur of their original. 4th, The great variety which their history affords the reader, having flourished in France, England, and Scotland, they are concerned in the wars of all these three kingdoms, the holy wars, the wars of Italy, Greece, and Hungary. 5th, Their great public and private qualities in more recent times. 6th, The compleat and full documents still preserved.'

Excellent



Excellent reasons, no doubt, for compiling family history, and reasons which we shall find justified in a measure by the treatment of the subject. We use the words 'in a measure' advisedly, for, after all, the connection of the Norman Maules in France, and even those who came over with the Conqueror, with the Scottish branch, is not made out to absolute certainty, although the presumption is very strong, the testimony of the heraldry by no means to be undervalued, and the indication of a family character running through the race from generation to generation very observable.

Though Harry Maule and his sons, after his exile in Holland, made their peace with the Hanoverian Government, and were willing to take office under it (though the loyalty must have been skin-deep, if we may rightly interpret one of James Maule's literary schemes, which was to 'write a book addressed to the young C. of the St—t's, something like Matchiavel's Prince addressed to Laurence de Medicis, in which to show him all the branches of his interest, and how he ought to govern, and the false steps and errors of his ancestors'), Earl James, the elder brother, who was so nearly taken at Sheriffmuir, remained true to the heir of the Sovereign to whom his fidelity had been pledged, and lived in exile on the Continent. He died in Paris. It is right to do justice to the memory of this chivalrous man. It was believed that he was twice offered the restoration of his estates, if he would take the oaths of allegiance to the reigning powers.

‘An ample fortune he disdained to save  
Pilgrim to turn, and seek a foreign grave.

There exists among the papers at Panmure House a copy of a letter to Lord Selkirk by one Kateson, who is known to have received much pecuniary aid from the earl, and who seems to have been a sort of hanger-on among the exiled gentry, in which there is given a circumstantial account of his sudden seizure, illness, and edifying death, in which are some slight touches portraying the ways and habits of the Scottish gentry in Paris. A more ambitious performance, still in manuscript, in the form of a funeral sermon, 'preached by one of his lordship's chaplains in his meeting-house in Edinburgh,' on the 28th of April, 1723, enters fully into the character of the man.

The touching passage in one of Smollett's novels in which the British exiles at Boulogne are described, as 'having gone to the sea-side, according to their daily practice, in order to indulge their longing eyes with a prospect of the white cliffs of  
Albion,

Albion, which they must never more approach,' will be in the recollection of many of our readers.

The life of a Scottish gentleman in Paris, exiled for political offences, was far from a pleasant one, even when, as in the case of Earl James, there was not the pinch of straitened circumstances. If Kateson's account is true, he seems to have lived in 'a flat;' but this was nothing strange to the visitor to Edinburgh of the day, when the best born and wealthiest people lived up common stairs. He had one body servant, and his letters were directed to a café. Most of the exiled nobles were about this time in the deepest poverty, and Maule must be considered comparatively rich, for he left 1100*l.*, which was applied to the settlement of all claims against him by the Marquis of Tullibardine. Poor Tullibardine's funds were very low at this period. He had been forced to pledge his gold watch for 315 livres to Dr. Baill, and just before Panmure's death another friend advanced an additional 85 livres upon it. A sad contrast this from the rough hospitality of Blair and Dunkeld, where at this period, according to the account of Macky the spy, 'the duke lives like a sovereign prince, keeps a great table, whether company or no, and hath his degrees of gentlemen about him, as a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, or the Dukes of Somerset or Chandois in England.'

Earl James appears to have died of pleurisy, after eight days' illness. He was in society in his ordinary health on the 17th, and died, after receiving the consolations of religion at the hands of an English clergyman, on the 22nd. He had the satisfaction of being attended by his nephew, James Maule, who was in Paris at the time.

Lord Panmure's residence in Paris naturally threw him into the society of the gentlemen of the Scots College, with whom he had the closest political sympathy. All that we know of that society is interesting. Lewis Innes was King James's almoner, and Thomas Innes the great investigator of the early history of Scotland. From him there are some interesting letters in the volumes now printed. Dr. Stuart has printed in the appendix to his preface a document in which there is a curious account of a visit which the banished earl and his literary nephew, James Maule, paid to the Seigneurie of Maule, eight leagues from Paris, in the Vexin François, whither they went to trace out any records or other indications of the ancient lords of the place. The narrative contains some markworthy points illustrating the condition of France before the great Revolution; for instance, it is stated that the Marquisate of Maule 'is worth fifteen thousand *livers* a-year, and would be worth twenty thousand

thousand if they did not pay so much *taille*.' Here we have the tyrannical tallage subtracting a fourth from the value of the land. The effect of this over-taxation is mentioned. 'The number of people of late is much diminished, and the houses decayed because of the *taille*.' The local jurisdiction is also alluded to. 'The lords have a *haute justice*, and have a *baillie* and a *greffier*. They have also a gallows, and have hanged criminals severale times.'

One circumstance greatly struck the travellers, that close to Maule, which was a marquisate, was the barony of Panmore. 'It lys half a league to the west of Maule,' and was a 'tenendry' depending thereon. Yet the relation between Maule and Panmore had nothing to do with the subsequent possession of Panmure in Scotland by the Maules. Not only did that family obtain possession of the estate so called in Angus by a marriage with the De Valoniis many generations after they had left France and been established in Scotland, but it cannot be doubted that etymologically the Panmore of the Vexin and the Panmure of Forfarshire have nothing whatsoever to do with each other. The Scottish Panmure is simply the Church of Mary, just as the neighbouring localities of Panbride and Panlathy are the Churches of St. Bride or Bridget, and St. Cormac Leir ua Liathan, one of the disciples of St. Columba; P and L are interchangeable, and the Pan of Pictish Fortren is the same as the Llan of the Cymric Gwynnedd. The Spanish language supplies the connecting link. Lleno is derived from Plenus.

The visit to what they, with good reason, believed to be the 'Stamm-schloss' of their family, naturally directed the attention of the travellers to the sources of information from whence the knowledge of the Norman race was drawn, and they were soon introduced to the graphic pages of Ordericus Vitalis, at this time known to scholars by Duchesne's '*Historiæ Normanorum Scriptores Antiqui*.' There certainly were Maules at full length, for they were closely connected with Ouches or S. Evroult, the monastery in which the excellent chronicler was professed, lived, and died.

Ordericus ranks high among the ancient chroniclers. Sir F. Palgrave says—

'The monk Ordericus sermonizes occasionally; dully without doubt, yet we had better not sleep during the sermon; the proser instructs us according to the standard of his age, and perhaps we shall be none the worse for the lessons we receive. His quotations from the classics are very trite. The preceptor thinks them only fit for the lowest place, but they reveal the extent of his classical knowledge;

ledge; they show that the Norman monks had a Sallust in Saint Evroult's library. Sacred and profane are jumbled tastelessly; a text from the Proverbs flanked by Lucan's verse, yet this quaint erudition realizes the writer's idiosyncrasy. We learn and know him as a living man. We see the Vulgate and the Latin poet on his table. We learn how he was wont to study the classics for ornament, and to search the Scriptures for the perennial instruction of human nature.' ('History of Normandy,' i. 125.)

Of the earliest Maules, Ansold, Guarin, and Ansold II., 'the rich Parisian,' we only know by their benefactions to the church; but when we come to the son of the last of these, Peter, we get a life-like sketch of the average Norman baron. He is described as being of a gay and liberal disposition, ready to engage in any large schemes, either good or bad, and therefore amenable to the influence of Goisbert, the physician of Ralph de Conches, who moves him to endow S. Evroult. We have him at full length. He is a sort of Robert Curthose.

'He was much beloved by his tenants and neighbours, because his manners were frank, and he did not strengthen himself within craft and deceit. His alms were bountiful, and he delighted in giving; but he had no liking for fasts, and, as far as it was in his power, shunned having anything to do with them. He was free in giving promises, and made away with things of value for a worthless price. He was at once covetous and prodigal. It was of no concern to him, whence his good cheer came, nor did he care whether his means of living were obtained by robbery or paid for fairly; nor again, however they were gotten, how lavishly they were bestowed, so that he never had command of much money.'

His son Ansold seems to have been a very fine character. His disposition was excellent and magnanimous. He was tall and powerful in person, and a most gallant soldier. Prompt and eloquent in argument, he might almost be reckoned a philosopher, and was most devout. He joined the brave Duke Guiscard in his expedition to Greece. He fought gallantly at the battle of Durazzo, in which Alexius the Emperor was put to flight. Returning home and marrying Adeline de Malvoisin, he spent the rest of his days in a most exemplary manner, gave great endowments to the Church, and, after having borne arms for fifty-three years, fell sick and prepared himself for death. Obtaining the consent of his wife, who had borne him many children,

'he was tonsured and invested with the religious habit, in which, after having worn it three days, he was also buried that in it he might rise again. It was the eve of the Nativity, and a terrific storm

was

was raging, to the great terror of mankind. On the third day, finding that death was near, he caused his brethren to be summoned, and begged them to recite the prayers of the dying. When they were ended he asked for holy water and a crucifix. On their being brought he sprinkled himself with holy water, and bowing before the crucifix, thus commended himself to Him Who hung upon the Cross, adopting the words which had been used by some man of wisdom: Lord God, I once a sinner, but now a penitent, commend my spirit into Thy hands, as a servant should submit to his master. With these words he expired as we believe happily.'

We might continue these graphic pictures, but enough has been given to show of what sort were our Norman ancestors, men of strong wills and wayward hearts, rough yet kindly, often of coarse lives and unbridled passions, but men to whom the next world with its rewards and punishment was an awful reality, and the Creed of Nicæa a living faith.

The French Maules continued in the male line till the very end of the fourteenth century. Their memory survives in their piety. Grants to the Chapter of the Church of Paris, to the Abbey of Joyenvalle and to the Priory of Maule, attest their religious zeal, and the old roving spirit which two centuries before had sent forth Ansold II. to fight at Durazzo, found a continued vent in the expedition of Count Robert de Maule, who having gone forth to the Holy Land with the Duke of Bretagne in 1237, was taken prisoner by the Turks; and in the more disastrous one of another of the same name, who, possessed of the great estate of the lordship of Maule, Panmore, Mountainville, and Herbyville, fell bravely fighting against the same enemy at the battle of Nicopolis in Hungary.

But while the Earl and his nephew occupied themselves in France in tracing out the fortunes of their family in The Vexin, till the estates passed out of the male line into the Protestant family of the Morainvilliers, and then into that of the Harlays and Villeroys, the authors of the 'Registrum' had next to deal with the immigration of the race into England and Scotland. The name Maule was surely found in the Roll of Battle Abbey, but 'the various versions of it,' according to Mr. Planché, 'are admitted on all hands to be not only imperfect, but what is much worse, interpolated to an extent which it is now impossible for us to ascertain.'

This at least is certain, that in the reign of Henry I., Robert and Stephen de Maule made grants to the restored Abbey of Whitby of the Church of Hatun (now Ayton or Yatton) in Cleveland with its pertinents, viz., the Chapel of Newton, Thorp, and Little Hatun, which would make probable what Crawford asserts,

asserts, that a son of Peter I., Lord of Maule, received a grant of Hatton in Cleveland from the Conqueror. It will be remembered that Whitby was one of three great centres of revival in the Benedictine Order which emanated from the Abbey of Evesham, according to a notice in the Chronicle of Melrose, which states that, in 1074, 'three monks from that abbey, Aldwin, Elfwin, and Reinfried, restored three monasteries, Durham, York, and Witebi.' A Charter printed in the 'Registrum' is remarkable as supplying an intermediate Danish name between the ancient Streonæshalch of the days of Bede and the modern appellation—'Notum sit omnibus Deo et Sanctæ Hildæ abbatissæ servientibus in loco qui olim Streoneshale vocabatur, deinde Prestebi appellabatur, nunc vero Witebi vocatur.' Changes from Saxon names to Danish are not uncommon. Northweorthig grew into Deoraby or Derby, but we do not know any other instance where the name was twice changed by the Danish Conquerors.

In spite of the conscientious labours of George Chalmers, the introduction of the great Norman Lords into Scotland is a point which has not received the attention which it deserves from the historians of that country. By the time we come to the epoch of charters, we find them firmly settled throughout the civilized districts in Scotland, living on apparently excellent terms with the Celtic gentry round about them. Thus in the Chartulary of Arbroath we find the great De Berkeleys, in granting a church to the abbey, employing a jury of these to determine the boundaries in the very beginning of the thirteenth century, and this at a time when the lists of the burgesses of the neighbouring towns exhibit names implying Saxon, Teutonic, and even Norman lineage. That S. Margaret's marriage should bring down the dispossessed Saxons was only what was to be expected, but that these should be outnumbered by their tyrants and oppressors requires explanation, yet it cannot be denied as a fact. There is a significant passage from Walter of Coventry (quoted in E. A. Robertson's 'Early Scottish Kings') when he says 'that the more modern Kings of Scots (he writes of the reign of William the Lion, A.D. 1212) confess themselves rather to be Franks as in race, so in manners, language, and dress; and having reduced the Scots to the extremity of slavery, only admit Franks into their service and society.' This is exaggeration, but contains an element of truth.

One main cause was the religious element. Although S. Margaret's friend, confessor, and biographer, Turgot or Theodoric (if he represents the mysterious T. which indicates the author of her interesting life), was, from his name, probably a Teuton, yet there exists a remarkable letter found in the British Museum,



Museum, addressed by Archbishop Lanfranc to her on the occasion of her choosing him as her spiritual father, which must have been written before 1089. The Charters of the period in the subscription of the witnesses exhibit the proportion of the races: Those of her son Edgar are addressed *Scottis et Anglis*. In the celebrated inquisition of King David, while Earl of Cumbria, about 1120, in which inquiry is made by the elders and wise men into the lands anciently belonging to the See of Glasgow, there are twenty-four attesting witnesses. After the Royal Family, eight of the ancient magnates of the land sign, and after these fourteen Normans. In his charter of Horvendine his witnesses are Prince William, Osbern his chaplain, and Hugh de Moreville. In his charter to Durham, in 1126, seven Normans sign first and Cospatrick, the great Cumbrian chief, last but one. In the great Charter of Holyrood, after the bishops and Royal Family, Gillemichael and Cospatrick sign, then three Normans, and lastly nine who seem to have been Bernician Saxons. In that of Melrose, after the Royal Family, comes Maddoch the Earl, nine Normans, one Englishman, and then on a separate list 'the men from that land,' twelve Celts and Saxons, and three Normans evidently settled in the neighbourhood. One of these is Robert Brus, and the charter which bestowed Annandale upon him has escaped the ravages of time.

From Cleveland to Scotland the journey is not long, and in the days of King David it must be recollected that the land to the north of the Tyne, Hexhamshire and Carlisle belonged to that monarch's dominions. Accordingly we find a William de Maule (now Latinizing his name as Willelmus Masculus) witnessing a deed of confirmation of lands to the Church of Haddington in 1152, and granting a charter to a nephew, which implied the possession of the lands of Balruddery and Fowlis, the ancient territory of S. Marnoch on the edge of the fertile Carse of Gowrie. This line ended in females, one of whom married Walter de Ruthven, the other Roger de Mortimer; and the race of Maule was perpetuated in the male line, one of whom married into the mighty Norman family of the Valloignes, or De Valoniis, and thereby acquired the estate of Panmure, which to this day is the chief seat of the family, and has conferred a title on individuals ennobled by three several creations, first, that of the earldom of Panmure by Charles I. in 1646, then the Irish creation of 1743, and lastly the British barony of 1831.

It has been remarked by a recent historian that the Normans in Scotland abstained from the habit of their brethren in England, who used to build enormous castles to overawe the neighbourhood.



neighbourhood. This would be natural from the fact that they came north under very different circumstances. Still we must accept the statement with reservation, and the ruins of Kildrummy and Dirleton show that some of the Norman castles in Scotland were the rivals of Berkeley or Headingham. One of these seems to have been built by the Valoniis at Panmure; and in the family record of the Commissary of St. Andrews, a document of the greatest interest, we have a long and most minute description of the great castle of the Edwardian type, as traced out in the ruins which lasted till the time of the author, as well as several incidents of historic interest connected with it; among which was its temporary occupation by Anthony Beck, the warlike Bishop of Durham, to whom the castle and barony of Panmure, with all rights and liberties, are said to have been leased for thirty-one years by Sir William Maule for a certain annual payment, the reputed deed of agreement being dated at Ainswick in 1296.

It was a Maule of the name of Peter who married Christian or Christine, daughter of the High Chamberlain of Scotland, who with her aunts—Sibella, married to Robert D'Estoteville, Lora, married to Henry de Baliol, and Isabel, the wife of Sir David Cumin—became co-heiress of Christine Fitzwalter, wife of William de Mandeville, Earl of Essex.

The De Valoniis from the Cotentin took their name from 'the pleasant Valognes, where temple and hypocaust, theatre and amphitheatre, testified how, in the luxurious Roman days, the locality had been prized.\*' It was part of the dowry which Richard III., Duke of Normandy, settled upon his bride Adela, daughter of the King who reigned in Paris. It was the court of William the Bastard, when the first great conspiracy headed by Nigel de Saint Sauveur and Grimauld de Plessis broke out, and the future conqueror was only saved by the fidelity of his jester, Golet. Few of those who crossed with the Conqueror seem to have become so well endowed as this family. According to Dugdale, Petrus de Valoniis was owner of fifty-seven lordships or manors; and in the catalogue of all the tenants in capite that held all the lands in every county of the king, as they are found in Domesday Book, he had estates in six different counties. They were very liberal to the abbey of Bingham, in Norfolk, a cell of St. Albans and the deeds of confirmation still preserved exhibit in the attestations the very great predominancy of Saxon names in the eastern counties,

\* Like Percy and Moion, it was styled *curtes*, a domain in contradistinction to a fortified bourg or castellum.

and also the great pomp in which the Norman barons lived—the steward, the chamberlain, the huntsman, the baker, the cook, the groom of the stables, all subscribing their names.

— This great lady, Christine de Valoniis, in her widowhood confirmed certain lands which she had received in exchange from her relatives, the Baliols, and in the deed there are two remarkable limitations. John de Lydel may dispose of it freely with two exceptions; he may not grant it either to monks or to Jews. The document, which must have been written some little time after 1254, shows that by this time there was a reaction setting in against the endowment of the great religious houses, and that the universal money lenders of Europe had by this time established a footing in Scotland, which, as yet undevastated by the wars of the Succession, afforded as fair a field for their exaction as the neighbouring kingdom. Christine's second son figures in the graphic pages of Matthew of Westminster as defending the Castle of Brechin in 1303 against the English. He is described as mocking the English by wiping with his handkerchief the places where their heavy bolts from the warlike engines had struck, and when wounded to death his servants asked whether they were to give up the castle, 'cursing them, he breathed out his soul in cursings at the suggestion.' In the submission of the barons of Scotland to Edward I., the name of 'Dñs Willielmus de Maule, miles,' appears. The family gradually increased in importance till the beginning of the fifteenth century, when we find that the chief of the day fell bravely fighting at the battle of Harlaw, the memory of which is preserved in one of the most authentic of the ballads of Scotland.

'The knight of Panmure, as was sene  
A mortal man in armour bricht  
Sir Thomas Murray, stout and kene  
Left to the world, their last gude nicht.'

His posthumous son Thomas, by the failure of heirs, now became inheritor of the third appanage of the family, the lordship of Brechin. It had been vested in Margaret de Barclay, wife of Walter Stewart, Earl of Athole, who murdered James I. On her death it reverted to the descendants of her aunt Jean Barclay, wife of Sir David Flemyng, whose daughter Marion having married William Maule, his grandson, Sir Thomas, inherited, though actually he only got some portion of the lordship, the rest being annexed to the crown. A soothfast witnessing in the racy Scots of the period testifies the relationship; and a document exists relating how certain persons visited the earl

earl on the afternoon of the day in which he should suffer in the prison of Edinburgh after he had made his confession, in which he asserts that his lands were possessed by him after the death of his wife 'simply by the courtesy of Scotland,' and that his son was never in fee of the Barony of Brechin-Barclay.

The Maules increased in power and consideration till the Chief of the day fell under the Royal banner at Flodden. According to the family history already mentioned, drawn up by Robert Maule, Commissary of St. Andrews, uncle of the first Earl of Panmure, Sir Thomas was 'grown in the wombe, and therefore was not able, bi reason of the great presse, to draw his sword; wherefor the Laird of Guthrie drew it furth to him.' He appears to have reproduced the character of his Norman ancestors, and to have combined the qualities of violence and devotion: 'For ane indignation consawit against Jhon Liddel, of Panlathyn, he brwnt the said Jhons heale biggine, quharwpone he did obtain ane remissione vnder the gryt seale . . . efterwardis he became werie penitent, as may be easily perseawed bi syndry donations to religious houses and pilgramages done bi him. He did pes in pilgramage in France to Sainct Jhone of Amiens, in Picardie.'

Of his son Robert, the Commissary gives some quaint details. He was 'evil wondit in a brawl with the Laird of Balfour and the Laird of Fintrie;' but the feud was patched up, after due compensation, by the interest of Cardinal Beaton. He was taken prisoner to England in 1547, out of his own house, 'in the takinge of which he was schot with one coulwerene in the chafes and evil hurt.' On his return he devoted himself to sport. He took pleasure in 'playing at the fut-ball; lykewise he exercisit the gowf, and oftymes past to Barry Links when the wad-fie (stake) was for drink.' If he lost he never entered the inn, but sent his servant to pay for all. He became very penitent of his past life, and embraced the reformed religion. He had been brought up rudely without letters, and could neither read nor write.

Another Thomas succeeded, who lived during all the stormy times of Queen Mary. At first he attached himself to Cardinal Beaton, and would have married his daughter, but was dissuaded by James V., who said, 'Marie neiver ane preists geat.' In spite of this he adhered to the Cardinal till his murder, and next is heard of at the Battle of Pinkie, from which his escape is detailed in very graphic terms:—

'He did cast off his jack, and had impediment to git it fra him, bi reesson he had his purs unter his oxter (armpit),' yet at the plesur of God he was releivit of it and took the narrest way to Edinburgh on his fut. The Englishmen followed fast on horsbak, quha till eschew,

and being tyrit entred the corne-yearde of Brunstone, quhar fynding ane gryt cherrie-tree clam up in the thickest of the branches thereof and he scarslie settlit, thear enters tua Englishmen on hors and lowked up and down if they could find any man; but so god vold he vas not persavit. In the menetime there fell from one of them what apperit to be ane pwrse. The Englishmen being on hwrs drew his sword and had mikil ado to git up the sam wpen the point therof, whilk space Thomas was in gryt fear. He said he never thought ane tyme so longue. Thearefter they ridng away he past to Edinburgho.'

He just escaped being present at the Battle of Corrichy, and finally attached himself to the party of the Earl of Murray.

Hitherto we have seen the Lairds of Panmure in the capacity of country gentlemen of good condition, intermarrying with their neighbours, hunting and hawking, and taking their share in the hard knocks that were going in the troubled politics of Scotland. Now, in the person of Patrick, grandson of Thomas, the family emerges into political importance, and recruits the Peerage of Scotland.

Earl Patrick makes his first appearance among the favourites of James VI. Though there are traces of his presence in London so early as 1603, Nisbet says he was first noticed by the King on the occasion of his entertaining him with excellent sport on Monrimmon Moor, when the monarch paid his well-known visit to Lord Southesk at Kinnaird Castle in 1617. He was the playmate of Prince Henry, the rival and enemy of the beautiful favourite Carr, and afterwards the client of the Duke of Buckingham. Court favour enabled him to lay the foundation of his future success. 'His lands held ward, so he got that in gift frae the King; thereafter he began to quit and relieve piece and piece parts of his estate, till at length it pleased God to bless him with great lands and honour, and a long life.' He was one of the bedchamber of King James and King Charles. He married first a daughter of Sir Edward Stanhope of Grimston, by whom he had four children, and then Mary Waldrone, one of Henrietta Maria's maids of honour. He got a lordship in Northamptonshire from the King, as well as the keepership of Eltham Park, received a complimentary letter from the Queen of Bohemia, and was made Sheriff Principal of his native county. He purchased the Lordship of Brechin, to which, as it will be recollected, he had some hereditary right from the Earl of Mar, his guardian, in 1634, and in 1642 the Abbacy of Arbroath from the Earl of Dysart. That great Tyronensian foundation was one of the greatest estates in Forfarshire. Its wealth may be estimated by a singular document preserved in the '*Registrum Nigrum*'

Nigrum' of the Abbey, in which the regulations for the management of the house by Abbot David Lychton, are laid down. By it we see that the monks used annually 800 sheep, nine score of beeves, fresh and salt, besides lamb and veal, swine, geese and chickens, large supplies of sea-fish, and eleven barrels of salmon from their fisheries at Dundee, Broughty, and Montrose, not to speak of saffron, pepper, ginger, cloves, mace, and almonds. It is true that the King that year paid them two visits, the Archbishop was there thrice, and the lords of the realm and all others received hospitality.

During the civil wars Patrick Maule took the King's part, and engaged in the battles fought for the Royal cause. Charles created him Earl of Panmure in 1646, and he was in attendance on the King while a prisoner at Holmby and Carisbrooke. An interesting document, detailing the movements of the unfortunate King, is now printed in the preface to the 'Registrum.' It traces the various removals of 'the grey and disrowned head' from Holmby to Finchingham, Newmarket, Royston, Hatfield, Windsor Castle, Cousan, Lankmoor, Woburn, Stoke, Oatlands, Hampton Court, from whence the unwise escape to Carisbrooke took place. The King's friends 'soone perceived that his Majesty was betrayed.' His usage in the Isle of Wight is thus described: 'So imediatlie his Majestie was restraigned from ryding abroed, and som of his servands discharged from their attendance, so by leetl and leetle al those that hade formerlie atendit him was dismis'd, speciallie those that was his sworn servants. Upon the 24 of Januarie Haray Muray and I was dischargd from attending him, whoe was the last of his suorne servands that was with him.'

In the family manuscript, already quoted, there is recorded at full length the touching account of the parting between the King and his devoted follower:—

'He was the last servant that stayed with him, and stayed ever until that unlawful parliament did put him from him. The King himself told Panmure that the order for his departure had come. Panmure asked his Majestie what he should do in it. His Majestie told him there is no help, but you must obey; but deal with him that has the warrant for a continuation for two or three days quhilke he got granted to him. Panmure's servant that was there with him told me when Panmure took his leave of His Majestie, he did that quhilke he never saw him do, nor heard of any that ever saw him do the like, quhilke was, he burst out in tears; and the King was standing, and his back at ane open window; and when the tears came in the King's eyes, he turned him about to the window a while till he settled, and prayed God to bless him, for he knew him to be a faithful servant; and called for his man and gave him a kiss of his hand, and said,

"John, thou hast a faithful master." This John Duncan, who was Panmure's man all the time and had been long with him before told me this.

Loyalty was expensive in those days. The Government of the Commonwealth inflicted a fine upon the Earl of 10,000*l.*, afterwards restricted to 4000*l.*

His second wife died several years before he left the King's service, and in 1639 he married, for the third time, Lady Mary Erskine, daughter of the Lord Treasurer Mar, and widow of the Earl Marischal. Family tradition asserts that he had proposed for her in early youth, and that her father, his guardian, had refused to grant his consent, for reasons honourable to himself, and very characteristic of the Scottish manners of the period, but which may not be stated in these pages. However, in their maturer years their marriage was arranged; and the contract, written in the lady's own hand, is a very businesslike document:—

'As these resolutions of marriage is without worldly ends, and meerlie from a religious affection, whereby they may live together to enjoy the company and conversation of each other, and to witnes the same, seeing that either of them has sufficient estate . . . it is appointed that neither of them shall intromit with one another's estate, further than it shall be by the free allowance of the partie whom it concerns. And seeing that both the said parties are blessed with children and grandchildren, whose necessities will require their assistance of the naturall affections and kindness of their parents; and seeing that the said parties live in some sort according to their degree and qualitie, the charge of the house shall be so equally laid that they may have content therein; the wages of the servants shall go in with the charges of the house, and the ordering and directing of the house and family shall be done by the said , with the assistance and advice of the foresaid upon all occasions.'

After leaving the King at Carisbrooke, Panmure remained for the rest of his days quietly at home; but on the arrival of Charles II. in Scotland, he testified his unabated loyalty by sending 2000*l.* to the Royal coffers, and by devoting his son to the good cause. The old cavalier, after employing the leisure of old age in composing a history of Sir William Wallace, just lived to witness the Restoration, and died full of honours in 1661.

Having long desired to build a new mansion and to have a demesne in keeping with his dignity and wealth, he busied himself in acquiring the leases of the farms which surrounded the family residence of Baleshan, not far from the site of the present house of Panmure; but, owing to the troubles of the times



times, Earl Patrick never began to build, so that the work was left to his successor, Earl George, who to a considerable extent carried out his father's wishes.

Long before he succeeded to the estate he fought in the Royal army as Lord Brechin, in the actions of Dunbar and Inverkeithing; and leaving a family by the daughter of Lord Chancellor Loudon, another George succeeded as third Earl, who continued the work of embellishing the place. He died without surviving issue, and was followed by Earl James, the hero of Sheriffmuir.

The family papers contain many details of the erection and adorning of the house. Not the least worthy of preservation is a list of the fruit-trees planted there, many of which appear to have been imported from Holland. The Scots have always been celebrated for horticulture. The monks of Kilwinning were noted for their apple-trees; and the amiable Abbot Reid of Kinloss, in the interesting biography of him by Ferrerius of Piedmont, is mentioned as having brought from Dieppe William Lubias, 'a good man and skilled in the arts of planting and grafting fruit-trees,' who left tokens of his skill not only at Kinloss, but all through the province of Moray. Of him Ferrerius says, that 'his only fault was, that he had lost one foot from a gunshot wound in a sea-fight, near Marseilles, against the Spaniards;' but we are hardly prepared, at the end of the seventeenth century to find on the higher lands of Forfarshire six kinds of apricots, ten sorts of peaches, two of nectarines, figs, and grapes, fourteen sorts of cherries, twenty-one plums, besides almonds and quinces; and all this is the more to be wondered at because, seventy years later, Pennout's account of a garden in the neighbouring county of Perth gives a very different picture. Speaking of the garden at Dupplin, the seat of the Earl of Kinnoul, that author says: 'Fruits succeed here very indifferently, even nonpareils require a wall; grapes, figs, and late peaches will not ripen; the winters begin early and end late, and are attended with very high winds.'

It was Earl James who bought the mansion in the Canongate of Edinburgh, which has borne his name ever since. He also made extensive improvements both at Panmure and Brechin; and in 1714, probably to increase his political power in view of the coming rising, purchased the fine highland properties of Edzell, Glenesk, and Lethnot. The account of the acquisition is so illustrative of the manners of the time, that they are worth recording; the more so, because the details have never hitherto been published.

The estates belonged to 'the lightsome Lindsays,' ancestors of the house of Crawford, but had become so entirely burdened with  
the



the debt that the laird was forced to part with them. They were brought to the hammer by order of the Court of Session; but so poor was the laird, and so entirely at the mercy of 'unsubmitting creditors,' that when requested to go to Edinburgh with the title-deeds, he besought the intending purchaser to give him, on his own 'line,' enough to pay his expenses, and also a protection for his person against the creditors who would have seized him. He used neither, for he was taken ill of the gout at Balgavies at the time his uncle Strachan died.

Instead of proceeding to Edinburgh the needy laird set himself to collect the rents of his old tenants, and to cut down the trees. However, the moveables were sold out of the castles of Invermark and Edzill, and the keys of his old ancestral mansion, in the presence of the laird, were given up to Lord Panmure's factor. This was not done till he had been persuaded to give up one of the gates of the castle to Lindsay, that he might take it with him and be able to say, wherever he might happen to place it, that 'he lodged within the gate of Edzeill.' He was not content with this; and six days after the ceremony of resigning the keys, he took with him several people with a horse and cart, under pretence of carrying away a meal-chest, but really to remove another gate, which he effected, holding his cane over the gardener's head, and threatening that, if he did not yield, 'he should disable him from gaining a bannock of bread before lambes (lammas).' Legal proceedings followed, but a compromise was agreed to, and the gates restored.

Such were the concluding scene which the last of the Lindsays of Edzill enacted at his old abode. These details are new, but there is much more about him told in the account of the old laird in Lord Crawford's charming '*Lives of the Lindsays*,' the perfection of a family history.

But Earl James did not long enjoy these newly-acquired possessions, having, as we have already stated, taken part in the rebellion of 1715, which broke out a few months after, with its sad consequences of perpetual exile.

His countess, an able and brave scion of the ducal house of Hamilton, stayed at home to keep together what she could of the family property. A jointure from the forfeited estates was allowed her, and even after the sale of the estates to the York Buildings Company, at a price of 60,400*l.*, she became tenant of Panmure on a lease of ninety-nine years, and was enabled to buy for the family the estate of Inverkeilor.

The letters from this lady to her husband, in which she recounts the difficulties by which she was met in all this administration, must be singularly graphic, if we may judge by the

the specimen of one printed in the preface of the 'Register.' It describes a scene very far from uncommon in those days.

'MY DEAREST HEART,

'London, 31st December, 1719.

'I wrote to you from Dover. We came here this afternoon, and had, I thank God, a good journey, tho' mett with a small misfortune; for as the byeword is, "They never lost a cow that cryed for a needle." In short, we was robbed about ten miles from this by two highwaymen on horseback, which we had no warning of but by their holding a cockt pistole at each window, so there was no resisting. Mr. Maule had about 10 guineas in his pocket and I 5, which we gave them: he lost his watch, sword, and pistole, but by gott luck I gave my watch to a gentleman who went post that morning from Dover that we left it. I must tell you that I was not frightened the least, nor would I have writt of it to you, if I did not think that you might chance to hear of it some other way. They made us come out of the coach that they might search it, but 2 gentlemen on horseback coming up in the meantime, they left us and went and robd them close by our coach. The highwaymen took the gentlemen's horses with them, but left the horses at some distance, and the gentlemen gott them againe.'

The Maules had got a lesson, and made no attempt to help the house of Stuart in 1745. The earl, steadfast to the end, continued in exile till his death. Harry Maule conformed on his return from Holland, and his second son, William, kissed the hands of George II., and accepted the commission of ensign-colonel in the Royal Scots Regiment. This William succeeded his father. He represented Forfarshire from 1735 till his death. He served in several campaigns in the Low Countries, and was present at Dettingen and Fontenoy. He rose to be a general, and in 1743 was created a peer of Ireland. In 1764 he repurchased the family estate in Forfarshire for 49,157*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*; thus recovering all that had been lost save Belhelvie, in Aberdeenshire. He never married, and settled his estate on his half-brother, John Maule, Esq., Advocate, a Baron of the Exchequer, a man noted for his conviviality. He, however, died before his brother, so the race ended in the male line. The estate descended to Jane, the only child of Harry Maule, who had married. She became the wife of Lord Ramsay, eldest son of the sixth Earl of Dalhousie, by whom she had issue, and thus the fine estates passed into that family.

This destination did not remain unchallenged. In 1782 Lieutenant Thomas Maule, grandson and heir of the Right Reverend Dr. Henry Maule, Lord Bishop of Meath, raised an action in the Court of Session against George, Earl of Dalhousie, as administrator for his son. Informations were led for both parties,

parties, but with the exception of certain long leases, the Irish branch were found to have no claim to the property.

With the death of the last heir male of the family, this notice must cease. We approach times which could not be alluded to without pain to those who are still alive, and whose feelings demand the sincerest respect; else it might have been shewn how, that even when tempered with the gentler Ramsay blood, the old strong-willed character of the Maules survived. The memoirs of the bookseller, Constable, have exhibited to us what was the life of the Forfarshire lairds in his time, and the tone was mainly given by William Ramsay-Maule. But to describe him as a mere man of conviviality and inventor of practical jokes, is to give a most inadequate description of his character. He had great mental powers, an indomitable will, an unrelenting temper, and a tender heart. His faults were the faults of too early prosperity, of habitual association with those who were every way his inferiors, of the abiding results of the non-religious habits produced among the Whig gentry of the period by the principles of the first French Revolution. But all these deteriorating influences failed to quench the generous instincts of a naturally noble soul; he detested tale-bearing, and honoured those who refused to carry stories to him; his ear was ever open as his purse to the widow and the friendless, and to 'live and let live' was the standard of morals which he proposed to others, and amid many imperfections endeavoured to carry out himself.

But if reserve is needful in speaking of one who died in 1852, still more is it becoming in speaking of him over whom the grave has so recently closed, and to whose munificence we owe the splendid volumes which we have been reviewing. And yet Fox Maule is in a sense public property, and his character part of the inheritance of his country. Inheriting his father's indomitable will, he was in many respects his counterpart, but modified by the very different circumstances of his career. His early youth was not lapped in luxury, and he bravely fought his way to the high position to which he attained. Though from the beginning supported by his Whig friends, his start in life was not that to which he was entitled from the position of his family. He got on by his admirable powers of administration, and by the clear business-like turn of his mind. Without pretending to eloquence no one could make a clearer statement. His conduct of a public meeting was perfect. His force of character bore down opposition, but while men yielded they were convinced. When in the confusions consequent upon the Duke of Newcastle's unsuccessful administration in the midst of the

the Crimean War he was called to the helm, the army was saved. On the other hand, for twenty-two years he was one of the prime offenders in Scotland in the matter of the inordinate preservation and sale of game. But for this it is very doubtful if the representation of the county of Forfar would have passed out of the hands of the gentry. As it was, under the protection of the ballot, the farmers rose, and the edifice of political power, which had been built up with care by able men in two generations, fell to the ground like a house built of cards.

The part which the late Lord Dalhousie took in the politics of the Free Kirk is well known. Not one of the Scottish nobility did so much for the remarkable movement which followed upon the disruption in the Scottish Establishment in 1844. It was the fashion to doubt his sincerity; and a Churchmanship, which was compatible with sport on 'the Sabbath,' and with the partaking of the Communion in the English Church at Cannes, was perhaps open to suspicion. But the doubt was most unjust. What may have begun in political expediency ended in religious conviction. He would year by year hurry home from his delightful villa on the Mediterranean to take part in the debates of the General Assembly of the religious communion to which he adhered; yet withal the political element prevailed in him, otherwise he never would have advocated the fusion of the Free Kirk with the United Presbyterians, implying, as it did, a *modus vivendi* between those who maintain the principle of Establishments, with due subordination of the Civil State, to be tolerable, and those who consider all Establishments essentially sinful. He had strong family affections; he was a devoted brother and a kind uncle. His friendships, especially for those below him in the social scale, were as warm as his enmities were decided.

In the 'Registrum de Panmure,' besides the memorials of the members of the Maule family, we come across interesting notices of several of the political characters of the time. We have already alluded to the letters of Thomas Innes; there are also specimens of the correspondence of the tempter Mar, the crafty old Lovat, Lockhart of Carnwarth, Lord Grange, Mr. George Crawford, Alexander Edward—to whose father we owe one of the earliest and most curious accounts of Forfarshire—and James Greenshields, rector of Tynan, who was thrown into prison, at the instance of the presbytery of Edinburgh, for the use of the English Prayerbook. Among Edward's papers is an account of the murder and funeral of Archbishop Sharp, so circumstantial, that it deserves to be given here:—

'My father having gone to Crail after the synod, and being engaged to preach on the Sabbath (Sunday), as he did at Kingsbarns, at seven  
hours

hours at night in the Murrose, we got information of the execrable murder of Dja. Sharp, L. Archbishop of St. Andrew's, that day at eleven hours in the afternoon, in Magus Moor, by nine emissaries and a part of a greater waylaying number of Presbyterian incarnate devils. The first disarmed his attendants, who were fewer than his ordinar, shoot many pistols in at the stern of the coach; but all missed both my L. and his eldest daughter Isabel, who was with him therein. Then they wounded the postilion boy and houghed the postilion horse. Then he came out of the coach, and while they wounded his daughter thrice, he desired to spare the child, and asked if there was mercy with man, for he hoped there was with his God. They said no mercy, for he was not a Christian. Then instantly saying let me pray for you and for myself, while kneeling down and while so praying with uplifted hands, they immediately fell upon him, shoot at him near the shoulder-blade and along the side, wound his hands five times, then so struck upon his hind head that pieces of his skull was lost and much of his brains fall out, so that three surgeons who embouced him thought there had been twenty-three strokes on that place, but gave upon oath that there were at least fifteen; and before they hit him on the hind head, they wounded him thrice on the face, the deepest two whereof the deriding murderers expressed St. Andrew's cross, and last of all they run him through with a sword ("How long, L., holy and true, doest thou not judge and revenge the blood of these that were killed for thy word on these wicked that duel on the earth") Rev. vi. 20. Jo. Hakstown of Rathilet, and Jo. Balfour of Kinloch, were the principal murderers, but all were Fifans; whereof two were Websters (Weavers), and one Taylor, and two Hendersons, husbandmans' sons. They took considerable gold from off my L., and from off his daughter twenty-five pieces, she being shortly to be married, wherewith she at first offered to ransom her father's life, and even took away my L.'s cassock-belt. He had on his morning cloth-gown, which was not his ordinary. And that day the postilion-horse, which was wounded, would not at all yoke right postilion in Kenneway. That day the sun appeared not—not at all, though it was Saturday, contrary to the seamen's rule—no, not before Tuesday afternoon. His spilled blood, even to more than a quart, being but gathered up off the place on Tuesday morning, and yet of a very fresh and clear colour and unmixed with the rain. The murderers got in my L.'s pocket D. Bruce's Congé d'Elire for the See of Dunkeld, and his Majesty's letter to him to go to London, which voyage he intended to begin the Monday next.

It only remains for us to say something of the editing and execution of the present work. It is done with the care and accuracy we should have expected from Dr. Stuart, especially when aided by the local knowledge and familiarity with the papers of Mr. Jervise. Still we cannot but think that even more might have been made of a family history so interesting. Why have we not had the whole of the narrative of the Commissary Maule,

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with its racy Scotch, accurate detail, and family enthusiasm? or the letters of the Countess to her exiled Lord, of which we have just enough to tantalise us? or a further supply of those of James Maule, who seems to have been the flower of the race? or the correspondence of the Jacobite agents? Then we have no account of the collateral branches, or the scions of the house, who were settled in Sweden, England, and Ireland. At this moment one of the noble families in the first of these countries, now named Mel, traces from a Maule, who first emigrated to Dieppe, and then to Sweden. It is well known that the blood of the race ran in the veins of the sainted author of the 'Christian Year;' and we have already alluded to the lawsuit which was raised against the destination of the estate to the Ramsays by the Irish branch.

However, these abatements from the perfection of the work are not due to the editor. We believe that it was only a very short time before Lord Dalhousie's death that the work was entrusted to him, and it was at first intended that it should consist entirely of a reproduction of the MS. of Harry Maule, and be comprised within a single volume. The preface, &c., were therefore matters of afterthought. Although, as he tells us himself, family histories have not hitherto occupied the attention of one who has devoted himself so ably to historical disquisitions of more general import, yet the success of the present undertaking induces us to express the hope that he may be entrusted with the duty of editing the contents of some of the muniment rooms in Scottish castles, the treasures of which, as we have seen, he has so diligently explored.

- ART. VII.—1. *Ruskie v svoikh poslovitsakh*. [*The Russians in their Proverbs*.] By Ivan Snegiref. 4 vols. 12mo. Moscow, 1831–34.
2. *Poslovitsui russkago naroda*. [*The Proverbs of the Russian People*.] Collected by Vladimir Dahl. Imp. 8vo. Moscow, 1862.
3. *Istoricheskie Ocherki, &c.* [*Historical Essays on Russian Popular Literature and Art*.] By F. Buslaef. 2 vols. Imp. 8vo. St. Petersburg, 1861.
4. *Mudrost narodnaya, &c.* [*The wisdom of the people in the proverbs of the Germans, Russians, French, &c.*] By M. Masson. 8vo. St. Petersburg. 1868.

WHILE Peter the Great was sleeping one night, his chamberlain Kikin attempted to kill him. But when his



his pistol had thrice missed fire, the would-be assassin aroused his unconscious master, announced himself as a messenger sent from God to state that the Emperor would be secured by Providence against all hurt, and ended his tale by saying, 'I wanted to shoot you, but God did not allow it.' Peter replied in the words of an old proverb: 'Ambassadors are not to be struck or flogged,' and pardoned the culprit. Kikin eventually perished on the scaffold, being convicted of having aided the unfortunate Crown Prince Alexis in his attempted flight. On the eve of his execution, when he was asked by Peter what had been the cause of the Prince's fatal attempt, he quoted another proverbial saying: 'The mind loves free space.' This adage doubtless sounded unwelcome to the Emperor at that moment, but as a general rule he dearly loved a Russian proverb. In the year 1717 we find him writing from Amsterdam to Colonel Levashef for 'a small book which belongs to us, "On Russian Proverbs."' It was probably required for the 'Arithmetical Manual' published by his command at Amsterdam, in which were contained some moral sentences in Latin and Russian, beginning with 'Fear God, honour the Tsar.' He even seems to have made some notes on the subject; and his example was followed by his great successor, Catherine II., who herself compiled a selection of Russian proverbs, observing of them that, "they point sense, and strengthen speech."

The first appearance in print of an actual collection of Russian proverbs took place at St. Petersburg in 1769, when Professor Kurganof devoted to them seventeen pages of his 'Universal Russian Grammar.' Next year a 'Collection of 4291 old Russian Proverbs' was published at Moscow, since which time several works of a similar kind have appeared. Kniajevich's collection, published in 1822, contained about 5300 proverbs, to which Snegiref added about 4000. From these and other sources Vladimir Dahl took about 6000, and added thereto about 24,000. His collection, which appeared at Moscow in 1862, forms a tall volume of 1095 pages, and contains about 30,000 Russian proverbs, or at least proverbial sayings. On this bulky work, on that noble memorial of Dahl's industry and erudition, his vast 'Dictionary (in Russian) of the living Great-Russian language,' and on Snegiref's most valuable work, 'The Russians in their Proverbs,' the greater part of the following statements are based.\*

We often hear that a nation's character is reflected in its

\* A copious store of Russian proverbs, translated into German by Julius Altmann, will be found in the 'Jahrbücher für slavische Literatur,' &c., for 1854, published at Bantzen.



proverbs, that by the study of the adages in which it delights we may form a just idea of its prevailing thoughts and feelings. In the case of a fully qualified student this statement may be accepted as true; but such students are rare. He must be able to distinguish between the sayings which are constantly on the lips of the people, and those which, although they may find a place in a printed collection, are all but, or even quite unknown to them. Otherwise he runs the risk of being led by suspicious though unsuspected evidence to conclusions the reverse of correct. And he must be thoroughly familiar with the proverbs of the whole world, in order to be able to recognise at a glance what sayings are alien to the race or land he is studying, and what are so widely spread that they testify only to qualities which, instead of being peculiar to one family, are the common property of at least a vast section of the human race. It is the same with the proverbs of a people as with its popular tales. To him who is qualified to read them aright they reveal many secrets, but the unqualified ethnologist gains about as much from them as is acquired by an amateur philologist from researches among languages of which he knows nothing; except from dictionaries.

To the vast host of proverbs contained in Dahl's collection, a powerful contingent has undoubtedly been supplied from abroad. As in other cases, so in this, the influence of Greece upon Russia was great, and the apophthegms of Greek sages have passed into the conversation of Russian peasants, who know as little about the philosophers they unconsciously quote as about Menander, Thucydides, or Aristotle, whose images they see depicted in the Cathedral of the Annunciation at Moscow. To Rome may be traced many sayings which are manifest translations, such as the Russian equivalent of *Finis coronat opus*,\* which Alexander I. quoted in his Manifesto on the occasion of the capture of Moscow by the French in 1812, when Napoleon thought the war was finished. But we are doubtful whether Snegiref is right in deducing from Rome the belief that 'To marry in May is to suffer alway;' the action of suffering being expressed by the verb *mayat'sya*, a word probably suggested by its apparent connection with *Mai*, the borrowed name of the month. We may agree with all that he says about the attentions paid by the Romans to the dead during this month, and we learn from Ovid that

'Mense malas Maio nubere vulgus ait.'†

\* *Konets dyelo vyenchaet*, a literal translation. There is much more of the look of a Russian proverb in a rhymed variant of the same adage; *konets dyelu vyenēta*, i.e. the end to the work [is] a crown.

† 'Fasti,' v. 490.

But it must be remembered that the old Slavonians, as well as the Romans, paid special deference in spring and autumn to departed spirits, and the prejudice against May marriages may, therefore, have sprung up independently among them. 'Good folks do not wed in May,' says another Russian proverb; but this may refer to the fact that peasant weddings usually take place after harvest time, when the field-labour is finished, which in May is only beginning. After the union of White-Russia and Little-Russia with Great-Russia, a number of Western proverbs were imported into the Russian language. Among the French contributions is an expression which is of special interest, as showing the changes to which a popular saying may be subjected by transmission or translation. The French say of a man who is 'out of sorts,' or not in his usual vein, 'il n'est pas dans son assiette.' The word *assiette*, according to Littré, originally meant situation; then the place occupied by a guest at table, and the successive courses; then the *plat* set before each guest; and eventually the plate. The phrase in question is probably derived from the technical meaning of *assiette* in nautical parlance, the trim or balance of a ship. But as plate is now the usual meaning of the word, the Russian translator has rendered *assiette* by *tarelka*, a word which distinctly means an actual platter. This fact would be sufficient, if it were needed, to prove that the Russian phrase was a translation; and one of comparatively recent date. By no means equally capable of proof is Dahl's supposition that La Rochefoucauld's maxim, 'Le soleil ni la mort ne se peuvent regarder fixement,' may have travelled to him from Russia, where men say, 'On death, as on the sun, you cannot gaze with all your eyes.'

We have just witnessed the case of a proverbial saying which has been altered in transmission; but the instances are countless in which proverbs lose, if not their significance, at least much of their point, while passing through the ordeal of translation. For the Russian proverbs which will be quoted in the course of the present article, great indulgence must be entreated, on the ground of their having been shorn of their original attractions, deprived of all the charms which alliteration and rhythm and rhyme can confer. Even where reason remains, the want of rhyme in a popular saying is often fatal. We recognise a magic force in 'A stitch in time saves nine,' which 'A stitch in time saves eight,' would never have exercised. Swift's famous rebuke to the stingy fruit-rearer would have been somewhat tame had he invented for the purpose such a maxim as 'Always pluck a peach when within your grasp;' and the unhorsed proverb-lover would have received but slight solace for his fall in a miry spot

spot from such an observation as, 'The more dirt, the less injury.' All poetry is hard to translate, but hard indeed to represent is the humour which delights in quaintness of rhyme. Let any one try, for instance, to give an idea, in a foreign tongue, of the merit of Pope's lines on the Dean of St. Patrick's, beginning,

Jonathan Swift  
Had the gift  
By fatherige, motherige,  
And by brotherige,  
To come from Gutherige.

Russian peasants are very sensitive to the charms of any kind of song, and their 'common-folk prose' often takes to itself rhythm and sometimes even rhyme. To this day, 'to speak in verse' is an expression used to signify a speaker's wisdom; and 'wailers' who are able to improvise long metrical laments over the dead are not uncommon in remote districts. Throughout the *Skazki*, or Russian *Märchen*, there runs a kind of musical movement; sometimes, indeed, their language rises into actual verse, but as a general rule it is a modulated and cadenced prose. The proverbs almost invariably take a metrical form, and some of them are tiny songs in themselves. There are three forms which the Russian proverbial saying may take: those of the *poslovitsa*, the *pogovórka*, or the *pritcha*. In olden times the proverb bore the name of a *pritcha*;\* at least, Nestor and Daniel Zatochnik always designate by that word the proverbs they quote. We will take the following expression, which is of no small value to the comparative mythologist, as a specimen of this class of sayings: 'There is a *pritcha* in Russia, even to the present day; "Perished like the Obrye,"' says Nestor. These Obrye, whom the Russian peasant of the eleventh century still vaguely remembered, were once the numerous and terrible Avars who ruled in Dacia some four hundred years before Nestor's time, but afterwards utterly disappeared. With their memories mingled dim traditions about the members of that race of colossal beings to which each country looks up as to its original inhabitants, and so one of the names given to giants by Slavs is *Obra*. In the 'Pereyasavl Chronicle' the name given to the above saying is altered, and we read that 'There is a *poslovitsa* in Russia, even to this day; "Perished like the Obori without remains."'†

The word *poslovitsa*† was originally used to express consent,

\* The word *pritcha*, or *pritka* (*pritchat'* = to run or flow to), was used in ancient and popular speech to designate an unexpected event, a sudden occurrence, &c. It then acquired the sense of a judgment, fate, &c. Eventually it was used for a saying expressive of some fact or event.

† Pronounce *páslóvitsá*. It is derived from *slovo*, a word, with the prepositional prefix *po*, by.

convention,

convention, &c. A chronicler states, for instance, that 'there was a *poslovitsa* between the inhabitants of Pskof and of Novgorod.' This technical signification of the *poslovitsa*, as a symbol or expression of consent, gradually changed into its ordinary modern meaning of a comparison, between the two parts of which there must be some kind of consistency or concord. For if a Russian popular saying has not two parts, the one compared with or weighed against the other, it is not called a *poslovitsa* but a *pogovorka*. A Russian proverb says that 'a *pogovorka* is a bud, a *poslovitsa* is a berry,' meaning that the former is the germ which may develop into the latter. The former is a circumlocution, a means of describing a fact or announcing a truth, but without drawing an inference or expressing a judgment. The latter generally comprises, together with the statement or expression, some comparison or conclusion. 'A mere statement (or speech) is not a proverb,' says a Russian adage; and so a *pogovorka* seldom speaks the naked truth, but usually wraps up its meaning in a metaphorical garb. Instead of 'he is drunk,' for instance, it would say 'he sees double.' By a very slight addition, an adage may often be transferred from the lower form into the upper. Thus, 'He stirs the fire with another's hands,' is a *pogovorka*; but 'To stir the fire with another's hands is no hardship,' is a *poslovitsa*, or complete proverb. Sometimes, however, the second part of the proverb is unexpressed, being merely suggested, and in that case the *poslovitsa* assumes the appearance of a *pogovorka*. In addition to the three classes of proverbial sayings which we have mentioned, there exist others, such as riddles, observations about the weather or disease, and many other expressions of popular wisdom. Russian riddles closely resemble those current in other lands. As a specimen of Russian observation we may quote the prevalent opinion, that during a visitation of cholera frogs do not croak, and neither flies nor swallows are to be seen. Among astronomical observations may be cited the following: Comets are 'brooms which sweep the sky before the feet of God'; the moon 'shines but does not warm; without return does it eat God's bread.'

'The philosophy of proverbs,' and the relations existing between the expressions of popular wisdom in different lands, have been so fully and so ably treated by the erudite Isaac D'Israeli in his 'Curiosities of Literature,' that we propose to confine our attention, for the present, to Russian proverbs in particular, and to refer to his pages the reader who wishes to compare them with their foreign kindred. A strong family likeness prevails among the various groups of European proverbs,

verbs, many of which, indeed, are identical in all but their linguistic garb. It is a matter of no slight danger for a 'parœmiographer' to claim one of the proverbs he has collected as peculiar to the soil on which it was found. Too often, if he does so, he is confronted with its twin brother, discovered by a rival collector in a distant field.\* But every collection of national proverbs offers some characteristic features, which he who is well acquainted with it can readily detect though not always easily define.

The characteristics of the Russian proverb may be said to be brevity, terseness, simplicity, and a species of humour generally dry, at times somewhat grim. But the qualities which mark a popular saying in its native state sometimes desert it when it changes its home and its speech. Some of the elements contained in these specimens of a national coinage are sublimated during the ordeal through which they pass in the transmutator's crucible. Still there is many a *poslovitsa* which speaks acutely or agreeably even in an alien tongue. Every one will recognise the neatness of expression shown in 'The heart has ears,' or 'Home is a full cup;' the poetic charm of 'A maiden's heart is a dark forest;' the aptness of the comparison in 'Calumny is like a coal: if it does not burn it will soil;' or in 'Good luck disappears like our curls: bad luck lasts like our nails;' the pathos of 'Sorrow kills not, but it blights;' or, 'Rust eats away iron, and care the heart;' or, 'Sorrow comes often, but only once death.' In 'The pine stands afar, but whispers to its own forest,' we hear a sound well known in Russia, the sad voice [*shoom*] of the pine-tree; in such phrases as that used by an entering guest: 'Blame not my lapti [bast shoes], my boots are in the sledge,' we catch a glimpse of the 'Dear Mother Winter,' which occupies so large a space in the Russian year. Genuine Slavonic kindness may be recognised in such expressions as, 'The poor man has a sheepskin coat, but a human soul too;' or, 'An orphan's tear falls not in vain;' or, 'Behind the orphan God Himself bears a purse.' A vein of shrewd humour runs through such wise saws as, 'Poverty is not a sin—but twice as bad;' or, 'Seven nurses cost the child an eye.'† Sometimes a saying explains itself at first sight, as does the simile, 'He blushed

\* Take, for instance, the phrase *vino de dos orejas*, 'wine of two ears,' expressive of something not very excellent, a negative shake of the head bringing both ears into sight. This is sometimes quoted as an illustration of Spanish wit. But the expression was used in France, also, long ago. Thus in 'Les illustres proverbes historiques,' published in 1664, we are told (p. 157) that—

'Jamais vin à deux oreilles  
Ne nous fit dire merveilles.'

† Literally, 'From seven nurses, the child is without eye.'  
Vol. 139.—No. 278. 2 L

like a crab;' sometimes it requires explanation, as in the case of 'A quiet angel has flown by'—an expression used when a causeless silence falls upon a company—or of 'The Evil One has hidden it with his tail,' employed when an object seen a moment ago suddenly disappears. Similarly, 'A sweetheart [or bridegroom, *jenikh*] for a rouble' is unintelligible till we are told that a rouble is the price of a country coffin. The different meanings of 'A corpse does not stand at the gates [like a beggar], but takes his own,' are not apparent, unless we know that the proverb was originally used with reference to the ancient *vira*, or penalty for homicide, but now refers to the necessary expenses of a funeral. 'May God make me fleshy, rosiness I can get for myself,' is explained by the comments of old travellers on the Russian love for fat forms and rouged cheeks; 'Set out a crust for the wanderers,' tells its own tale to all who know that the peasants along the road, to and from Siberia, place bread on their window-sills for the benefit of convicts who are attempting to escape. 'Not christened, then a Bogdan,' requires the explanation that all children before their baptism are provisionally named Bogdan—equivalent of Theodore or Deodatus, God-given—to secure them against evil spirits. Sometimes a jocose saying bears a thoroughly Russian stamp, like 'Every devil is Ivan Ivanovich'—an allusion to the Russian fondness for the name Ivan, John—or 'One Ivan, good! Two Ivans, possible! Three Ivans impossible!' [as the German said of Ivan Ivanovich Ivanof]; sometimes it presents itself to us in the guise of an old friend, as when we hear the familiar story of 'I've caught a Tartar,' told of a man and a bear. Sometimes we are reminded of some well-known voice, as by the remark, in Mrs. Poyser's style, that 'The sun gets up without consulting the squire's clock.' Specially characteristic of Russia, as of a land abounding in endless plains, are two jocular allusions to the inhabitants of the Steppes—'I can't bear this crowding,' a Khokhol, or Little-Russian, is supposed to say, as he upsets a kettle which he finds suspended over a camp-fire in the open plain; and 'These accursed Muscovites! there's no driving-room left!' cries another, as he runs into a verstep (answering to our milestone) in the midst of the boundless waste. The great number of proverbs current in Russia to the disadvantage of womankind is often cited as evidence of the Oriental character of the Russian mind. But proverbs of this class are cosmopolitan. Not in Russia or the East only, but all over Europe, may they be heard. Take, for instance, a saying dear to the Calmuck as well as to the Russian mind, 'Long are a woman's locks; but short are a woman's



woman's wits.' This is confronted by M. Masson with 'Longs cheveux, courte cervelle;' and 'Sub longis tunicis brevis est animus muliebris' and so equivalents can doubtless be found in many lands for the Russian sayings, 'A woman's preparation—a goose's lifetime;' 'A dog is wiser than a woman: it does not bark at its master;' 'Seven axes will lie together, but two spindles asunder;' 'Let a woman into Paradise, she'll be for bringing her cow with her,' and so forth.

Perhaps the best use which we can make of the great collection of Russian proverbs now before us is to select from it such popular sayings as may serve to convey an idea of Russia itself, and of the people who now occupy it, or which are in some way connected with its past history, and the successive generations of its inhabitants. Many an expression which can scarcely lay claim either to beauty or intellect, is rendered valuable by its links with the historic past, or may be prized for the light it throws on disused customs and old-fashioned ideas. Sometimes also an adage which seems vapid to the ordinary reader, assumes an attractive appearance when viewed by a historian or a mythologist. For some proverbs have fared like many words. In the course of time they have lost their original significance, which only he can recognise who examines them closely. Thus the usual word for a petition, *chelobitie*, probably conveys no more meaning to ordinary Russian ears than its synonym *prosba*, but it tells much with reference to earlier manners to hearers who resolve it into its original elements. Formed from *chelo*, the forehead, and *bit'*, to beat, it speaks clearly of the times when he who offered a petition to the Tsar grovelled before the monarch, and struck the ground with his brow. Similarly the remark, 'The sun works by day and rests by night' is now a commonplace metaphor; but it once expressed an actual belief.

Of Russia itself many a Russian proverb speaks. 'The Holy-Russian land is large, but everywhere the dear sun shines,' is a cheery reply to 'Numb lies Russia beneath the snow,' and 'Between Russia and summer is there no alliance?' Not that the moujik hates or fears the cold. To him winter comes as a *Matushka*, a 'mother dear;' in his songs and stories, 'Frost the Red-nosed,' often appears as a being somewhat akin to our own 'Father Christmas.' In so vast an empire, of course great differences in climate mark the different provinces. In the twilight of the North, the vague forms under which wintry influences are personified take a different shape from that under which they reveal themselves to the dwellers on the shores of the Caspian. But still a Russian winter, wherever



it reigns, rules despotically; and its firm sway enforces a respect, or even ensures an affection, which the half-measures of our own cold season cannot always secure. 'In wintry cold no one feels old,'\* says the moujik, whom it braces and fortifies against the enervating effect of the summer heats, and who looks forward to the winter months as the time in which he will be able to earn a little money by services rendered away from home, at a distance from the farm which he can now safely leave to the trusty guardianship of the snow. When the winter has passed away, however, the bright spring is welcome to the Russian mind, especially dear to the hearts of young men and maidens. Its arrival is marked by different signs in various places. Thus a proverb familiar to every European land warns the Russian observer of Nature, that 'one swallow does not make spring;' but in the Arctic neighbourhood of Solovets, the death of winter is announced by the arrival of sea-gulls, the departure of crows. In the Kostroma Government, close attention is paid to the bittern,† for 'As many booms as the bukhalo booms forth, so many tubs of grain shall be threshed out from the corn-kiln:' there also the children chant in spring to the lady-bird ['Our Lady's-Bug'] a song not unlike that which may be heard in our own fields: 'Little cow of God, fly beyond the Volga! there it is warm, but here cold.' In Little-Russia the departure of the frost is announced by another bird, a kind of titmouse, which the peasants hear crying *Pokin sani!* 'Away with the sledge!' as distinctly as our yellow-hammer (*Gelhammer*) cries 'A little bit of bread and no cheese!' Every season, indeed, and every month has some associated tale, or belief, or saw, attached to it. To the rustic calendar are devoted no less than thirty pages of Dahl's collection of proverbs.

If we turn now from the moujik's out-door life to his indoor existence, we gather from his proverbs some idea of his *izba* or wooden cottage,—with its Red or Holy Angle (*ugol*), the centre of its spiritual life, for there hang the Holy Images, with the lamp burning before them; and with its huge stove, the centre of its material life, for from it come warmth and food, on it the elders of the family sleep, in it the house-father weekly obtains the solace of a vapour-bath. 'Good is the news that the izba has a stove,' says one popular phrase. 'Our stove is our own mother,' affirms a second, while a third asserts that 'On the stove is always summertime fair.' More practically serviceable

\* *V zimny kholöd vsyakhoi molöd*, 'In wintry cold every one is young.'

† *Bukhalo*. The Russian name is derived from the word *bukh*, expressive of the cry it utters after burying its bill deep in the swamp. 'Lonely as a bukhalo in a bog (*bolöta*),' is a common Russian proverb.

on the whole is the Russian *petch* than the English fireplace, but it does not yield itself so readily to figurative speech. The sentiment which responds at once to an appeal to fight for 'hearth and home,' may be slow to listen to a summons to 'rally around the family stove.'

To the moujik's fare are devoted many sayings. That 'Bread and water form the peasant's repast,' is too often true. But he generally has also *shchi*, or cabbage-soup, so loved that 'To get shchi, folks wed;' and he has *kasha*, or stewed grain, to which alludes the rustic's simple pedigree: 'Bread is our father, and kasha our mother.' On great occasions, also, there are meat-pasties, of which it is said that 'Not corners (*uglui*) but pies make an izba fair;' and there figures also the species of pudding recommended in the adage: 'Kissel ne'er tried a man's inside.' Among refreshing drinks are usually mentioned *kvas*, of which we are told that, 'Even bad *kvas* is better than water;' and beer, which is so cheering, says one proverb, that 'At beer a glance makes one ready to dance;' although, remarks another, 'Before bad beer, folks disappear.' These sayings about eating and drinking are somewhat commonplace; of more special interest are those which relate to Russian abstinence. 'Half the tree moist, half dry, and golden at top,' refers to the year, during only half of which may meat be eaten, and which is crowned by Easter week. 'Not always to the cat is it the *Maslyanitsa* [Butter-week or Carnival]; there will come also the Great Fast [of Lent],' dolefully remarks one proverb; but 'No man ever died of fasting,' cheerily replies another. To the peasant the Russian Bath\* is 'a second mother'—so health-giving a remedy against mortal ills that Peter the Great, when he was advised by foreigners to introduce hospitals and dispensaries into Russia, was wont to reply that Russians needed nothing else while they had baths. As regards physic, we may observe that some of the good old Russian medical apophthegms are of a homœopathic turn, as 'By a wedge may a wedge be driven out;' or 'By that which wounded may your wound be cured'—though these sayings probably refer to superstitious beliefs, like those often attached to lethal weapons in the Middle Ages, or such ideas as give rise to our own recommendation to try 'A hair of the dog that bit you.'

Agricultural pursuits naturally form the subject of numerous proverbs, for the Russian peasant is essentially a tiller of the soil. 'Black may be toil,† but white is its price,' says the rustic

\* A moist variant of the Turkish Bath, now so familiar to us.

† *Rabōta* (cf. *Arbeit*) originally meant ploughing, then any work.

who is recommended to live with 'Prayer on the lips and labour on the hands,' and to obey the precept: 'Moujik, prepare to die, but till the soil.' How highly Peter I. valued manual labour is shown by one of his favorite adages: 'It is not so much the dew of heaven, as the sweat of man's brow, which renders the soil fruitful.' As rye is the staple produce of Russian agriculture, many allusions to it occur in popular speech, such as 'Mother Rye feeds all fools alike; but wheat picks and chooses.' There is much difference, also, between rye and the oats to which cold and wet regions are restricted. 'Sow me in ashes,' says the rye, 'and it will be all right;' but 'set me in the muck and I'll be a prince,' say the oats. With all field operations many old sayings and superstitions are connected. To this day the spring and autumn sowings are called 'ancestral,' from their taking place at the times in which the dead\* are held in special remembrance, when the labourer goes straight from the graves of his ancestors to the fields which they were wont to till. On the ideas connected with special days countless pages might be written; let it suffice to mention one day as a specimen. 'On August 29th,' says Snegiref, 'peasants object to visit a garden, and refuse to eat an apple, because the day is sacred to St. John the Baptist, whose head, when cut off, rolled about like an apple in the dish which the daughter of Herodias bore.'

Some of the most interesting of the proverbs are those which refer to religious matters, more especially those in which some traces are still to be seen of the old heathenism of Russia. In the remote period in which the ancient Slavs led the life of pastors and hunters, a special worship was paid to sacred forests and trees. A hollow trunk was considered the probable home of one of those sylvan deities who have long since been transformed in the popular mind into hostile demons. 'From a hollow tree comes either an owl or Satan himself,' is a proverb common (with slight variations) to several Slavonic races. To a worship paid to trees is supposed to refer the old saw, 'He lived in the forest and prayed to stumps;' and to the heathen custom, still prevalent in India and other Oriental lands, of celebrating a marriage by walking three times round a tree, may possibly have once referred the saying that 'Around the fir-tree did they wed, and devils sang,' which now alludes merely to an unhallowed union. The memory of what were often 'the fair divinities of old religion' still lives among the Russian peasants, who unconsciously reverence the dethroned deities of paganism, while attempting to propitiate the *Lyeshy* or Woodsprite, the *Vodyanoy*

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\* *Roditeli*, begetters, ancestors.

or Watersprite, the *Rusalka* or River-nymph, and above all the *Domovoy*, the Russian House-spirit, Brownie, or Hobgoblin. The *Vodyanoy* is alluded to in 'Every devil can haunt his own swamp,' and in the Russian equivalent for 'Still waters run deep'—'In a still pool swarm devils.' Some allusion to old superstitions seems to lurk also in such proverbs as 'No taper for God, no *ojog* for the devil'—the *ojog* being a stake hardened by fire, and so well adapted to serve as a murderous weapon; for which reason, perhaps, like the *kochema* or stove-rake, it acquired an evil name, as indeed did most of the implements connected with the hearth, and thereby with old ancestral worship. Proverbs sympathising with the poor, on the other hand, seem to be of Christian origin. The Russian word for poverty, *nishcheta*, originally meant blindness or the state of a cripple; but one of the equivalents for the epithet 'poor' is *ubogy*, 'Away from Bog or God;' and so an Archangel proverb says, 'The devil is poor; he has no God.' To some heathenish belief in the pauper being alien from God, thinks Snegiref, may possibly be referred the belief that the lightning is apt to kill him from whom, during a storm, a beggar asks alms; but this seems to be as doubtful as the idea that to some old myth, representing the contest between darkness and light under the form of an attack made by a wild beast on the celestial luminaries, may be attributed the saying that 'The grey wolf catches the stars in heaven.' Now and then, however, a proverb is explicit in its reference to supernatural beings: as is the case with 'From a Kikimora don't expect a shirt;' the Kikimora, a female fiend connected with the French *cauchemar*, or nightmare, being addicted, like the Lithuanian Laume, to spinning, but never getting to the end of her work.

From these fragmentary allusions to heathenism, we will now turn to the direct teaching of Russian proverbs with respect to religion in general. As might be expected, all Russian collections contain numerous sayings relating to God, the Church, and the Devil. Among those which allude to the divinity in a heathen sense may be quoted: 'What is the use of praying to that god who does not benefit?' and 'Money is not a god, but a demigod;' or 'Money is not a god, but it grants much.' Of a more Christian nature are such as 'God listens, but does not quickly speak'—'God waits long, but hits hard;' and this poetic allusion to actual security and fancied perils: 'Terrible are dreams, but God is merciful.' 'God is high, and the Tsar far off,' is an often-quoted Russian proverb, supposed to express despair. But many of its kinsfolk breathe a manly and independent spirit, widely removed from the fatalism of that Mohammedan East which

which is often supposed to have materially altered Russia. Such are: 'Trust in God, but look to yourself;' 'Pray to God, but row to shore;' and many others of a like kind. Specially interesting are some of the sayings about divine matters current among the schismatics: 'We have one God, the Niconians another,' say the 'Old Ritualists,' speaking of themselves and of their 'orthodox' brethren, on whom they bestow the nickname of Niconians, derived from the name of the Patriarch whose reforms produced the schism. 'Who fears God, he goes not to Church,' is a thoroughly Dissenting proverb, which assumes a mystical air when quoted by the Dukhobortsy or 'Spirit-wrestlers,' under the form of 'A Church is not of beams, but of ribs;' that is to say, it is a community of believers, not a structure made by hands. Singular is the opinion that 'He who reads the Bible right through will go out of his mind.' Of a more dangerous nature is the following piece of schismatic teaching: 'A great sin is sooner forgiven than a small one, because of a man's repentance.' Among phrases in general use is the remark, that 'The devil is weak, but his servant [*i. e.* man] is strong;' or this cautious piece of advice: 'Call upon God, but do not irritate the Devil.' 'Be silent, when God has struck,' is an admonition to those who laugh or sneer at cripples or idiots. 'God straightens the crooked arrow,' is a terse expression of the idea that 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will.' Of purely fatalist proverbs there is, of course, no lack: such as 'The wolf catches the destined sheep;' 'Be born neither wise nor fair, but lucky;' though even luck or chance is often said to be modified by Providence, for 'Luck gives to the foolish, God to the wise;' and when 'A fool shoots, God guides the bullet.' It is in matrimonial affairs, however, that fate is supposed to have most power, so that 'Not even on horseback can you escape from your destined one.'

Passing from theology to morality, we find great stress laid by the 'Old Ritualists' on the wickedness of shaving. 'Without a beard will no man be admitted into Paradise,' they say. When Peter the Great ordered his subjects to shave, these conservative Nonconformists besought him to cut off their heads rather than their beards, and not 'to destroy Christ's likeness.' From the penalty then exacted from them arose the saying; 'Without a rouble thou canst not let thy beard grow.'\* Among ordinary mortals two conflicting proverbs are current. As the moujik is always bearded, he says: 'A beard is honourable, but even a cat has moustaches;' to which a *Zapadnik*, or Western, may reply,

\* For fuller information on this subject, see Dean Stanley's 'Lectures on the Eastern Church,' 1861, pp. 476 and 486.

'Moustaches for honour, but even a goat has a beard.' While alluding to the schismatics we may mention that, according to them, 'Tea, coffee, tobacco, and potatoes have been cursed by seven General Councils;' that 'He who smokes tobacco drives out of himself the Holy Ghost;' that 'Who drinks coffee, him shall thunder slay;' and that 'He who drinks tea must not hope for salvation.' With respect to the latter beverage, a more poetic saying laments the fact, that 'Into Russia has flown a Chinese dart, and fixed itself in the peasant's heart.' More consolatory than these statements is the schismatic's opinion that 'In the other world every pockmark will become a pearl.'

Similarly conservative, but conceived in a rational spirit, are the moujik's opinions with regard to the deference due to age, the respect to be conceded to parents. 'Even in the Horde are old-folks revered,' is a time-honoured adage; and a sad picture of unrespected age is suggested by the statement that 'The Devil is old, yet he has no birthday'—or rather no name-day, for the Russians honour not the anniversary of a friend's birth, but the day of the saint whose name he bears. As a general rule, age and wisdom go together, and a greybeard's advice commands respect, for 'An old crow croaks not for nothing.' Sometimes, however, a man becomes vicious in advanced life, and of him folks say, 'There's grey in his beard and the devil in his ribs.' As regards the treatment of a wife by her husband proverbs differ. 'Love your wife like your soul, and beat her like your *shuba*' (over-coat or furs), says one of a stern class, to which another responds in the same spirit, 'Not long hurt the bumps from a loved-one's thumps.\*' Wives have undoubtedly been subjected to much ill-treatment in Russia, where many husbands have always been of the opinion that 'He who gives his wife liberty robs himself;' or 'Liberty spoils a good wife.' Some proverbs are cynical as to the advantages of matrimony. If 'The bachelor cries "Oh, Oh!" the married man cries "Ai, Ai!"' and those who 'Wed once, wail always.' Nor can the marriage-yoke be got rid of, however much it may gall. 'A wife is not a guitar; when your playing is done, you can't hang her up on the wall;' nor is she 'A saddle which a man can fling off his back.' One of the brief dramatic proverbs tells a mournful tale. 'Why so blithe?'—'I'm going to be married.' 'Why hangs your head?'—'I've got married.' But this is one of the skits on women familiar to all lands. More complimentary to the married state are such remarks as, 'God help the bachelor! the housewife helps a husband;' 'The master is the head of the

\* Literally, 'A dear one's blows hurt not long.'



house, the mistress its soul ;' or the statements that 'The cuckoo complains, because she has no nest,' and 'It's a bore to go alone, even to get drowned ;' or this recommendation : 'A good wife and rich cabbage-soup : other good things seek not !'

To wooing and wedding countless proverbs refer, but they are for the most part similar to those current elsewhere. Sometimes, however, they bear a special stamp. Thus, 'The bride is just born, the bridegroom is set on horseback,' refers to the custom prevalent among the old Slavs, as among the Tartars, of setting a lad solemnly on horseback when about seven years old, his flowing locks being cut short at the same time. 'Birds in cages, and maidens in terems,' bears witness to the old custom of secluding the women of the family in the terem—the upper chamber, the harem of the house\*—which lasted from the time of the Tartar yoke to that in which Peter I. restored the women of Russia to liberty. Not only were girls rigorously treated by fathers in old days, but boys also. The ancient Slav enjoyed the right, indeed, of selling his son, but only once. Discipline was always rigorously maintained, for 'An unchastised son is a disgrace to his father ;' but it was tempered by the family affection so strongly rooted in Slavonic hearts, and children seldom failed to love as well as to honour their parents. To the parental prayer or benediction, a special value is still attached ; for, 'A mother's prayer has power to save from the bottom of the sea ;' and, 'A parent's blessing can neither be drowned in water nor consumed in fire.'

The moral commonplaces of which so much use is made by writing-masters abound in every collection of Russian proverbs. But in addition to these, there occur also some axioms or adages which may be considered worthy of quotation. Thus, 'One's word is a law,' and, 'Hold your own till your word ;' but having given your word, keep it,' are valuable as pointing to a love of honesty and fair-dealing with which the typical Russian has not always been credited. A similar spirit is breathed by a number of sayings having reference to honour and dishonour, such as, 'Honour is better than wealth,' and 'Honour's loss, a great woe ;' or branding with contempt him 'Who fears not God, nor is ashamed before man,' and who wears 'Conscience under the sole and shame under the heel.' At one time public acts and treaties ended with the words, 'And to him who does not keep his word shall it be shameful.' To women proverbs naturally sing the praises of modesty and self-effacement. 'Modesty is a maiden's necklace,' urges one ; another declares, that 'A

\* The word *terem* seems to be derived from the Greek *τέρεμνον*, 'anything closely shut fast, or closely covered, a room, chamber, &c.'



visible girl is of copper, but an invisible one of silver,'—for in older times, as has already been observed, girls were kept in thorough seclusion, partly from an Oriental prejudice, partly for fear of 'an evil eye.' But that village girls, at all events, were happy in their homes, is shown by the vast mass of songs in which are depicted the sorrows of a young bride, forced to depart from under her parents' well-loved roof. This love of home is the theme, also, of many proverbs, such as, 'Where it has grown up, there is a pine-tree fair;' or, 'From the parental land—die, but go not forth.'

For endurance the Russian has always been famous, and his proverbs frequently inculcate the duty of bearing misfortune bravely and patiently. 'Hold out, Cossack; thou wilt become Ataman' (or Hetman), is a characteristic saying which has spread from the South all over Russia. With this dogged endurance there is no doubt allied a fatalism which may prove dangerous. The ancient Slavs, according to Procopius, recognised no Fate; but this sweeping statement was an error on the part of the historian. Modern Russians, undoubtedly, lay too much stress on such sayings as, 'Fear or no fear; fate cannot be avoided,' or, 'It was so written down to him at his birth;' but their belief in predestination is modified by a firm trust in the power of God and of the Saints, and by the manly independence to which we have already referred. 'He who sweats afield, and prays to God at home,\* will never starve.' Sometimes, it is true, a deplorable audacity or carelessness is expressed by a proverb. 'One can't die twice,' is a favourite truism: 'It will last our time; what matter if after us no grass grows?' is an adage which unreasonably consoles the Siberian peasant for the gradual disappearance of forests. Russian criminals have always been recklessly bold, ready to undertake all risks with this saying on their lips, 'Judge me, God and the Gosudar!' or, since Peter's time, 'Judge me, the Senate and the rope!' whereupon it often arises, that 'Boldness drinks mead and chafes fetters.'

In one respect the Russian differs entirely from many other Slavonians. He is not revengeful, and seldom bears malice long. A Morlachian proverb says, 'Who does not revenge himself, he cannot be saved;' but in Russia an opposite sentiment makes itself heard. 'From him who remembers old times, knock out an eye,' is supposed to refer to the need of letting bygones be bygones; and a similar prudence is recommended by such adages as, 'Remember friendship, but forget evil,' and,

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\* In his *klyet*, or closet.

'A bad

'A bad peace is better than a good quarrel.' A *pogovorka* of frequent use in Russia, Poland, and some other Slavonic lands, is 'Like a stone in water.' This is supposed to preserve a formula employed in ancient days at the signing of a peace, or the ratification of any similar agreement, to express the fact that evil feelings should now disappear as does a stone when thrown into a pool. 'So be it; all devils into the water and bubbles to the top!' is an expression used by a meeting of peasants when an agreement has been come to. A later and more unpleasant formula was that current up to the time of Catherine II. among the robbers in the Briansk forests, who used to tie stones round the necks of their victims, and then drive them with pitchforks into the waters of the Desna, crying, 'Not we drive you, but the forks.' Many another virtue is inculcated by Russian proverbial philosophy. 'Where simplicity is, there are a hundred angels; but where duplicity, there is not one,' and 'He who lives guilelessly shall live to be a hundred,' are strongly in favour of sincerity: moderation is recommended by, 'Whosoever is content with little, him will not God forget,' and sloth is warned by, 'On him who rises early God bestows gifts.' Thriftlessness is discouraged by, 'He who neglects coopecks will never be worth a rouble;' and hospitality recommended by, 'A good guest is always dear to a host,' though 'An untimely guest is worse than a Tartar.'

With respect to good and bad language, we are told that 'A word of kindness is better than a fat pie;' but on the other hand, threats must sometimes be used, for, 'If the thunder rolls not, the moujik will not cross himself.\*' 'Don't beat the moujik with a cudgel, but beat him with a rouble,' has a kindly air; but the recommendation more frequently takes the form, objected to in print by the censorship, of 'Don't beat the pope [or priest] with a stick, but try him with a rouble.' The force of a spoken word is well expressed by, 'A word isn't a bird. If it flies out you'll never catch it again.' On commercial honesty we may quote two conflicting proverbs: 'Theft is the last handicraft;' and, 'To rotten wares the seller is blind.' Kindness to the poor is inculcated by numerous sayings. Though 'One's own shirt is nearest to one's body,' yet it is necessary to give freely in order to win God's favour. And kindness as well as money should be bestowed upon poverty: 'Offend not the poor man; the poor man has just such a soul as yours,' an idea expressed metaphorically by, 'A snipe is small, but for all that a bird.' 'Fear not the threats of the rich but the tears of the

\* It is the thunder which the moujik fears: till it follows the flash, he does not cross himself.

poor,' is good advice, and money-lenders ought to remember that 'In the other world usurers have to count red-hot coins with bare hands.'

About one of the chief weaknesses of the Russian peasant, proverbial philosophy has much to say. That Russians could not get on without drinking was admitted by St. Vladimir nine centuries ago, and the love of liquor has not diminished since that time. Many are the proverbs in praise of good drink, but they hold that a man ought to imbibe sociably. 'Drink at table, not behind a pillar,' is sound advice; a useful warning is conveyed by, 'Ivan drinks beer, but the devil beside him bows to the ground.' 'From another's drunkenness one's own head does not ache,' seems to refer to drinking at another man's expense; and on a widely spread belief is based the adage, 'God watches over little children and drunkards.' 'He is not a drunkard who drinks, but he who after-drinks,' refers to a Russian custom of drinking off the effects of a debauch. To express the state which follows intoxication, and the means of removing it, the Russian language has invented several technical terms. Thus *khmel'* means firstly, hops, secondly, drunkenness; *khmelyst'* is to be drunk; *pokhmelié* is the state succeeding drunkenness; *pokhmelyat'sya*, or *opokhmelyat'sya*, is to drink away this state of after-drunkenness.

We will now turn from the proverbs which illustrate the ordinary life led now-a-days by Russian peasants, in order to glance at the very interesting class of popular sayings which refer to the historic life of the country, or the manners and customs of its ancient inhabitants. Some of these are strangely archaic relics of a far-off past; here and there we see one standing out from the ordinary level of rustic speech, like a granite boulder from a grassy plain, its history altogether unknown to the peasants who make use of it. Among the earliest of this group is the *pritcha* to which we have already referred, as having been quoted by Nestor: 'Perished like the Obrye.' A little less ancient are the sayings preserved by the chroniclers of the Princely Period of Russian history, such as that employed by the Drevlian chief when he induced his tribe to slay Igor, husband of the afterwards saintly Olga: 'If the wolf gets into the fold, he will slay all the flock:' or the line, 'Seeking another's, thou hast lost thine own!' said to have been inscribed on the gold-bound skull of Sviatoslaf by his Petchenegian conqueror. To the same period also may be ascribed a number of sayings which require historic explanation. Thus, 'The cricket has conquered Tmutarakan,'\* was

\* An ancient principality on the eastern shore of the Sea of Azof.

first used when Igor was overcome by Iziaslaf, to whom he had said in scorn, 'Fuss not, O cricket, behind the stove.' In 'The Radimichi fly from the tail of the wolf,' is conveyed a sneer first levelled against those people when they were defeated by one of Vladimir's Generals surnamed *Volchy Khvost*, or Wolf's Tail. A Novgorod saying ran thus: 'Putyata christens with the sword, and Dobruinya with fire.' This referred to a rising which took place at Novgorod, when the people protested against the new doctrines of Christianity, and refused to accept baptism. In order to quell the revolt, Putyata, Vladimir's Voevode or General, put a number of the inhabitants to the sword, and Dobruinya, the Prince's uncle, burnt down their houses. An obscure saying is quoted by the chronicler who tells how Sviatopolk the Accursed 'fled into the wilderness between Lekh and Chekh.' This is explained by an actually existing Polish phrase, 'Between Czechy and Lechy,' meaning 'Goodness knows where!'

The excuse for cruelty pleaded by Prince Romān of Galicia, 'To eat the honeycomb in peace, one must stifle the bees,' was borrowed from abroad; but the conduct of another Romān gave rise to an original saying. Having overcome the Lithuanians in 1173, he yoked his captives to the plough. One of them, having a ready wit, apostrophized him in these words: 'Thou doest ill, Romān, to plough with a Lithuanian;' and the phrase was still current in Lithuania in the sixteenth century. To the two great municipalities of Pskof and Novgorod, which flourished so long and so gloriously till they were crushed by the despotism of Ivan III. and the tyranny of Ivan IV., alludes many a popular saying. Thus 'Novgorod honour,' and 'The firm word of Pskof' long prevailed as familiar expressions. The pride and independence of the older and greater city made themselves heard in the statement that 'Novgorod is judged by its own laws,' or 'by God alone;' and in the arrogant cry, 'Who can withstand God and Novgorod the Great?' To the union which existed between Pskof and Novgorod referred the saying, 'Soul on the Velika and heart on the Volkhof,' the latter names being those of the rivers on which the two semi-republican cities stood.

To the nature of the Government which prevailed in those days, and the character imputed to the governing classes, old Russian sayings frequently bear witness. The Prince is often mentioned, and always in terms of respect, not unmingled with fear, whether he be the Grand Prince, (*Veliky Kniaz*) presiding at Kief or Vladimir over the Russian semi-federal body, or an 'appanaged' or locally-independent Prince, (*Udyelny Kniaz*) controlling the destinies of Tver, or Rostof, or Novgorod. The evidence

evidence of these adages is sometimes conflicting. On the one hand we hear that 'A generous Kniaz is a father to all;' on the other, an ominous warning is conveyed by, 'Don't build a house near the Kniaz's Court.' To the sometimes rudely-manifested independence of Novgorod and Pskof may be attributed the uncourtly cry, 'If a Kniaz be bad, into the mud with him!' The constant risings against the Grand Prince, the head of the ruling family, essayed by those of his kinsmen to whom had been assigned an *udyel* or appanage, gave rise to, 'A Boyar answers for a fault with his head, a Kniaz with his *udyel*.' The congresses in which princes met and swore to be life-long friends, and immediately afterwards behaved as deadly foes, may, possibly, have suggested the remark that, 'Where there is an oath, there also is a crime;' and if not relating to, at least suggestive of, the jealousy of interference from without prevailing in each separate Court, are such old saws as, 'One's own judgment is quickest;' or, 'When dogs of the same house differ, let not an outside dog interfere!' For five centuries,\* more or less, did the 'Separate' or 'Appanaged' principalities hold their own, but, as time went by, with ever-failing power. At length the last traces of Russia's nearest approximation to a feudal system were effaced by the sweeping measures of Ivan the Terrible. The title of Grand Prince paled its glory before the fierce light which shone about that of 'All-Russian Tsar,' and to the latter became referred in the popular memory almost all the adages which were once connected with the former. The number of proverbs relating to the words Tsar and *Tsarstvo* (or Tsardom) is very great, as well as to the names of various royal appurtenances—such as *Kazna*, for instance, originally the Tsar's private treasury, now that of the State, the funds of which the people still regard in the light of the Emperor's privy purse, and of which they say, among other things, 'The *Kazna* is not a poor widow: you will not drain it dry.' Most unqualified is the submission to the Tsar which proverbs inculcate. 'The Tsar is God on earth;' 'Our souls are God's, our bodies the Tsar's;' 'All is God's and the Gosudar's;' and many other sayings of a similar kind testify to the willingness of the nation to obey 'God's will and the Tsar's decree,' to believe that in all dark and disputed questions 'God will judge and the Gosudar.' It has always been a matter of faith that 'Prayer to God and service to the Tsar are never thrown away;' but that an element of fear was combined with

\* For more than seven, if we date the appanage system from the dimly-seen period of Rurik; but it is popularly supposed to commence with the death of Yaroslav, in 1054, to expire under Ivan IV. (1533-1584).

the nation's love and loyalty is proved by the numerous proverbs of a like kind with 'Going near the Tsar, as near fire, you will be scorched,'\* or such warnings as, 'Near the Tsar, near unto death'—an adage originally due to Tartar terrors, but afterwards adapted to the rule of Ivan, justly styled the Terrible, during which it was so often seen that 'The Tsar's wrath is the messenger of death.' More than three centuries can bear witness that 'The Russian nation is truly Tsar-loving;' and in its case loyalty has always been combined with a species of worship. Thus a proverb says, 'If the people sin, the Tsar can pray the sin away: but if the Tsar sins, the people can do nothing.' 'Not every one sees the Tsar, but every one prays to him,' says another; so that King Stephen Batory was justified in addressing to a Tsar Ivan the words, 'Thou art called the God of the Russian land.' Even the mightiest boyars effaced themselves before the Tsar, styling themselves not his servants but his slaves, and protesting against all ideas of rivalry with him in the words of the proverb, 'The ears do not grow higher than the forehead.' 'We Russians are devoted to the Tsar, whether he be clement or cruel,' said a Russian Prince to one of the Emperor Maximilian's ministers, who reproached him for yielding blind obedience to a tyrant. One of the aristocratic victims of Ivan the Terrible is said, after having been impaled, to have constantly repeated, during the twenty-four hours he spent on the stake, the words, 'God preserve the Tsar!'—a heroic expression of loyalty which throws into the shade our own Stubbs's cry of 'God save the Queen!' after his right hand had been cut off by her Council's decree. This story may seem doubtful, but we can readily believe the foreign witness who says that in the sixteenth century, a Russian to whom any one wished good health always replied, 'God grant that our great Gosudar may be healthy, and after him also we who are his subjects.'

As the Boyars sat in Council with the Tsar, royal decrees stated that 'The Tsar has commanded, and the Boyars have assented,' a formula which has become a popular saying. The old title of *Boyarin*, or *Boyar*, now abbreviated into *Barin*, or *Master*, is still preserved in the memories of the people. Thus, 'At a wedding all are Boyars,' for all the guests invited to a

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\* *Opalish'sya*, [*opalit'*, *pal-it'* = to burn]. As fire was of old the symbol of wrath, says Snegiref, so did *tsarskaya opala* signify Tsarish wrath, and to be *opalnye*, in opala, was to be subjected to that wrath. The *opalny*, or victim of the royal anger, could not go to Court, being confined to his house in town or his estate in the country, where he wore his hair short, and his raiment sad, until the Tsar forgave him—or took his life, and seized his property. Another form of the above-mentioned proverb is, 'The Tsar is not fire; but going near him, you will be scorched.'



rustic marriage feast bear that name, the bride and bridegroom being styled the Princess and the Prince. Many of the intermediate officials of early days have dropped out of proverbial memory, such as the Possadnik, a kind of Burgomaster, and the Tysatsky, or Thousand-man, a military officer, together with many others; but the Voevode is still remembered. The old Russian *Voisko*, or army, was divided into 'polks,' each of which had its Voevode; the senior, or chief, of these officers being called the 'Head Voevode.' In some towns, as at Novgorod in 1584, there were two principal Voevodes, to whose agreement is allusion made in the adage, 'In one den two bears live not peaceably.' But there were civil as well as military Voevodes, nobles who were given a province from which 'to derive nourishment,' as their petitions for employment expressed themselves. That they behaved in office rapaciously may be surmised from the existence of such proverbs as, 'To be a Voevode, is to live not without honey;' 'It is bad for the sheep when the wolf is Voevode;' 'God has punished the people, He has sent Voevodes.' Naturally enough it was not easy to obtain redress for an injury inflicted by a powerful noble, especially as the law dealt severely with false accusers, administering 'To the informer the first knout:' many proverbs may, therefore, have once existed, similar to a saying preserved in the Tula Government: 'To petition against a Voevode is to go to prison.' In the Vaga district when a man modestly refuses an office, his protest is said to take the form of, 'To judge and arrange I know not, yet they set me in a place of Voevodship;' but if a native of those parts blows his own trumpet too loudly, his neighbours cry: 'We won't hear you! you're not the Voevode of Vaga, forsooth!' When the Voevodships were finally abolished in the time of Catherine II., there arose among the common people this touching complaint: 'Formerly we fed a single sow, but now one with a litter.'

Among the inferior officials whose memory survives in proverbs, are the *Okolnichie*,\* a species of judicial officers who attended the Tsar on his expeditions, and of whom we learn, 'Without money even an Okolnichy is worthless.' In 'A wise man, like a *Starosta Gubnoi*, is feared by all,' reference is made to a criminal judgeship abolished by Peter I., in 1702. As in early days the clergy were the readers and writers of the land, and deacons generally filled secretarial posts, the name *Diak*, Deacon, attached itself to the person of every Secretary, whether a layman or a clerk. The *Diaks*, who assisted at the signing of all State papers,

\* *Okolo* = around. *Okolitsa* means environage, and *okolnichy* environing.



obtained great influence, as is observed in the saying, 'So be it, if the Diak has made his mark,' a phrase which now means that 'what's done cannot be undone;' or the simile, 'A Diak in office is like a cat beside piecrust.'

To the administration of justice, a great number of very interesting proverbs refer. That it was terribly corrupt many of them assert or suggest. 'Fear not the law, but the judge,' says one; 'God loves the just, but judges love the pettifogger,' is a Siberian saying; 'What are laws to me, if I know the judges?' asks a third; while a number of others chime in with, 'Before God with justice, but before the judge with coin;' or, 'Before God set a taper, before the judge a purse;' or, 'A judge is like a carpenter; what he wants, that he carves out;' or, 'The devils themselves have scratched their heads at such a decision.' Bribes were always forbidden; but, in the sixteenth century, judges were allowed on Easter Sunday to receive money as well as the customary 'red egg,' whence arose the saying, thinks Snegiref, which asserts that 'Eggs are dear on Easter Sunday,'—one which now means, that every service is dear, or well appreciated, on that day. Of the *Yaryzhka*, a kind of police-officer, the memory is preserved in the warning, that 'He who consorts with a Yaryzhka, will find himself without a shirt.'

In the old Princely Period each district jealously clung to its ancient customs. 'A custom is not a cage; you cannot remove it,' says one proverb; while another asserts that 'Custom is older than law;' and a third expresses the feeling that only foreigners and infidels would neglect established custom by the words, 'It's all one to us Tartars.' The Princes met in Congresses, and the people in the Common Council or Vetché. With the conclusions therein arrived at, and indeed with the laws and customs of the land in general, the Mongol Khans, in spite of the proverb last quoted, meddled very little. The Vetché bells long continued to call together the inhabitants of the great cities; but their welcome clang was finally silenced during the terrible reign of Ivan IV. The Mir, however, or Commune, has not only survived to the present day, but still flourishes, in spite of there being so much less necessity for its existence now than there was in the times of Princely confusion, of Tartar inroad, of Polish domination, and of that serfdom which has but recently been abolished. In every village the Mir stood as a bulwark between the lord and the thrall; and the love and reverence with which it was regarded by the people is attested by many such proverbs as 'What is settled in the Mir, let that be!' or, 'No one judges the Mir but God alone.' That even widely-scattered individuals may gain strength by combination is expressed in 'The Mir is thin,

thin, but long.' 'The Mir's neck is stout,' refers to the infliction of heavy taxes, especially if the sum raised is mis-spent. On the expression of public opinion in the Communal meeting great stress was always laid, and many an evil action was prevented by the thought of, 'What will be said in the street?' Thus at Moscow people used to meet together after church in the Red Place. There unjust dealers and the like were publicly deprived of their hats or kerchiefs; and this punishment was greatly dreaded, for years afterwards folks would say of a man, 'His father was publicly unhatted.'

To the administration of justice numerous proverbs refer—usually in unfavourable terms—holding that 'First is most right;' or, 'The stronger is the most in the right.' To civil cases allude the statements about sureties: 'Who goes bail, he will suffer,' and, 'I bailed him out, he taught me a lesson;' and about witnesses: 'A wife cannot give evidence against her husband,' 'A Christianised Jew and a reconciled foe' (are not to be trusted). Peter I., it may be observed, ordered that not only should not a man's present enemies be accepted as witnesses against him, but not even his professed friends, if they had ever been inimical to him. 'A sister can never be an heiress while her brother lives,' is merely a legal statement; but it takes a genuinely proverbial form in, 'A cut-off slice does not belong to the loaf'—a married daughter being, as it were, cut off from her family after her dower has been paid. Among proverbs relating to criminal law: 'Better forgive ten guilty, than punish one guiltless,' is threadbare with use; but there is an air of novelty about 'The blood of the guilty is water, but of the innocent a woe.' 'By fighting shalt thou not be righted,' refers to ukases against 'self-help' in case of injury. An olden proverb says, 'One's own justice is shortest;' but this may be intended only for princely application. 'Don't strike a man when he is down,' a proverb common to England and Russia, dates from the period of the old fisticuff combats. By quoting this saying at the right moment, Count Razumofsky succeeded in modifying the Empress Catherine's wrath against her former favourite, Prince Orlof. 'Better is it to die, but not to kiss the cross,' is a proof of the sanctity attached to an oath in Russia. It is edifying to compare the solemnity with which an oath is administered at the present day in a Russian court of law with the corresponding process in our own country.

To the employment of torture as a means of getting at the truth—a blot on Russian justice not removed till 1801—allusion is often made by proverbs. Sometimes the allusion is direct, as in 'They break ribs when they torture the thief,' or, 'Thrice torture they the thief.' The latter saying is explained by the

fact that a robber might be tortured three times in a day; but if he held out, he could be tormented no more. An insolvent debtor, or a peasant behindhand with his dues, will sometimes say, even in modern times, 'Though you burn me to a cinder, yet have I nowhere to turn to;' words which have long lost the significance they possessed at a time when it was legal to roast prisoners on a spit, or suspend them above a fire. The expressions, also, 'To roll into a duck,' and 'To bend into three ruins,' allude to the ancient custom of tying a man up in a triply-folded parcel. Among the most interesting of the indirect allusions is the following. In the phrase, 'To tell all one's secrets,' the word for 'secrets' is *podnogotnaya*. It is derived from *pod*, under, and *nogot*, the nail, and bears testimony to the practice of extracting secrets from prisoners by driving splinters under their finger-nails—a practice borrowed, according to Karamsin, from the Tartars. The sayings, 'Joke not above a rouble,' and, 'A rouble guards the head,' are supposed to refer to an ukaz, by which torture was forbidden in the case of thefts of small sums. It was issued in 1722, when a rouble was considered a large sum. The torture by the *dyba*, mentioned in 'Innocent in deed, but on the *dyba* guilty,' consisted in hoisting the sufferer into the air by a rope fastened to his hands behind his back, weights being attached to his feet. In this position he was scourged. The proverb afterwards changed into 'Innocent in deed, but on paper guilty,' innocent prisoners being often obliged to confess to crimes which they had not committed. The *viska* seems to have been the same as the *dyba*. Of another instrument of torture, the knout, the origin is unknown. Of it some proverbs speak, such as 'The knout is not the devil, but it will seek out the truth;' or, 'The knout is not the archangel, it will not pluck out the soul;' a statement more consolatory than correct.

There is an old form of words which, although not a proverb, became proverbial, and therefore may be mentioned here as a significant commentary on the administration of justice a couple of centuries ago in Russia. *Slovo i dyelo*, 'Word and Deed;' thus ran a formula which was long capable of striking terror into the boldest heart. He who employed it signified thereby that he had something of importance to communicate, but secretly, with reference to a crime against the State. As soon as he uttered it, whether in-doors or out of doors, at a gathering in the market-place or at a social feast, he and all persons compromised by it were taken into custody. Then began a process. First of all he was tortured, to ensure the seriousness of his charge. If he endured the torment, and adhered to his accusation, the persons accused by him were tortured in their turn.

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As an instance of the hardships to which this custom gave rise, the following story may be extracted from Snegiref.\* At a name-day feast, a certain citizen of Moscow addressed to his fellow-godparent,† who was uttering the conventional protest against emptying her glass, various complimentary and caressing expressions. Among other titles which he bestowed upon her was that of *Vsemilostivaya Gosudaruinya* or 'All-gracious Mistress.' This appellation, the prefix *vse*, or 'all,' being omitted, is now the equivalent for our 'Dear Madam,' and even at that time it was merely an expression of politeness. But it was used also as a designation for the Sovereign, just as the words *Gosudar* and *Gosudaruinya* have special reference at the present day to the Emperor and Empress. Accordingly, some enemy of the citizen in question, who happened to be present at the feast, suddenly uttered the terrible 'Word and Deed!' and charged him and his *Cummer* with the crime of *Lese-Majesty*. They were carried off to the *Suisknoi Prikaz*, or Question Chamber, near the Kaluga Gate, and there tortured. While stretched on the rack or suspended from the pulley, they confessed to every crime which the Judges suggested; but when released they protested that they had done so only because they could not 'endure the torment.' The trial ended by their conviction and sentence to the Russian equivalent for the galleys, *Katorjnaya rabóta*, a very aggravated form of our 'hard labour.' It may easily be imagined what fear must have come upon any assembly of men among whom was raised the ominous cry of *Slovo i dyelo*—as effective for ill, as the old Norman *Haro* could ever have been for good.

To other judicial ferocities various proverbial sayings bear witness, many of which are now used in utter ignorance of their original significance. Thus of a *molodêts*, or springald, it is said: 'Though on a stake, yet a hawk,' a reference to the horrors of impalement, unknown in Russia since the sanguinary period of Biron's regency, when the Pretender Minitsky was impaled in 1738. The phrase 'Inside a sack and into the waters,' alludes to the former practice of drowning in a sack wizards, parricides, and other offenders. The common Russian expression used as an equivalent for our 'thunderstruck,' or

\* 'Russians in their Proverbs,' iii. 174-5.

† He was the godfather, she the godmother. The spiritual relationship between him and her is expressed by the word *kumovstvo*, he being her *kum*, she being his *kumá*. But to the god-child he would be a *krestny otets*, or 'Father of the Cross,' and she a *krétnaya mat*, or Mother of the Cross. *Kumá* answers to the French *commère*, the Scotch *cummer*, the English *gossip*, or *god-sib*.

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'rooted to the ground,' to describe the temporary immobility produced by sudden fear or grief, is *kak vhopanny*, or *vhopannaya*, 'as if buried in the earth,' *hopât'* meaning to dig. This refers, as does the phrase 'Our Fofan is buried in the earth,' to the old custom of burying up to the neck, or, as the saying ran, 'up to the ears,' certain offenders, such as women who had killed their husbands, and keeping watch over them till they died. This punishment was abolished in 1689, but the superstitious practice of burying a villager alive in a sack, together with a dog, a cat, and a cock, in order to keep off the cattle plague from a village, may still be kept up in some dark retreat, some backwater in the stream of Russian life. That the practice throws a valuable light upon the old Roman punishment for parricide scarcely need be pointed out.

The method of recovering debts during the period of the Tsars, savagely simple in its nature, gave rise to a number of proverbial sayings, some of which still exist, but in a form which now-a-days requires explanation. Thus, 'A brother has paid a brother with his head,' conveys but little meaning to a hearer who does not know that of old an insolvent debtor was made over as a slave to his creditor. This surrender bore the name of *otdacha golovoyu*, a rendering of the Western *editio capitis*, the slave being regarded as *sine capite* or 'headless.' A creditor was originally allowed to treat the debtor thus handed over to him as a slave, and might beat him with impunity to any extent short of death. Even as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century, a debtor might be made over, together with his wife and children, to his creditor, in order to work off his debt. But as a male labourer could earn only a few roubles a year, and a female still fewer, the creditor was obliged to feed and clothe them while in his service. Not only were debtors thus figuratively deprived of their heads, but some other offenders also. Thus, in 1589, Prince Gvosdef was in this manner placed in the power of Prince Odoefsky, with whom he had quarrelled on a question of *myestnichestvo*, or precedence. When a grandee was thus humiliated, his enslavement was merely nominal, but he was obliged to throw himself on the ground before the person to whom his head was supposed to belong, and remain prostrated till he received permission to rise in the words, 'The repentant head will not the sword strike: God forgive thee!' A method of recovering debts, which is still employed in India, was long current among the Russians—that of sitting at a debtor's gate until he is shamed or frightened into paying what he owes. A more savage method is supposed to have been

been brought into Russia from Central Asia or China by the Tartars—that of the *pravēzh*.\* ‘Give time; beat not off from the legs;’ ‘The heart has sinned but the legs are found guilty;’ are still current expressions which originally referred to the practice of setting insolvent or obstinate debtors ‘on the *pravēzh*,’ and beating them on the legs with sticks. This summary proceeding was suspended by Peter I. But it was revived under the Empress Anne by the ferocious Biron. By his orders, the peasants who, in consequence of a famine, were unable to pay their taxes, were compelled to stand bare-legged on the snow during a severe winter, and were beaten on their shins and the soles of their feet. The final abolishment of this refinement on the bastinado gave rise to a saying among the people, ‘You can’t set me on the *pravēzh*, forsooth!’ The following phrase formerly referred to the *pravēzh*, but it is now used when a visitor will not sit down: ‘In legs is there no justice.’

This Tartar importation, if such it was, brings us to the subject of the Tartar conquest of Russia, and the references to it which exist among the proverbial sayings of the Russian people. The word Mongol is unfamiliar to them, the ancient conquerors and devastators of Russia being known to the moujik by the same name as is borne by the peaceful Tartars of Kazan, or the Crimean *Tatarui*. The modern Tartar, who is a courtly and well-informed member of society, when he enters a Russian village with wares to sell, is constantly addressed by the title of Prince, whence may have arisen some wonderful ideas about the value of Russian titles. But in many Russian proverbs the Tartar bears, as is natural, an evil repute. ‘None have brought no such evil upon Russia as the Pope of Rome and the Khan of the Crimea,’† declares one; ‘To a Tartar flesh-eater there is no end,’ complains another. ‘Stop, Tartar! let me draw my sword,’ is suggestive of hostility; and so is, ‘Teach not a swan to swim, nor a Boyar-son to fight the Tartars.’‡ ‘O Tartar honour, more evil than evil!’ cries an old chronicler when mentioning the honours paid by Batu to Prince Daniel of

\* Derived from the root which has given rise to so many words like *pravý* or ‘right,’ *pravda* or ‘truth,’ *pravít*, or ‘to rule,’ *pravilo*, or ‘a rule,’ &c. In his ‘Ruase Common Wealth,’ Dr. Fletcher gives a graphic account of the poor debtors whom he saw ‘stand together on the *praveush* all on a rowe, and their shinnes thus becadged and beasted every morning with a piteous crie.’

† *Papa Bimsky i Khan Kruimsky*.

‡ The bird is called ‘a white swan’ in the proverb, but the epithet is purely conventional. Not only swans, but also hands, are always ‘white’ in popular literature—so much so that a negro may be spoken of in a song as folding ‘his white hands.’ So the earth is always ‘moist,’ probably meaning ‘fat’ or ‘fertile;’ wine is ‘green;’ and a maiden is ever ‘fair to see.’



Galitch. But in many cases the reference to the former lords of so great a part of the Russian soil is rather historical than critical. Such is the case in the assertions that, 'Greybeards are honoured even in the Horde;' or, 'Even Mamai did not eat up truth;' or, 'As is the Khan, so is the Horde.' To travels into the realms of the Mongol rulers of Russia, and to the tales which travellers brought back, refer 'Ivan was in the Horde, and Marya has news to tell,' and 'He will talk of wheeled *urusui*.' The word *urusui* is defined by Dahl as 'nonsense,' and the saying is now used of a vain babbler. But it has been suggested that *urusui* is a popular form of *ulusui*, the Mongol name for an 'aoul' or 'yourt,' a collection of the Calmuck kibitkas, or dwellings on wheels. As *taravarshaya* is a corruption of *Arabshaya*, Arabian, so may *urusui* be a corrupt form of *ulusui*, and the proverb may mean that a man talks nonsense, inasmuch as he talks about houses on wheels. Another name-corruption occurs in 'The Tartars have ridden away into Tar-Tarary, and you after them!' a saying used when one person follows another with whom he has nothing to do.

Karamsin thinks that the saying 'Near the Tsar, near death,' refers to the Mongol period, when so many Russian princes went to the Horde and died there; afterwards the Moscow princes became the tsars alluded to, and the proverb changed into 'Near the Tsar, near honour.' An interesting phrase is, 'It is early for the Tartars to go against Russia,' telling as it does of the time when each spring brought with it fears of Tartar invasion. To the remembrance of such invasions is due the name of a species of wild onion, known in some parts of Russia as the *luk Tatarin* (in Polish *tatareczka*), because it makes its appearance as soon as the snow has melted, as the Tartars used of old to do. From among the other recollections of the Tartars preserved in proverbial philosophy we will select only one or two which refer to distinct historical events. There used to be an old saw, says one of the chroniclers, *za Piyanoyu piani*, 'Beyond the Piyana are they intoxicated;' it referred to the rout of the Russian forces on the river Piyana in 1373, when Mamai and his Tartars suddenly fell upon them 'like snow on the head.' Better times are commemorated by the phrase, 'When Mamai warred,' used in reference to anything ancient, and by the proverb, 'Not always to a priest's children is it Dmitry's Saturday,' alluding to the feast held every year upon the *Dmitrievskaya Subbota*, the anniversary of the day upon which Dmitry Donskoi wrested from Mamai on the field of Kulikovo the first victory gained by the Russians over the Tartars.

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Many other historical events naturally gave rise to proverbs, some of which are still used in utter unconsciousness of their original meaning. Thus 'On one side the Cheremisa, on the other take care (*beregisyä*),' referred to an unsuccessful expedition against Kazan in 1524, when the Tcheremisses waylaid the Russian vessels, and assailed them from the shore. 'The Cossacks came from the Don and drove the Poles home,' was a figure of speech constructed in honour of the part played by the Don Cossacks in the campaign which ended in the expulsion of the Polish conquerors from Russia. 'The Cossack mother is not dead,' contains an allusion to the sword of the great Cossack leader Bogdan Chmelniecki. A *pogovorä*, to which a curious tale is attached, was, 'He looks at the book but he says fire.' This was coined at the time when, after the expulsion of the Poles, the Tsar Michael Romanof and his father, the patriarch Philaret, tried to root out certain practices which had crept into the Church. Among other things, the use of the word *ognem*\* (by fire), in the prayer for the consecration of water at the Epiphany, was forbidden by a rescript in 1626, that word not occurring in the Greek originals of the *shujebniki* or service books, but having crept in by accident. Some of the priests of that period, however, having learnt the service by heart, continued to employ the forbidden word, whence the saying just quoted arose. It is not clear whether the erring ecclesiastics knowingly preferred their old *mumpsimus* to the new *sumpsimus*, or whether they sinned from downright ignorance. But there were among the common people vigorous protesters against the omission of the word, which gave rise at Moscow to a riot among the bakers, who thought the suppression of the word 'fire' might deprive them of the services of the element by means of which they baked.† The assertion that 'Seven shepherds spoil a flock,' is attributed by Snegiref to a recollection of the *Semiboyarshechina* or Seven-Boyars-Rule, during the period of Polish ascendancy at the beginning of the seventeenth century, but this is doubtful; the phrase 'To put into a long box,' has been supposed to refer to the box attached to one of the pillars of the house of Alexis Mikhailovich, for the purpose of receiving petitions. Among more recent events, the victory of Peter I. over Charles XII. is commemorated by the saying, 'He has disappeared like the Swede at Poltava;' a disastrous expedition against Khiva, during the same reign, gave rise to 'He has vanished like Bekovich,'

\* Pronounced *agnym*. The Russian *ogon*, fire, is closely connected with the Sanskrit *agni*, the Latin *ignis*, &c.

† See on this subject an interesting passage in Dean Stanley's 'Lectures on the Eastern Church,' 1861, p. 473.

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that being the name of the unsuccessful general. The rapacity of a Vice-Governor of St. Petersburg in 1712, is commemorated in, 'God is not Manukof; He grants without a bribe.' To the French invasion refer many proverbs, such as 'He was not scorched (*ne opalyon*, i. e., Napoleon), but he left Moscow scorched;' or, 'The frightened Frenchman runs away even from a she-goat.'

With one most interesting chapter of Russian history, that which tells how the Russian peasant lost his liberty, many proverbs are associated. In 'One can see he is a *kholop*: rings in his ears;' or, 'To the lord freedom, to the *kholop* constraint,' we find one of the names by which a slave was anciently known. Under the Tsars, every Russian called himself the sovereign's *kholop*, but Peter ordered the word *rab*, a less abject expression, to be substituted for it in petitions; and Catherine II. altered *rab* into 'truly-subject.' Another name occurs in 'Where the *smerd* thought, there God was not,' the designation *smerd* being, as some suppose, of foreign extraction, introduced into Russia from the side of the Wends, whom the Germans so degraded that the terms Slav and Slave became synonymous. In old times it was generally by entering into a *kabala*, or bond, that the freeman became a *kholop*, or bondsman; a bond of which mention is often made in proverbs. A thrall could not be a witness, for 'A *kholop*'s word is like a spear,' and 'A false *kholop* is to his master a terrible foe.' But his position was not intolerable if his lord was a good one. 'Serving a good master,' says Daniel Zatochnik, 'one gains freedom;' and a proverb asserts that 'A *kabala* bends upwards, but the [entire and desperate] want of freedom downwards.' Of course it was easier to enter into a bond than to evade its consequences. 'Wide is the gateway leading into a boyar's court, but narrow [that leading] out of it.' But it often happened that the free peasant was worse off than the thrall, having to pay the equivalent for our rent, or as the proverb puts it, 'Slavery drinks mead, and freedom water.' However this might be, the ordinary rustic was at liberty to change his quarters once a year, the annual time fixed for his migration being St. George's Day in Autumn, November 26, or rather, the two weeks preceding and following that day. Tradition asserts that when that day drew nigh, landowners who wished to retain their peasants used to brew strong beer. The peasants drank themselves into forgetfulness, and did not recover their senses till St. George's Day was past, and they found themselves unable to depart for another year. It is from the day when Boris Godunof abolished this right of yearly migration, that the serfdom of the Russian peasant is generally supposed to date,

date, though the change which took place in his position was really of a more gradual nature. And in the minds of the common people the day which was once to them suggestive of freedom, has for nearly three centuries been associated with a feeling of sadness. 'Here, grannie, is St. George's Day,' is a phrase still expressive of regret for some disappointment or loss.

Here, though unwillingly, we pause. So wide is the field of Russian proverbial philosophy, that whole volumes might be compiled by one who minutely described his explorations therein. 'To know this book is to know the Russian language,' said Dahl, when presenting to an English visitor a copy of his great collection of Russian proverbs. We may not go so far as to agree with him that a nation's proverbs form its 'popular code of laws,' but we trust that the foregoing pages will suffice to show that Russian proverbs may, at least, serve to illustrate some noteworthy points in Russian history, some interesting phases of Russian manners and morals.

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ART. VIII.—*Census of England and Wales for the Year 1871.*

*Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty.*

THE labours of Government Departments often receive but a scant recognition from the general public. It is probable that the last Census has already almost faded from the memory of most men, and yet the Census of 1871 deserves to be held in special remembrance; for on that occasion a census was taken the first time, not only of the United Kingdom, but of the whole British Empire. To enumerate the inhabitants of Great Britain alone might well be thought a very considerable undertaking. When at the commencement of this century a census was first made, it extended only to England, Wales, and Scotland. In 1801, and again in 1811, even under the keen eye of the late Mr. Rickman, nothing more was attempted. Perhaps nothing more could have been carried through at that period of our history. It was not till 1821 that the population of Ireland was counted. Fifty years later, what at an earlier date might well have seemed to be impossible, has been accomplished, and the muster-roll made out of all the subjects of Queen Victoria. A work of enormous difficulty it proved to be. Difficulties caused by differences of climate, differences of race, differences of religion, all have been overcome, and a trustworthy statement of numbers, not a mere estimate, has been constructed for the whole of the empire.

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The vastness of these figures is such that it is almost impossible to take in at one view the full meaning of their value. As in a mountainous country the stupendous size of some giant of the Alps is scarcely understood, till the slow labour of the traveller painfully attempting to climb the shelving sides even of its lower slopes, brings home to his mind how enormous that mass must be of which but a small portion can be traversed in a day of severe toil, so it requires a considerable mental effort to arrive at an adequate appreciation of what those amounts of human life mean, which form in the aggregate this immense power; of the might of an Empire containing two hundred and thirty-four million subjects. Let any one try to remember the names of those persons whom he himself knows; let him count them carefully and put down their number. Then let him compare that handful with the hosts of those who owe allegiance to her Majesty, and he may form some rough idea of what enumerating such a multitude really means. A quotation from Gibbon, in the Report, reminds us that the numbers are twice as great as those under the Roman sway in the reign of Claudius, and that the territory they occupy is nearly five times the extent.

Over these vast regions it is impossible at this time to cast more than a transient glance. The importance of such an inquiry as the Census, and the advantage which such information may be in the administration of so wide a dominion as the British Empire, can hardly be overestimated. Let it suffice to cite here one instance of the practical value which the making so exact an investigation may have; perhaps the best illustration that can be given, is to mention that in one province alone, and that one a district already supposed to be fairly well understood, it was discovered that twenty-five million inhabitants more existed than had been previously known of. We quote from a very remarkable statement recently made by Mr. Henry Beverley, Inspector-General of Registration in Bengal.

'On no previous occasion had any endeavour been made to ascertain by actual house-to-house enumeration the numbers of the heterogeneous masses subject to the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. The result was, that the Census of 1872 in those provinces brought to light some 25 millions of her Majesty's subjects, of whose existence our Government had previously been in complete and utter ignorance. The population of Bengal rose in one day from 42 to 67 millions. The Lieutenant-Governor, who was already supposed to have one of the largest gubernatorial charges in the world, suddenly found that he had unconsciously been the ruler of an additional population more than equal to that of the whole of England and Wales.'

When all the results of such a discovery as this are considered,  
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we shall be the more struck at what it really means. It means that the whole administration of a province, it means that the whole distribution of the incidence of taxation, it means that the entire basis on which the idea of government turns, requires re-adjustment.

To quote the Administration Report :

'The result has already been almost to revolutionise our ideas both in regard to the total amount of the population, and relatively in regard to its distribution in different districts, races, and religions; while by showing that the numbers vastly exceed any former computation, it has wholly altered our calculations with respect to the incidence of taxation, the consumption of salt, and many other matters.'—*Journal of the Statistical Society*, 1874, p. 70.

The whole idea of a government in India centres and depends on the numbers of the people. And when we are further reminded in Mr. Beverley's forcible words, that, as to Behar merely, during the late famine,

'had there been no Census, it may be assumed that there would have been upwards of 8 millions of souls in that province alone utterly ignored in all measures of relief,'

we may well feel how opportune, as well as how necessary to good administration, is this exact information.

But to dwell longer, however tempting the field, on the more distant portions of the British Empire is impossible. Enough has been said to vindicate the need for such an enquiry as is contained in the Census. We will now endeavour to concentrate our attention on the central group which contains the mainspring of the mechanism, whence the governing force proceeds which directs the whole. And here, though the importance to the empire is almost infinitely greater, the numbers dealt with are almost infinitely smaller. For it is of one portion of Great Britain alone that we propose to treat.

From the consideration of 234 millions of souls we must now descend to less than a tenth of that number, strictly speaking to 22,856,164 persons, the population actually enumerated in England and Wales on the Census-day, April 3, 1871. Yet this number, small as it looks by comparison with the myriads just cited, would have appeared an overwhelming multitude to our grandfathers—even to our fathers. Just as the sum of the National Debt seemed to them enormous and crushing when considerably less than one-third of its present amount; and the country so burthened was considered by one of our foremost statesmen to be on the verge, nay, in the very gulf, of bankruptcy; so by the inhabitants of England in 1801, 22 millions would

would have been reckoned a most redundant population. In 1801 barely 9 millions appeared a large number. By 1851, but half a century later, the population had doubled; and still the increase continues. A complete comparison of the state of England now with what it was in the earlier decades of the century is, on account of the state of war then prevailing, barely possible. There is, however, but little doubt that the population of 1871 presses with less severity on the means of subsistence than the population of 1821. Great and continuous as the augmentation of numbers has been, yet the rate of that augmentation has been far from uniform. The annual rate of increase diminished, mainly owing to emigration, from 1811-21 to 1851-61, and as the diminution had been progressive, there appeared to be reason to expect it would continue. But between 1861 and 1871 a change took place. The development of the population within that decade was not only larger in number but larger in proportion, a point which we shall advert to further on.

The increase in the population has not, however, been uniformly distributed over the surface of the country. This fact will be obvious to any one from his own observation. While every town with which any one of us may be acquainted, almost without exception, has extended its boundaries and augmented its numbers, the rural districts have not received, or rather, have not retained, any increase. On the contrary, the numbers of the dwellers there have declined. On first examining the Census Report the difference appears small; there are but three counties in England and Wales in which the population had declined between 1861 and 1871. These were Huntingdon, Cornwall, and Rutland, of which only two are strictly speaking agricultural counties. But this statement only inadequately describes the real condition of matters. In the rest of the country the increase in the towns included in a county has, in several instances, caused the whole numbers of the people in that county to be larger, while in reality the agricultural population has considerably diminished. Of the fifty-four main divisions into which England and Wales are divided for registration purposes, if we compare the population in towns, and that in villages and the surrounding country, for 1871 with 1861, we shall find that

in 16	the rural population	is now larger;
in 37	"	is less;
in 1	(Anglesea)	it is stationary.



By this we can see that it is not in three counties alone, as appeared at the first glance, that the agricultural population has declined. Indeed, on examining more closely still a greater alteration in the proportion will be discovered. We shall find that the same division of the country has not exactly been followed at the last Census as in previous years. If we rectify this, and re-arrange the divisions upon the basis followed in 1861, we shall find that in three of the sixteen divisions in which the numbers appear to be larger, the counties of Northampton, Bedford, and Wilts, the increase in the rural portion is so slight that their position is practically unchanged; while in Suffolk, where the proportion of the rural population appears to be larger, if the basis of 1861 is employed, it is really less. Taking the whole together, it may be said that throughout four-fifths of England and Wales the rural population has declined during the last ten years, and, of course, even to a higher degree as compared with twenty or thirty years ago. As the inhabitants of England and Wales have rapidly increased in number during these periods, this depopulation of the rural districts has been accompanied by a considerably larger proportionate increase in the towns.

We will consider, first of all, the agricultural districts. Take the case of Surrey. In the so-called 'extra metropolitan' portion, the parishes and hamlets really beyond the influence of London, those which are not, in fact, suburbs of the metropolis, will be found, in many instances, to have scarcely received any augmentation of their population. In some cases the numbers are actually less; where there is an increase, 'additional railway communication with London' supplies the cause. In Bedfordshire, out of 154 parishes, including the towns in the county, the population in 70 parishes is less than in 1861, and exactly the same in four more. To go further into details on this point would be out of place here. But enough has been said to make it clear that since there has been a decline in the population of a great part of the rural districts, we must expect to find a diminution in the number of agricultural labourers in England. At any period a reduction in the ranks of a class so important to the State would be a matter deserving of the most serious consideration. Adding together the numbers of the men described as agricultural labourers, shepherds, and farm servants, we find that the aggregate of men following these industries dropped from being more than 1,100,000, in 1851, to being but little over 900,000 in 1871. Some doubts are thrown on the exact accuracy of this statement by the writers of the Report, who remark, that 'notwithstanding the explicit instructions



tions on the subject to householders and enumerators, it is not improbable that many agricultural labourers returned themselves simply as labourers,' and so, consequently, have swelled the ranks of the general labourers, who are returned separately. Such mistakes may have influenced the Returns in some degree; it is inevitable, though provoking, to the inquirers into the social status of the population that such errors should take place. But they may be imagined to occur in fairly constant proportions at each Census. It is hardly likely that less care is now exercised in the choice of enumerators, or that those selected in 1871 evinced less intelligence than those employed twenty years before. It appears most likely that the statement made at the present time is fairly correct. The opinion that the number of agricultural labourers has declined, is held by competent authorities—by Mr. C. S. Read, M.P., and Mr. Caird—and is supported by some collateral evidence. A Return for the purposes of the Census was obtained from farmers in seventeen representative counties. This was compared with a similar Return made in 1851, and thus there was clearly shown to have been a diminution in the number of labourers in these seventeen counties, from about 280,000 in 1851, to about 200,000 in 1871. The diminution in these seventeen counties is somewhat greater in proportion than in the rest of rural England; but this is exactly what might have been expected, as these districts contain in general a distinctly agricultural population. The number of labourers, when compared with the extent of the land on which they worked, gives an average of about 35 acres to every man employed. If we refer to the agricultural returns for 1871, and take the number of acres under cultivation in England and Wales, and then calculate the number of men who would be required, in the proportion of one man to every 35 acres, we arrive at a number so close to that of the men stated in the Census Tables to be employed in agricultural pursuits, as to corroborate it very strongly. Hence we are brought, though with regret, to accept the numbers given in the Census Tables, and to believe that, year by year, agricultural pursuits occupy not only a smaller proportion, but a smaller actual number of the total population. At present the average acreage under corn and green crops, including in this term the 'roots' so important to the agriculturist, has not altered very materially in Great Britain since the year 1866.

It is by no means absolutely certain that, even if the wages of labour rose materially, the proportion of land employed for growing wheat would be permanently diminished. Mr. Rogers in his '*History of Agriculture and Prices in England*,' reminds us that while wheat has been the customary food of this country from

from the earliest times, 'England has been alternately a corn-growing and a grazing country;' and while the system of agriculture remains what it is at present, it is quite possible that even in the face of rising wages, and increasing imports, the proportion of land under wheat to the rest of the cultivated land of the country may not materially and permanently change. Some persons have expected that one result of the strike among agricultural labourers would be an increase in the size of farms. This may possibly be the case. But it is a remarkable circumstance, as mentioned by Mr. T. Brassey, M.P., in his address to the 'Conference of Co-operative Societies' at Halifax, that while the average size of the farms in the seventeen representative agricultural counties of England, referred to before, was 152 acres, the average size of the farms of the United States, according to the Census of 1870, was 154 acres. We may, therefore, safely infer that, as there is a coincidence in point of size between the farms of England and the United States, the acreage has in each case been determined by considerations of convenience, and, it may be added, is consequently scarcely likely to be altered with great rapidity.

That the produce of the soil is less now than it has been formerly is not likely either. Beyond doubt an increase in the use of agricultural machines, and a vast improvement among these and other implements, have enabled a larger return to be obtained from the soil with the employment of a smaller quantity of labour. The strikes among the agricultural labourers must exert an influence in the direction of a further diminution among their number. The reduction of this class during the last twenty years may lead some to the consideration whether, if it shrinks within still smaller limits, the farmers will be able to carry on their accustomed operations with the help of those who remain. The inference to be drawn from the Census Report is, that they certainly will. Within the last twenty years the numbers of the agricultural labourers have diminished nearly 20 per cent. Even within the last ten years this class, properly speaking, has decreased by more than 10 per cent., without apparently any considerable reduction in the quantity of land under cultivation. Another diminution to an equal extent, as great even as that which has taken place since 1851, would probably be met without difficulty by an increase in the appliances of machinery. It must also be remembered that to create a sudden diminution of the numbers of the agricultural labourer to the extent of 10 per cent. only on their total number by removal or emigration, is a more difficult operation than may at first sight appear. The number of persons to be provided for, if

100,000 heads of families, with those dependent on them, were moved, is not short of half a million. Those who remain will be better paid; and, it is to be hoped, better lodged. That their 'perquisites' and 'privileges' must have a considerable money value is curiously shown by a very interesting statement in the agricultural returns for 1873 of the number and size of 'garden' allotments (by which are understood allotments detached from a cottage or house) in each county in England. On examining into the number of the allotments in the seventeen representative agricultural counties referred to before, it will be found that there were no less than 91,492 such allotments among them. As there were 201,903 labourers in these counties in 1871, and as the number of allotments is exclusive of gardens and land attached to cottages, it is clear that there was a sufficient number of allotments to exercise a very considerable and beneficial influence on the condition of the agricultural labourers. While a diminution in the numbers of so important a class must be a matter of great regret, an improvement in their condition will be a source of increased strength to the country. That their status still requires considerable improvement, to bring it up to the level of the rest of the country, is shown by some painful facts. The proportions of births to marriages is lowest in the strictly agricultural counties. There is also among them a greater proportional number of blind persons than in the rest of England. The number of the blind may, in some degree, be attributed to the emigration of the young and healthy to districts in which their labour is better remunerated. Something also is probably due to food scarcely sufficient to induce a very vigorous life. There is a greater proportion of aged persons in the agricultural districts than in the rest of England; but, even allowing for this, there is a very remarkable number of blind persons in those portions of the country. The Census gives the numbers of men and women living at different periods of age in the various counties of England. If we look down the list, and place a mark against the names of those counties in which the men, between the ages of 20 and 40, the most vigorous period of life, are below the average, we shall find these almost without exception agricultural counties. If, again, in the same list we notice the numbers of men between 60 and 80—the old men—and those places where the numbers of such are above the average, we shall find them to be the same counties which we have marked before. The agricultural counties which are deficient in young life are redundant in aged life; and any change in the distribution of the population, which might tend to remove from the agricultural districts what vigour remains in them, would

would be greatly to be deprecated. We trust that not this effect but the reverse may be the ultimate outcome of the present movement, and that the agricultural population may emerge from the ordeal which they have undergone invigorated by the process. Except when warped by injudicious legislation, the landowner is the natural ally of the labourer on the land. It is a good sign that mutual respect did not break down in the late turmoil. The words of the old song may yet be verified—'The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.'

We will now turn from the agricultural to the town population. In approaching this part of the subject we must first define what is meant by a town. If we include in the description municipal boroughs, towns under Improvement Acts, and towns of some 2000 or more inhabitants, the description adopted in the Census, the number rises to 938. Of such 'towns' there were 580 in 1851, and 781 in 1861. Thirty years ago the 580 towns included less than half the population of England and Wales, but in 1871 more than 60 per cent., that is, more than six persons out of every ten, inhabited such 'towns.' It may be considered that a town with so limited a population as some of these, which hardly rise above the position of villages, scarcely deserves to be considered among the ranks of 'cities.' If we divide the towns of England and Wales into classes, and include, together with London, the 65 old county and assize towns, the 56 watering-places, the 42 principal seaports, and the 169 manufacturing towns, we shall find that nearly half the inhabitants of the country reside in these 333 towns. Their growth has been extremely rapid, and proceeds at a far greater rate of progress than the rest of the population. Gradually the more powerful life of rural England is being absorbed into the towns. The reverse of the agricultural districts—it is here that the largest number of men of the most vigorous ages, the smallest number of men in old age are to be found. This reminds us how needful to the well-being of the country is an improved municipal organization for the towns; and how far, with our cumbrous, incomplete, and expensive method of local administration, we still are from attaining to a good system of municipal government. Only 224 of the 938 towns mentioned before are boroughs with a true municipal organization, and these boroughs contain less than half of the town population.

Something has undoubtedly been done to improve local government during the last twenty or thirty years; much, however, remains undone. To go no further than one point. The memorial recently presented to the Prime Minister by the College of Physicians, on the house accommodation of the

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metropolis, shows the importance which the most scientific body, in matters of hygiene, in the Country ascribes to the question of the housing of the working-classes.

The manner in which Mr. Kay Shuttleworth's motion on the subject was received by the Government, leads to the hope that some measure for the relief of this want may shortly be brought forward. But though the condition of the dwellings of the poor in London may call for the most immediate attention, yet it is not to London alone that the operation of such a measure should be confined. There are many houses, in the Towns generally speaking, inhabited by persons above the scale of the working-classes, which, though not as deficient in proper arrangements of a sanitary kind, still can scarcely be called healthy dwellings. It may be said that these classes of householders, and, in some respects, even those below them, have a power of choosing their dwellings, and need not occupy such unsuitable houses. The limitations in the choice of a residence are, however, far greater than at first sight may appear. Nearly one-fourth of the population consists of children of the school age, three years old and under thirteen, as defined by the Education Act. The children must, of course, accept the home provided for them by their parents, whether it is a healthy dwelling-place or not. But the parents themselves are nearly as much limited in the way of choice as their children. Ask even one of the better class of artisans, whose wife and children suffer in health, who perhaps suffers in health himself, from deficient or unhealthy house accommodation, why he continues in the dwelling obviously so prejudicial to the well-being of the family. The answer, 'It is so handy for my work,' is felt to indicate an almost insurmountable obstacle to a change. It is often not want of proper feeling for those dependent on him, or even want of consciousness of the harm which is being done to them, which prevents the man from attempting to move. It is the knowledge that it would be scarcely possible to find anything better at the price which they can afford to pay, which retains the family in the dreary dwelling where perhaps they have more than once been decimated by preventible disease.

No remark of the late Mr. J. S. Mill is more acute than the one in which he defines houses, and desirable sites for houses, in towns, among objects which are continually under the limitations governing monopolies. The information supplied by the Census enables us to compare the average number of persons to a house since 1801. The proportion of inhabitants to houses continued nearly uniform for the first forty years of the century. Since that time a slight improvement has taken place, and the extent  
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of the house accommodation appears to be somewhat, though very slightly, enlarged. This induces the belief that the removal of the taxes on building materials, commenced about thirty years ago, has been reflected in some degree in an improvement among the dwellings of the people. But in one point, and a very important point too, no real improvement is observable. It is of course most desirable that only one family should be lodged in each house. Though many dwellings occupied only by one family possess but very inadequate accommodation for their inmates, yet, beyond doubt, by far the worst instances of over-crowding are in those dwellings in which many families congregate. There are considerably more 'families' than houses in England and Wales, and the proportion between the families and the houses they occupy shows now scarcely any difference between the proportion in 1801, when the first Census was taken, and when as now there were about twelve families to ten houses. Earlier than that date no exact information exists. The industry of a very careful and trustworthy observer of social matters, the Rev. John Howlett, enables us to carry the investigation a little further back, about to the year 1780; and all that can be said at this time is, that the condition of the average population of England and Wales does not now appear to be worse in this respect than it was a century ago. It is very much to be desired that fuller information on this point should be obtained. When this has been done, it will most probably be found that the general average of the proportion of inhabitants to houses, masks a series of variations almost incredible in their differences. The general average does not at first sight seem so much amiss, though it cannot be altogether satisfactory to any one to think that out of every 1200 families 200 have to share a dwelling with at least one other family; but if we were able to look below the surface, another, and a very different, state of things would be found to underlie an exterior not so obviously objectionable. The density of the population in the houses themselves, probably increases in proportion to the inferiority of the individual houses. Mr. Caird, a most competent and careful inquirer, computed, in 1861, that 'one-third of the population of Scotland lived, each family, in houses of one room only; another third in houses of two rooms; two-thirds of the whole people being thus found to be lodged in a manner incompatible with comfort and decency, as now understood.' Though it is to be hoped that the condition of England is better in this respect than that of Scotland, yet there is good reason for believing that the difference is not so great, and that the over-crowding is not so completely confined to towns as might at first be imagined. Some very  
painful



painful information on the subject, for the rural districts, can be gained by consulting the Report of the Commission on the employment of children, young persons, and women in agriculture. The general correctness of these observations is confirmed by many statements made during the agricultural labourers' lock-out last year. Some important remarks about the condition of the metropolis, in this respect, may be found in the Reports of the Medical Officer of the Privy Council. But more exact knowledge is much wanted.\*

That at present our information on many points connected with the numbers of the people is defective was curiously exemplified at the last Census, by the fact that the extent of the population when enumerated proved to be considerably greater than had been estimated. There were found to be no fewer than a quarter of a million more persons in England and Wales than had been expected.

Some discrepancy between the estimated numbers of the people and the reality may always be looked for. The numbers

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\* An effort was made in 1870, as will be seen by the following quotation from the Journals of the House of Commons and 'Hansard,' to obtain this information at the time when the last Census was taken. The late Government opposed the inquiry, and the proposal was lost in a thin House by a majority of one against it. In answer to the apprehension of the late Home Secretary that such an investigation 'would add enormously to the expense of the inquiry,' it may be mentioned that the cost of the Scotch Census of 1861, when this point was first inquired into, was through careful management reduced below the cost in 1851.

*In Committee on the Census Bill.*

'Clause No. 6. (Enumerators to take an account of houses, &c., and to distinguish the boundaries of parishes, boroughs, &c.)

'Amendment proposed by Mr. Miller. After the word "division," to insert the words, "stating the number of rooms (including the kitchen, if any, as a room) having a window or windows, not being windows with a borrowed light, in each dwelling-house where occupied as a whole, or where let in different stories or apartments, and occupied distinctly by different persons or families."—*Commons Journals*, 26th July, 1870, vol. cxxv. p. 366.

'Mr. Bruce opposed, "believing the provision unnecessary, and that it would add enormously to the expense of the inquiry."

'Mr. Orr Ewing supported the amendment, which required a return that was already made in Scotland, and was found to give very useful information.

'Mr. Chadwick urged the Home Secretary to accept the amendment, or the mover to divide the Committee, on the ground that the information sought would be most valuable in a sanitary point of view.'—*Hansard's Debates*, 3rd series, vol. cciii. p. 1011.

'Question put: That those words be there inserted.

'The Committee divided.

Tellers for the Yeas	{ Mr. Miller.	{ 56.
	{ Mr. Orr Ewing.	
Tellers for the Noes	{ Mr. Glyn.	{ 57.
	{ Mr. Adam.	

This amendment in the clause was therefore lost. The cost of the inquiry would have been a trifle in comparison with the advantage which would have resulted from making it.



of births and deaths, the lists of emigrants, are, or ought to be, duly recorded, but many circumstances, readily to be imagined, prevent these statements from being more than approximately correct. Whence, however, arose this very considerable difference? The Report ascribes it, and, beyond doubt, rightly, to the number of emigrants who have returned from foreign countries. The Civil War in the States of America, the unsettled condition of industry in that country ever since, have probably induced many, who would otherwise have remained in that Continent, to return. France, more unfortunate than America, has, during the last ten years, suffered both from foreign and civil war. Many English probably returned home for shelter during the conflict. Besides these there are many who have emigrated and subsequently come back to England, after residence in a colony. It is most likely that those of our countrymen who have returned from foreign lands were of all ranks and classes in society. Most of us are acquainted now with men of all classes, from the workman who has tried his luck, up to a barrister or a bishop, who have returned 'home' after some years in a colony. Collateral evidence to support the opinion that some part at least of the unexpected increase in the population was due to this cause, may be drawn from other sources. It is the practice of the authorities of the Registration Office to estimate, from the data in their possession, the extent of the population in each year, during the interval between those on which the Census is taken, and these estimates are published in the Report. If we examine them closely, we shall find that the numbers of the male population actually enumerated differ more widely from the actual results than those of the female population; and the numbers of the men in the estimate of the population differ by being less than what the enumeration proved them to be. 'Immigrants,' as the Report terms those who have returned to this country from residence abroad, are, like emigrants, more probably men than women. Hence it is clear that, since the numbers of the men proved to be larger than had been computed, a reflux from abroad was the cause of this unexpected increase.

While dealing with this portion of the subject it is impossible not to express regret that the machinery for enumerating the population is so imperfect as it is.\* Many persons—most persons

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\* One reason which may account for the absence of a more extended interest in the work of the Department may be that only about 1000 copies of the Census Returns are, or can be for sale, the remainder of the impressions being required for official purposes. A very general public interest can hence hardly arise towards a publication of which the circulation is thus so limited. With a view to promote

sons probably—believe that the Census Office is a permanent institution. A curious proof of this is shown by the fact that the ‘office,’ with the names of the ‘officials’ connected with it, may be found in the lists of our public institutions long after Craig’s Court has been deserted by its temporary occupants, long after the employés have been dispersed, long after the materials for the basis of the Census have been packed up and stowed away in dusty boxes. It is greatly to the credit of the Registrar-General’s office that it is able every ten years to undertake this addition to its ordinary duties. It is from that office the staff of officers under whose supervision the work is executed, is drafted for the occasion. The result shows that their work has been admirably performed. But the many important points in the organization of society, for the due arrangement of which an exact knowledge of the numbers of the people is essential, render it desirable that something more than this should be done. What is needed is a small but competent permanent staff, to be specially employed in the duty of taking note of the more considerable alterations in the numbers of the people; in recording the establishment of new municipalities and local governing bodies, with the extensions of their boundaries, and in similar duties. The absence of a regular official record of the movements of population between each Census, is sometimes productive of real inconvenience. For some purposes, the number of the population given in the Census tables is the only recognised basis. Thus, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in making grants to new parishes and districts, and in augmenting existing benefices, systematically and inexorably adhere to the last decennial Census. The population may have doubled, may have tripled, since the last Census was taken, but it is believed that no certificate whatever to that effect will induce the Commissioners to do otherwise than adhere to their rule; probably the inconvenience which might arise from departing from a readily recognizable standard may be so great as to compel them to take this course, but their practice supplies an illustration of the uses which an office devoted to the purposes of enumeration would perform. A staff thus organized would keep up a continuous record of any remarkable development of the population in any part of the country, and might also provide, among other things, that all the numerous returns continually being made to Parliament, in which the numbers of the population form an element, should be executed on a uniform

promote a knowledge of the main facts, a digest of the English Census of 1871 has been carefully compiled by Mr. James Lewis of the Registrar General’s Department, and published by Mr. Stanford of Charing Cross.

basis.

basis. The saving in expense caused by uniformity in 'gauge' is well recognised in this country; the economy for instance caused by arrangements such as those which Sir Joseph Whitworth has perfected. And a similar economy, in a more extended way, would doubtless result from an analogous process in registration.

We referred a few pages back to the influence which war and troubles in America and the United States appears to have exerted in promoting the return to this country of many who had emigrated from it. These causes may also be supposed to have affected the numbers of foreigners resident in these Islands, happily undisturbed by the turmoil which has gone on around them. The influence of American and Continental strife certainly appears to have been felt both in the numbers and the composition of our population, but that influence has not always been what might have been anticipated.

The total number of persons reported as 'born abroad' has greatly increased during the interval between 1861 and 1871. But a very curious point in the matter is that this increase was not in the number of 'foreigners,' properly so called. The greatest proportional augmentation is among the number of those who, though born out of the United Kingdom, are still British subjects. It remarkably illustrates the extent to which English enterprise and English people are constantly exploring foreign lands, as well as the strength of that feeling which urges them home when they have reaped the fruits of their expatriation, to find that the English subjects born abroad and now living in England have more than doubled during the last ten years. The increase is rather greater among those under twenty years of age. This shows that it is not merely the elderly man who makes his way home to lay his bones among the associations of his youth, but it is the children who return as well with their parents. The total increase among foreigners born in Europe and resident among us is less than might have been expected; it is considerably less than that of the English subjects born abroad. An examination of the details shows in what a curious manner, and in what opposite directions, the war between France and Germany influenced the number of natives of those countries living among us at that time. Nearly half as many more French persons were living in England in 1871 as compared with 1861. On the other hand, though there was a greater number of Germans, they had increased not only to a smaller extent, but in a considerably smaller proportion. In 1861 there were nearly 13,000; in 1871, nearly 18,000 French people in England. Of Germans, at the corresponding dates, the

the numbers were 28,000 and 32,000. But for the war, the increase in the numbers of German men resident in England would probably have been much more considerable. The influence of the war and the fear of the 'Commune,' is shown beyond doubt in the numbers of French women living in England, and in particular of those described as 'wives of Frenchmen.' There were, according to the Returns, nearly three times as many 'wives of Frenchmen' in England in 1871 as in 1861. The 'wives of Germans' had also increased, but nothing like in the same proportion. This statement, coupled with the occupations mentioned as followed by the various foreigners living in England, induces the belief that many wives of Frenchmen must have taken refuge in this country from the troubles going on in their native land; and that, while the wives of the Germans indicated a more distinctly resident population, a greater number of the Germans themselves were young unmarried men engaged in mercantile pursuits. There is already a very considerable colony of German merchants, brokers, and clerks in this country. The statements in the Report enable us to trace the distribution of foreigners in the various portions of the kingdom. The greatest number is naturally to be found in London. But wherever the industry of England works quickest, wherever there is the best chance of carrying on a profitable business, there the foreigner, and especially the German, is to be found. The French residents among us are also mostly aggregated in the great centre of population. But while they have principally taken up their habitation in the metropolis, or among the principal watering-places, such as Brighton, the Germans are located, after London, principally in busy, industrial cities, like Manchester, Leeds, or Bradford. This is no subject of regret; on the contrary, it should be matter of satisfaction. If we have taught foreign nations much, we may learn from them much also. There are many occupations which they carry on with greater skill than we do. The frugality of France, the industry, the careful education of Germany, may teach us many a useful lesson.

We have given but a slight sketch of some of the main facts which may be learned from the Census Report. It is the only official record of many points in the social condition of the people, and of these points an accurate registration is most desirable. Further than this, it is by far the most important scientific statistical inquiry carried on by the Government. At the outset we mentioned that it scarcely received from the public at large the recognition which such considerable labour and skill deserves. It is no easy matter to arrange the contents of four solid volumes, besides

besides another of supplementary index, and one of preliminary report, in such a manner as to be convenient for reference and readily accessible. But this, though no slight task in itself, is but a small portion of what is actually required. The scientific skill which directs that the inquiry shall be made in such a manner that the most important facts may be elicited, is the mainspring of the whole machine. As we said in the commencement of our notice, all this labour scarcely receives the attention it deserves. Nor is this to be wondered at. Though the Census contains far more than the past history of much that is important to the well-being of the State, for it affords in many respects the only trustworthy basis on which to ground a calculation for the future; yet the form in which the information is given is one almost repulsive, except to those who care to search for the important truths which lie hid among those masses of figures. The ordinary reader is too apt to turn aside from those pages of tables, feeling '*il senso lor m'è duro.*' They certainly do not form a style of literature likely to be attractive to people in general. Yet even the ordinary reader might find in the details of the Census, when he had mastered their significance, much to interest him. The well-being of the country in time past, the prospects of the country in time to come, are chronicled there. The proof of energy among preceding generations, the promise of the reward for exertions accomplished, are both clearly indicated. Taken as a whole, the Census gives no reason to doubt that the prosperity of the country has continued to increase, as well as the numbers of the people. The details afford every ground for the belief that this prosperity will be fully maintained; though occasional and temporary fluctuations in it may doubtless recur. As the Report reminds us, 'the people of England, which calls herself "old," are younger than the people of many other countries, not because life is shorter, but because the births are continually increasing and infusing youthful blood into the people.'

With increasing numbers there have been some alterations among occupations. The advocates of women's rights, and also the more sensible helpers of those women to whom a remunerative employment is a matter of necessity, will be glad to learn that the number of women 'engaged in specific occupations, and, no doubt, earning wages or profits of some kind,' has increased more than 800,000 during the last twenty years. As this exceeds the rate of increase among the remainder of the female population, it becomes evident that there has been a considerable increase among the numbers and the proportion of women engaged in remunerative work. The Report proudly adds:—

'There

'There is no evidence of the increase of idle women;' and remarks, with much common sense, that in order to induce a corresponding emigration among women to the emigration among men, it is desirable that their 'education should be directed so as to suit the circumstances of country and colonial life.' The number of women-servants has greatly increased—it has even more than doubled during the last forty years. It is a curious incidental illustration of one of those 'leaps and bounds' which the prosperity of the country has recently made, that the greatest increase among the number of the women-servants in the country has taken place during the last ten years, during which time they have been augmented in number about one-fifth. This of itself goes a long way to account for the rise of wages so much lamented by careful housekeepers. There has not been, during the last ten years, any considerable increase among the higher classes of the liberal and learned professions. Medical men have remained nearly stationary; clergymen of the Church of England have but slightly increased; solicitors are nearly the same in number; but there has been a decided growth of the numbers of barristers. Brewers, wine and spirit merchants, and innkeepers and publicans have greatly extended their numbers; and there is an increase in about the same proportion among chemists and druggists. The friends of temperance will be glad to learn that there has been quite a corresponding increase among grocers and tea-dealers. Boot and shoe makers form almost the only trade which has diminished in number.

As we turn the pages of the report, and read the list of the new occupations, the greater openings for industry, the further developments of intelligent life, the feeling how rapidly the population is changing, how rapidly one generation succeeds another is brought vividly before the mind. Though the character, the disposition of the people appears to most observers but little altered, this is only because such changes, though perpetual, advance usually in so imperceptible a manner, that each separate step cannot be traced. Even by the most watchful, the most experienced, it is but in hints, so to say, in disjointed facts that the results of the alterations in ways of life can be perceived. It is only when the aggregate is massed together that their real tendency will be seen. A census can, it is true, take no ostensible account of the habits, of the modes of thought of a people. Caution, or recklessness in the management of affairs; prudence or extravagance; a decadence of propriety, or a higher standard of life, these things cannot be stated in the tables. But none the less will the results of these influences be marked, and the progress of the nation onward or downward will



will be found recorded by the process of registration in a form undisturbed by passion, uncoloured by prejudice. Wherever there is life there must be movement. That movement may be guided, but it cannot be stayed. We are apt to forget this. We are apt to think that the state of society that surrounds us is permanent, and to imagine that nothing in it alters, 'though fresh and fresh men die, and fresh and fresh men are born, so that the whole is ever shifting. Yet we forget all that drop away, and are insensible to all that are added; and we still think that this whole which we call a nation is one and the same, and that the individuals who come and go, exist only in it and for it, and are but as the grains of a heap or the leaves of a tree.' The leaves of the tree present the comparison which brings the reality more closely before our minds. Their appearance and their number mark the growth and the condition of the parent stem. There is many a lesson which the nation, if it possesses the will, may find in the Census. From such periodical investigations, we may learn to gauge the actual progress of changes which otherwise might steal imperceptibly on to the lasting detriment of the State.

Gradually, as each Census comes round, we feel that another step in our national as well as our individual life has been taken. To the householder, as he fills up his schedule, the occasion brings the remembrance of the changes in his family circle within the previous ten years. Ten years can hardly pass in a man's life without making vast alterations among those who assemble under his roof. The vigorous boy, at school in the preceding decade, has advanced into the opening stage of a promising career; the bright girl, a child ten years since, is now the happy wife, the centre of another household. And then there is the gap made, not by removal but by death—the void left which time may help to bridge over, but never can fill.

'God gives us love. Something to love  
He lends us; but when love is grown  
To ripeness, that on which it throve  
Falls off, and love is left alone.'

Ten years make many changes in this way, yet ten years are but the merest fraction in the life of a nation. We have now a fairly exact record of the population of England and Wales for seventy years. Seventy years even do not provide in many respects a sufficiently extended basis on which to build a really sound scientific theory. Periods extending over a considerably greater space than this, are still far too small to justify a complete



plete confidence in all the results which may be inferred from the changes recorded during their term. A Census has been taken in Sweden for a longer period than in any other European country; but even there an exact Census has only been taken since the middle of the last century. Mr. Newmarch, when President of the Statistical Society a short time since, called attention to some of the curious facts which the Swedish Registers display. From them certain times appear to be deduced, during which the population seems to fluctuate in its rate of increase.\* They may be taken to extend over periods of seventy years. In making observations of this kind, the influence of war, and of internal dissensions in a country, should any have occurred, must be allowed for. It cannot yet be distinctly stated on what these periods are based, or whether they are absolutely certain to recur. The length of time over which accurate returns extend, is not yet sufficiently long to enable a precise opinion to be formed; but whether periodical or only occasional, a series of plentiful or deficient harvests probably supplies the governing cause. Vast as our progress in a mastery over the powers of nature has been, such forces exert an influence to which we all must submit.

These observations are referred to here as giving instances of the information which may be gained as to a knowledge of the social progress of a state, from careful investigation based on scientific statistical research. Such studies enable us to mark the results that are recorded. The record itself traces out as well the guiding influences which lead to these results. The condition of France, as reflected in the Census reports of recent years, affords an illustration and a warning. The last French Census shows that what appeared inevitable a few years ago has now occurred; and that the population, instead of increasing, has fallen off in number. This is not alone due to the serious conflicts in which that country has recently been engaged. It cannot be explained away either as resulting from a possible inference that the population of France had a tendency to periodical fluctuation such as that indicated above. The decline in numbers was clear many years ago. M. Maurice Block's remarks in his admirable work '*L'Europe Politique et Sociale*,' show his apprehensions for his country as far back as 1869.

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\* The English reader will find a great deal of information in an accessible form in Mr. F. Hendriks's very careful paper on the '*Vital Statistics of Sweden*,' in the '*Journal of the Statistical Society for 1862*.'

Speaking of the small proportion of births to marriages in France, he remarks:—

‘Il y a en France beaucoup plus de mariages entre jeunes gens de l’un ou l’autre sexe avec des vieillards que dans tout autre pays; on a conclu qu’il se faisait chez nous beaucoup plus de mariages d’argent qu’ailleurs. Il est certain que, dans les pays où n’existe pas l’usage de donner une dot à la fille, il est plus rare de rencontrer d’aussi grands écarts d’âge entre les époux.

‘Il est même des personnes qui—par une bonne ou une mauvaise logique—font remonter à cet usage la faible fécondité des mariages en France. On ne veut pas trop éparpiller la fortune. . . . D’autres attribuent l’infériorité plus ou moins volontaire de notre fécondité à la loi du partage égal des héritages, sans parler de l’influence du luxe, des vices,’ &c.—*L’Europe Politique et Sociale*, p. 38. Par Maurice Block.

If we examine the very careful statements in the ‘Annuaire Politique’ of the same eminent economist, we shall find the rate of increase in the population of France tabulated from 1817 onwards. That rate of increase, always small, had undergone so great and progressive a decline in recent years, that it was already doubtful in 1868, whether the population, almost stationary in numbers in that year, would not, if events proceeded in the same ratio, shortly experience a decline. The tenour of the chapter on population in M. Block’s ‘Statistique de la France,’ the second edition of which work was published this year (1875), and thus provides the latest information accessible, certainly on the whole supports this opinion. M. Raudot, a member of the National Assembly, confirms, by an examination of the figures in the last French Census, M. Block’s statements. No question there is the very heavy loss of life during the war, and the Communist insurrection to be allowed for. No question, also, Alsace and Lorraine contained more than a million and a half inhabitants whose allegiance was transferred to Prussia after allowing for those who preferred to retain their French nationality. The war had affected the population also in other ways; still, allowing for all these circumstances, there remains a diminution of the population which cannot be estimated at much less than half a million souls. That this decrease was not altogether caused by the war is shown by the fact that it was greatest in those departments which were not invaded by the Prussians.

The official return gives the numbers as follows:—

. . . . ‘La comparaison des deux dénombrements (1866-1872) s’établit ainsi:

‘RÉCAPITULATION.

## ‘RÉCAPITULATION GÉNÉRALE.’

POPULATION.	POPULATION EN		DIMINUTION.	
	1866.	1872.	Totale.	P. 100.
Population civile .. .. .	37,751,857	35,728,210	2,023,647	5·36
Armée de Terre et de Mer ..	440,207	374,711	65,496	14·88
Totaux .. .. .	38,192,064	36,102,921	2,089,143	5·47
A déduire : la population de l'Alsace-Lorraine .. .. .			1,597,238	
Diminution de la France entière .. .. .			491,905	1·29'

Fifty-six out of the eighty-nine departments enumerated in the Census were not invaded by the German armies; but the occupied departments contained about half the entire population of France. In the uninvaded portions of the country the diminution was the greatest, amounting to more than 300,000 inhabitants. It is doubtful whether the total number of deaths attributable to the war can be computed at more than 200,000. This leaves a large margin of diminution to be accounted for from other causes. The official statement endeavours to account for this from the results of the war alone; but the calculation made by M. Raudot, and based on the numbers of the male and female population in 1866 and 1872 certainly appears to justify him in saying that if this were the case ‘nous verrions une différence énorme entre le nombre des hommes et celui des femmes dans le dernier recensement.’ Instead of which the disparity between the two sexes had only increased by about 100,000 in the six years, 1866–1872: that is to say, as the disparity between the population of men and of women had only increased by about that number, it is probable that the total decrease is not attributable to the war alone.

The losses of France since 1870 by internal and external war, the industries wasted, the lives sacrificed, may be tabulated and estimated with considerable exactness. Vast as the effort was by which the ransom to Germany has been paid, still more wearing as the effort to provide the annual expenditure resulting from that debt must be; heavy as these losses have been—heavier still as the clog they are likely to impose on the in-

\* P. xviii, ‘Statistique de la France. Résultats généraux du dénombrement de 1872. Paris. Imprimerie Nationale, MDCCCLXXIII.’

dustry of France will prove them to be in future—they are as nothing compared with the utter rottenness in social life which the passionless enumeration of the Census reveals. Weighed in the balance, the German indemnity is a burden nothing like so heavy as that which the diminution of the population will inflict. It is this diminution which appears to be the greatest source of danger to the future of France. The tree may recover from the loss which the lopping off of a branch may inflict, but the gradual decadence of the vital power evinces a far more deadly, though less obvious, cause of decay. The violation of one of the highest laws of nature cannot take place with impunity. The greed for wealth among the masses which compelled an equal division of property among a family has recoiled on itself. A far greater loss, even in a pecuniary sense, is shown by the want of vigour, which prefers self-indulgence, combined with a repression of numbers, to the sustained energy by which alone a larger population may be supported in increased well-being. This loss cannot be estimated, but it marks the difference between an advancing and a decaying people.\* Mere numbers, it is perfectly true, supply but a very imperfect test of the material prosperity of a country. The actual condition of the population has, of course, to be considered as well. The supply of the necessities and comforts of life must keep pace with the increasing numbers, otherwise there is no real progress. Prudence, together with propriety, steps in and demands that some restraint should be placed on too early or unwise marriages. But early marriages, combined with a small rate of births, mark something beyond that sober prudence which requires suitable

\* 'Une autre conséquence directe de notre régime de partage forcé est la stérilité systématique des mariages. Après avoir conjuré par la recherche d'une dot le morcellement de la maison paternelle, le nouveau chef de famille devient naturellement enclin à alléger pour son fils le poids de la même épreuve; mais, en présence des prescriptions de la loi, il n'a d'autre moyen d'atteindre ce but indiqué par la prévoyance que de restreindre sa postérité. Des recherches persévérantes, poursuivies, avec le concours de mes amis, auprès d'une multitude de médecins et de ministres du culte, signalent les résultats, chaque jour plus funestes, que ce désordre entraîne pour toutes les classes de la société française : une enquête ouverte à ce sujet condamnerait avec évidence les idées systématiques qui président chez nous à la transmission des biens; elle révélerait surtout les causes d'affaiblissement social que j'aurai l'occasion d'indiquer plus loin, en ce qui concerne le régime du travail, l'aptitude à coloniser et la défense du pays. Ceux mêmes que touchent peu ces grands intérêts publics ne peuvent, désormais, méconnaître la réaction funeste que la stérilité exerce sur le bonheur individuel.

'La violation des lois essentielles qui commandent la fécondité pèse particulièrement sur la femme. Dans l'ordre physique, la stérilité semble affecter profondément l'organisme des femmes françaises de la dernière génération; et des médecins observateurs y voient la cause d'un état maladif qui ne se manifeste point dans les contrées où les mariages féconds sont en honneur. Dans l'ordre moral, les conséquences de la stérilité sont plus regrettables encore.'—*La Réforme Sociale en France*, par M. F. Le Play. Quatrième Edition, Tome i. p. 392.

preparation to be made before marriage, in the way of a provision for the wants of the future. An increase of a restless, shiftless, proletariat class is greatly to be deprecated; but, as far as our knowledge extends, we see no reason for believing that such a class has, with our growing numbers in England, increased more rapidly than, or even as rapidly as, in France. On the contrary, such indications as exist, point in the opposite direction. The stimulants to increased production, and thus to increased wealth, are far stronger with a rising than with a declining population. The morale of a nation is so closely interlinked with its material prosperity, that whatever saps the one strikes a blow at the other. To take one instance alone, in many respects the wealth of a country depends, not only on the superficial extent of the territories, but on their reproductive value. The diminution of the number of agricultural labourers in England does not appear to have been accompanied by any diminution of the return from the soil. In France, according to M. Raudot—and in this he is corroborated by a writer holding very different opinions, M. Jules Simon—there are districts in which from a deficiency of labour, intelligence, and capital, the ill-cultivated soil yields insufficient produce.

‘D’ailleurs, sauf sur certains points, la France n’a pas de trop-plein, la population est insuffisante même dans bien des contrées, parce que, manquant de bras, d’intelligences, de capitaux, la terre mal cultivée y donne des produits insuffisants; c’est la France elle-même qui, sur plus d’un point, aurait besoin d’être colonisée.’—*Recensement de la Population de la France en 1872*. Par M. Raudot, Député de l’Yonne, p. 16.

It is a remarkable thing, that as far as can be traced, this diminution in the growth of the population of France appears to be distinctly subsequent to the introduction of the existing law of inheritance. Towards the commencement of this century, when the influence of that law was not, as it were, fixed, in the minds of the people, the rate of increase in France corresponded far more nearly than at the present time with that of England. Some information may be obtained as to earlier periods which points in the same direction. The ‘Brief Essay on the Advantages and Disadvantages which respectively attend France and Great Britain with regard to Trade,’ written by Dean Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, towards the end of the last century, and first published, at that time anonymously, in 1750, gives a good deal of information as to the social condition of France at that period. No observer, writing at the present day, would speak of France and England in the manner that he does. ‘Nothing

is more visible,' are his words, 'than the great difference between the morals and industry of the manufacturing poor in France, and in England. In the former, they are sober, frugal, and laborious. They marry, and have flocks of children, whom they bring up to labour.' The general tenour of the observations in Arthur Young's well-known 'Travels in France,' about thirty-five or forty years later in date than Dean Tucker's pamphlet, are to the same effect. It is not possible, and it would not be desirable, to proceed to a more detailed comparison between this country and its nearest continental neighbour. Of all investigations into the condition of social life, those of the comparative prosperity, far more of the comparative morality, of nations, are the most difficult to bring to a satisfactory conclusion, even with the aid of a most complete and exhaustive inquiry. The different branches of the subject shade off like the features of an extended landscape. Boundaries, which at a distance appear well marked and sharply defined, are often found, when approached more nearly, to shade off into each other with countless and delicate gradations. Yet sometimes, too, a closer investigation shows, masked by a natural similarity of form on either side, a gulf unseen, because sunk beyond the ken of ordinary observation, but forming a complete barrier of separation. So, between the standard of life in this country and France there exists on this most vital point, and till France changes we trust there ever will continue to exist a fundamental difference, the vast results of which are shown in the aggregate by statistical computation, while the roots lie deep in the different motives swaying the individuals of each nation. These motives in France are grounded on the laws governing the rights of inheritance and the distribution of property. They are laws which exalt selfishness into a virtue, and reduce prudence to the level of a vice. Far different has been the vigorous self-reliant course of England, a course which has retained increasing numbers in greater comfort at home, and has yet sent increasing numbers as colonists abroad. The boldest course has been the safest course. The British Colonies, under judicious administration, form the best supports of the British Empire. They are likewise the best markets for our produce.

This country stands, as shown by the Census, high in national prosperity. But we must not allow ourselves, while looking at things in the aggregate, to be blind to the conditions on which our prosperity is based. It is not on the mine, the loom, or on accumulated wealth, that our well-being is really founded, or which can be relied on for providing the basis on which it may continue. Other nations, infinitely below us in the scale, are



nevertheless far more highly gifted with the unused elements of wealth than we are. Our prosperity has been won by the unceasing efforts, by the unflinching exertions of our people. It can only be preserved by maintaining a high standard of individual character.

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ART. IX.—*Parliamentary Debates, Session 1875.*

**I**N the palmy days of Mr. Gladstone's majority, no charge was more freely levelled against the Conservative opposition than that they had no policy. No doubt they were not prepared to make a bid for office by any promise of legislation akin to that of Mr. Gladstone. But even at that time, when the prospects of the party were most gloomy, when few ventured to anticipate within any reasonable time the 'swinging back of the pendulum' of popular favour, its great and never-despairing leader, in a famous speech at Sydenham, gave utterance to what he described as the hereditary or traditionary policy of the party—the maintenance of our institutions, the preservation of our empire, and the improvement of the condition of the people.

What was then uttered without any immediate prospect of being called upon to give effect to it, is becoming an accomplished fact. The sympathy of our colonies with the mother country, and the interest of the people of England in the maintenance and consolidation of the Empire, have again been recognised. The ties which kindred and common interest have formed are being drawn closer together; and the selfish policy, not of any political party, but of Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal leaders, which bid fair to disintegrate the Empire, has been abandoned with the cordial approbation of the country.

The late Lord Lytton, himself thoroughly acquainted with Colonial administration, declared that from the time of the accession of the Gladstone Government to power, we must date the rise of an irritation, a disturbance, an unsettlement in the principal portions of our Colonial Empire, which it would task their statesmanship to allay and remove. 'They succeeded,' he wrote, 'to the administration of that vast empire when it was singularly tranquil and loyal; they contrived in the space of a year to destroy that tranquillity and to endanger that loyalty.' Happily that state of affairs exists no longer. The declarations of the Colonial press during the present year cannot possibly be mistaken. Our Colonial fellow-subjects have been gratified beyond measure at the increased attention which has been given to questions affecting their interests, at its outward expression



expression in Her Majesty's speech from the throne, and at the active support and warm sympathy of Lord Carnarvon and his colleagues.

For years, too, the working classes have witnessed almost the whole time of Parliament devoted to the elaboration of fundamental changes in the Constitution, which were to them of little moment, until at last they might have been tempted to cry out that the governing power of this country knew little and cared less for the real happiness of the lower classes, and that the small but really vital reforms which they desired could not, except perhaps by force, be obtained from their own representatives. They have now seen the reins of power pass into the hands of men who believe that the first and foremost duty of Government is to secure the social welfare of the people, and that statesmen can afford to despise democratic agitators, if the comfort and happiness of the mass of the population in what are called comparatively minor matters is adequately attended to.

Such, then, has been the deliberate policy of the Government of Mr. Disraeli, and there are ample indications that it has not only obtained the cordial support of his parliamentary majority, but that it has also been satisfactory to the country. The end of his second session of office finds him with an undiminished party, and with no sign of decreasing confidence. His followers are united and enthusiastic in support of their policy and of their leader. The great Liberal party, on the other hand, has neither a programme nor a leader.

To talk of its being divided into three great sections is to give no idea of its real disintegration. 'The position of our party,' said Mr. Bright, in February of the present year, 'if we look around, is not one which affords altogether the most pleasant prospect. (Hear, hear!)\* We should think not. The cheers gave expression to the widespread feeling of satisfaction amongst Liberals of various shades at their own exclusion from office, even for a long period. And though Mr. Bright went on to speak of his party as '*tolerably* unanimous,' it would be difficult to indicate any policy, hardly any prominent political topic, upon which any real unanimity exists. Can the Church be said to be in danger when a deliberate attack upon it, uttered with the well-known eloquence of a statesman returning at a crisis in the history of the Liberal party to resume his active duties in Parliament, failed to meet with the smallest response in the country? The carefully prepared and powerfully expressed argument of Mr. Bright disappointed many Liberals just as

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\* Meeting at Reform Club, Feb. 5, 1875.

much as the extraordinary declaration of the Radical Mayor of Birmingham had disgusted them, when he urged that the downfall of the Church was to be effected by appealing to the love of personal gain which animates every citizen, and to the passions and prejudices which more particularly influence the poor and uneducated. 'At the first blush it may seem that this is not exactly the kind of question . . . which will stir the working classes to enthusiasm, and bind them to the Liberal cause!' Mr. Chamberlain is not far wrong.

Even Mr. Bright himself appears now to see how useless for the practical purpose of rallying the Liberal party is the effete cry of 'down with Establishments;' and having been recently called upon by certain anonymous Radicals to invent a grievance for the ensuing autumn campaign, he has advised that common ground for the joint action of the various sections of the party is to be found in Parliamentary Reform. But when Mr. Forster, with reckless and acknowledged disregard of the consequences which must necessarily follow the adoption of household suffrage in the counties, gave it in emphatic terms the weight of his great authority, the leader of the great Liberal party could not make up his mind on the subject, and Mr. Lowe voted against it. The result of this debate made it apparent to many members of the party that, as a supplement to the adoption of household suffrage, some scheme for the redistribution of seats must be matured. But utterly unable to make practical suggestions or to agree amongst themselves as to what that scheme should be, they hit upon the extraordinary expedient of asking for a Royal Commission—to be presided over by Lord Grey—to examine into the crude ideas of these political quacks, and to settle a future policy for them. There is no prominent question more unripe for settlement, or towards the elucidation of which less has been contributed than that of Parliamentary Reform.

Take the land again. Has any advance been made towards the adoption of any definite line of action? Has such an object been promoted, when upon the vital question of permitting entire freedom of contract—to our minds the key of the whole position—the leader of the party and Mr. Lowe separated themselves from the bulk of their followers?

But what Mr. Trevelyan denounced as the 'Tiverton and Taunton doctrine' has prevailed. Liberalism is to be kept in abeyance until, as is fondly hoped, the reaction shall have expended its force. Its new leader is to hold a watching brief. His chief duty is to be that of 'careful criticism.' Almost any one would do well enough for what is avowedly only a period of transition.

transition. Lord Hartington, therefore, entered under considerable disadvantages upon the duties of a position which he had not sought, and for which he declared himself to be unfitted.

‘As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;’

so Lord Hartington has hardly received from his own party proper recognition for the manner in which he acquitted himself. In spite of mistakes—such as his weak and vacillating speech upon the Bill to amend the Irish Land Act, and his unfortunate reference in his eulogium upon Lord Charles Russell to the Liberal bias of that official—his moderation, his hardheadedness (as Mr. Bright called it), and common sense have produced a favourable impression. And upon more than one occasion, notably in the debates on the Peace Preservation Act, he has shown his fairness and consistency by the support which he gave to the Government, in spite of his colleagues. He has exceeded expectation, he has filled the office as well as any man of his party could have done, and yet he has not led. At the meeting to which we have already referred, Mr. Charles Villiers expressed his belief that the choice of a leader would fetter no man’s judgment. It certainly has not done so. The Opposition benches have become Liberty Hall. Every one has pursued his own crotchets in his own manner and at his own time; and the only man who perhaps has shown steadiness in the pursuit of a definite object, and who has ever been on the watch for possible combinations by which his adversaries might be placed in a minority, his rivals shown to be incapable, and he himself to be indispensable, is Sir William Harcourt.

Hardly, however, had the new leader warmed to his work than a new element of disturbance was suddenly introduced. His illustrious predecessor was politically neither dead nor sleeping. To some it had seemed that an overwhelming dread of Papal aggression had entirely engrossed a mind for which religious speculation had always had a special attraction, and that the greatest orator of the day had permanently abandoned the field in which he was pre-eminent for one in which he had always failed to obtain more than a qualified success. To him, like Roscommon,

‘the wit of Greece and Rome were known,  
And every author’s merit but his own.’

But it was not to be so. No sooner had the unambitious Budget of 1875 been given to the world than he superseded  
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Lord Hartington, and rushed again into the fray with an energy that recalled the time when Mr. Disraeli expressed his satisfaction that he was separated from his political rival by the breadth of the table. This was very hard upon the new leader, but to the Liberal party it was eminently disastrous. The Budget, in which he had detected some mysterious iniquity, was gratefully accepted by a large section of his own party, and was approved by the nation at large.

But his intervention on the subject of economy was even more unfortunate. Nothing had discredited the late Government more than the general belief in their love of cheeseparing. How far this was due to the roughshod changes of Mr. Lowe and Mr. Childers, or to the directing mind of the Prime Minister, had not been revealed. But Mr. Gladstone has now announced that as almost the solitary representative of opinions respecting public economy which thirty years ago were the opinions of all men of any note in both political parties alike, he 'declines controversy' about efficiency when any petty economy can be achieved. All this is bad enough, and fully explains many past errors, but the most astounding feature of his conduct was the occasion upon which he delivered himself of these sentiments. It was in the debate on the Bill for constituting the judicial bench of the future, upon the adequacy of which the success of the administration of justice mainly depends. Because thirty years ago economies might with advantage be made, and indeed were absolutely needful, they are to be made now, not only without any consideration of their necessity, but without any idea as to whether they will prove advantageous to the honour and prosperity of the country.

While hardly any statesman of prominence on the Liberal benches, with the exception of Mr. Lowe who, on more than one occasion, has shown a marked superiority to his former colleagues, can be said to have improved his position during the past session, the popular estimate of more than one member of the Ministry has been materially altered. Mr. Disraeli himself, true to his often-declared practice of giving his younger colleagues opportunities of self-distinction, has not taken a very prominent part in legislation. But he never made a better speech than that in which he appealed to the common sense of Englishmen against the absolutely groundless charges of Dr. Kenealy, and dexterously scoffed at the terrible results which were represented as likely to follow the rejection of his motion upon the Tichborne trial; and his vindication of the importance of being guided by 'musty precedents,' in answer to the attack of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, was a masterpiece of parliamentary debating.

bating. But beyond any question the most important result of the session to the Conservative party has been the development of Sir Stafford Northcote. Hitherto he would have been universally admitted to be a trustworthy financier, a good administrator, and a master of detail. All, however, must have been surprised at the neat, logical, and effective manner in which he disposed of Mr. Gladstone's criticisms upon his Budget, and thoroughly convinced the country of the soundness of the principles upon which it was based. In debates upon financial questions the front bench of the Opposition is remarkably strong. He has had to encounter them almost single-handed, and, if not always absolutely victorious, he has steadily gained in reputation. And on all occasions he has shown a readiness in reply and a knowledge of the temper of the House of Commons which indicate that, whenever the occasion may arise, the party will not be in want of an effective leader in that House.

Lord Carnarvon too has steadily advanced in public estimation. The Minister who founded the Dominion of Canada, and who is attempting the arduous task of consolidating the various sections of our South African possessions, has also shown that he is not insensible to other duties attaching to an Imperial position. He is determined to redress injustice. In the case of Langalibalele, although fully aware of the discontent which it would excite in the colony, and of the personal unpopularity which it might entail upon him, his decision was that British honour should not be tarnished by any unjust act. Here was a case when it might have been supposed that all would be equally anxious to uphold the credit of the mother country. This was not the view of the Liberal peers. Although neither Lord Kimberley nor Lord Grey, and still less Lord Selborne, could deny that the trial of Langalibalele was a mockery of English justice, they declined to support Lord Carnarvon in reversing a decision which was as unwise and impolitic as it was illegal. And why? Because it was not right for a Minister in England to overrule the opinion of the responsible Governor of a colony. Lord Carnarvon very rightly held that such a view of the responsibilities of our Imperial position was altogether untenable, and that this country, which has always exercised a powerful influence on behalf of humanity and justice, ought not to exhibit so degenerate a spirit.

'If there be any truth whatever in our theory and idea of empire, it is surely in this—that the servants of the Crown are bound to have a conscience in this matter, and bound also to have a voice; and when an act of wrong or injustice has been done in any part of the  
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Empire, it is their duty to raise their voice in its condemnation. If the ties of the Empire will not bear that strain upon them, then I say the whole Imperial theory becomes an absolute fiction, and worse than fiction.\*

We now propose to take a brief survey of the proceedings of the past session. Within a week of the delivery of the Queen's Speech eight Bills of importance were submitted to Parliament, and, however uneventful and unexciting, the session has produced many measures of lasting importance. The chief legislative successes of the year are undoubtedly due to the Home Secretary. He has shown that, having set an object clearly in view, he can direct all his energies to its attainment, without suffering himself to be diverted from it.

The delay in dealing with the question of the Labour Laws had produced amongst the working classes discontent, if not exasperation. Mr. Gladstone's Government had incurred great unpopularity by the contemptuous way in which suggestions for the amendment of those laws were rejected. The most obnoxious clause of the Masters and Servants Act was described as wise and necessary. Even the proposal of the present Government to refer the subject to a Royal Commission was denounced by the representatives of the workmen in no measured terms, and by the refusal of any information or assistance its success was endangered. When that Commission reported, it left the matter in a more hopeless state than ever. The Report afforded no satisfactory or permanent solution of the difficulties which it brought to light. It proved that much of our legislation upon the subject was confused, unintelligible, and incapable of amendment, but the remedies which it proposed did not touch the root of the evil. Mr. Cross, with a mastery of the subject which alone could have made success possible, and with a courage which surprised even his friends, threw over the timid and vacillating Report of the Commissioners, admitted in the fullest way the substantial justice of some of the complaints of the workmen, and showed a straightforward desire to remedy them. For some days the organs of public opinion were undecided. While conceding that his proposals were not unsatisfactory, they urged further consideration. But the opinion of the workmen themselves was expressed in no uncertain way. From every quarter there was a chorus of approval; and when the Bill came on for a second reading, every speaker in the House (with the exception of Lord Robert Montagu, whose

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\* House of Lords, April 1875.



defence of 'rattening' would have justified even Broadhead) gave utterance to that feeling.

The demands of the trades' unionists might have been briefly described as the abolition of criminal penalties for breach of contract, a clearer definition of the law of conspiracy as applied to employers and workmen, and the total repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act. As regards the first of these complaints, it must be admitted on all hands that the workmen were placed in an anomalous and exceptional position. The non-payment of damages for a breach of contract could not, except in the single instance of a contract between employer and employed, be followed by the penalty of imprisonment. And it was urged that, under the law as practically administered, a breach of contract by a workman was made a crime, while, if committed by a master, it was treated as a civil offence only.

Under the new law all ordinary breaches of contract of service will be dealt with as civil offences, and those which are for the future to be invested with a criminal character are defined in a separate statute, and are confined to cases in which the public interest is deeply involved. Where, for instance, the supply of gas or water to any town is endangered by a breach of contract, public danger to a large section of the community is involved, and such an act is rightly constituted a crime. Mr. Henry Crompton, the representative of the trades' unions, and no mean authority, has expressed a very strong opinion of the manner in which the difficulties connected with the specific performance of contracts have been solved by Mr. Cross.

'He refused to give the power to compel specific performance on two grounds: firstly, on the slender ground that workmen's contracts could not be practically enforced; secondly, on the substantial ground that the power was too liable to be abused. It was difficult and almost impossible for the men to insist upon what we must call a most favourable exemption. It was most generous and wise of Mr. Cross to grant it of his own accord, and to substitute a different process, which we hope may prove as effective.'

In the abolition of the old law of conspiracy, so far as it affects the relation of master and servant, a still more important and substantial concession was made. Vague and unsatisfactory at the best, its administration, as in the famous case of the gas-stokers, had in some cases outraged public opinion, and given real cause for complaint. The working classes have now been put into a more advantageous position than the rest of the community by what is avowedly a piece of pure class legislation.

The success of the Home Secretary in the preceding proposals no doubt emboldened him to adopt a suggestion of Mr. Lowe, and  
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to deal also with the Criminal Law Amendment Act, in spite of the recommendation of the Royal Commission that it should remain practically without alteration. The object of the legislation of 1871 had been to prevent workmen, and associations of workmen, from exercising their power in coercing others to submit to their dictation. But as the terms 'intimidation' and 'molestation,' which had formerly been made use of, were objected to as vague and uncertain, it was resolved to make the law clear by a simple but complete definition of its intention. Unfortunately the word ultimately chosen by the Legislature was 'coerce.' This soon became the cause of even greater difficulties. The law was found to be as uncertain as before. The latitude which was thereby afforded in its administration was unsatisfactory, and was declared to have been exercised to the prejudice of the employed. It was said that the interpretation given to the word by the learned Recorder of London differed from that subsequently put upon it by Mr. Baron Cleasby. What was above all wanted was a clear and simple provision which all could understand, and which would apply to all persons alike. Whether the clause which has now been substituted for the Criminal Law Amendment Act has achieved this object time alone can show; that it is an enormous improvement on the existing law can hardly be denied. But in reality the difficulty has been not in the law itself, but in its application to the facts of a particular case. What is peaceable and legitimate persuasion? How narrow a border line separates it from that more powerful influence which dominates over the mind of a man and constitutes criminal intimidation! Granted that the law is as simple and intelligible as it can be made, and yet the determination of what really amounts to an interference with individual freedom of will must remain a task requiring the most delicate and careful consideration.

On the whole, however, Mr. Cross may congratulate himself on having in a few weeks solved a problem which might have unsettled a ministry, and which might well have been expected to lead to prolonged and acrimonious debates. 'Mr. Disraeli's words at the Mansion House that "for the first time in the history of this country the employer and employed sit under equal laws" were not an exaggeration. He might have added that in several particulars more had been conceded by the Government than had been asked for by the workmen.' This testimony from Mr. Henry Crompton, the leading advocate of the workmen, proves that the liberal and conciliatory spirit in which their complaints have been met has not been without recognition, while on the other hand it is obvious from the  
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tacit assent of the employers that they also have no reason to be dissatisfied with a law which is based upon the principle of impartial justice between masters and men.

Even if the session had been productive of no other advantage, it will be remembered as having afforded an opportunity for reconsidering the application of the principle of compulsion, which the late Government (whenever in the intervals of political changes social questions forced themselves upon their consideration) commonly adopted as the groundwork of their legislation. It was this 'unnecessary restraint and meddling interference in their affairs' that eventually roused the English people to resistance. But the Liberal leaders, true to the principle of violence which vitiated their whole course, now denounce the general character of recent legislation, on the ground of the absence of compulsion. The proper employment of this principle is, perhaps, the most complicated problem of the day. It certainly should be applied with reluctance, generally with hesitation. Even the Gladstone Cabinet, when they desired to compel the attendance of children at school, found it impracticable to force upon the country a general measure for the purpose, but had to content themselves with permissive or (as Mr. Forster prefers to consider it) tentative compulsion. In a country like England, full of diversities of customs and interests, it is impossible to deal at once in a precisely uniform manner with questions affecting the social habits of the people in all parts of the country. It is necessary to feel the way. We allow powers of local government and administration, or of enforcing school attendance, to be adopted or rejected, according to the wishes of the inhabitants of a particular district, because we believe that the true objects of local control will be best promoted amongst a free people by encouraging their free action, and not by forcing upon them powers which, if not in accordance with the public sentiment, would be absolutely nugatory in their hands; and if compulsion is ever alien to the feelings of the English people, it is sure to be especially so in all matters affecting their social relations. Always suspicious of interference, they are sure to regard it as unnecessary if it intrudes to an undue extent upon their daily life. But if a machinery is created by means of which thrift may be encouraged, health promoted, and the general condition of the people elevated, an intelligent public opinion will voluntarily adopt it with such a hearty sympathy that all local prejudice and local self-interest will speedily be overcome. If legislation of a social character is to be successful at all, it must be so timed as to fall in with the public feeling of the country; otherwise no compulsion

sion whatever will save it from being utterly useless. It may be a bad thing to pass a permissive law which is not generally adopted; it is far worse to pass an inoperative compulsory law. 'If you wish to make any considerable change in the manners and customs of the people, you must trust to persuasion and example as the two great elements.\*' You must rely upon their good sense and public spirit, and, placing before them facilities for adopting a particular course, the opportunity will not be neglected.

"Violent legislation," said Lord Salisbury, "had always been alien to the spirit of the Conservative party. Compulsion, on the other hand, was dear to the Liberal party. Their only freedom was freedom for the majority to coerce the minority. That was not his notion of the legislation that would be either acceptable or useful to the country. Those who sat on his side believed that persuasion was the best and most useful instrument that Parliament could wield, and that compulsion should be adopted only with reluctance and as a last resort. . . . Of course it might turn out that any persuasive measures that they might adopt might ultimately be insufficient; that they might be unable to persuade those whose feelings they desire to alter, and whose course they wished to modify; and that at last there might remain an impracticable minority to whom it might be necessary to apply compulsory measures. But that was an alternative which they ought to put off till the furthest possible time; and if they were driven to adopt it at last, compulsory measures would then be submitted to all the more willingly, because it would be felt that they had not been resorted to until every other method had failed."†

This question of permissive legislation came into especial prominence during the discussions on the Agricultural Holdings Bill. Lord Granville, with singular infelicity, took occasion, on the return of the Bill from the House of Commons, to criticise more especially the clauses which enable limited owners to charge their estates with the compensation paid by them in respect of improvements made by their tenants. Now, as this power can be incorporated with any agreement without the necessity of adopting the remainder of the Act, we feel confident that it will be very extensively taken advantage of, because it is especially in the case of land held in limited ownership that such compensation has, not from unwillingness, but from legal inability, hitherto not been paid. Permission, therefore, to use this particular relaxation of the law of settlement was all that could possibly be required, and to attack the Bill for being permissive in this respect was perhaps the best way to point out its advantages.

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\* Mr. Disraeli on second reading of Agricultural Holdings Bill.

† House of Lords, April 16, 1875.

Indeed it soon became clear that, with the exception of a very small minority, both parties agreed in deprecating compulsion. To say that landlords and tenants are no longer to be free to enter into any contract between themselves without interference from the State, is to treat them as unfit to make their own bargains, and to introduce a practice which could be shown to be dangerous, if it were not likely to be nugatory. Hitherto, indeed, no attempt has been made to interfere with freedom of contract, except upon moral or sanitary grounds. The advocates of compulsion now seek upon economic grounds to prevent landlords and tenants from contracting freely with one another. And it was admirably pointed out by the Duke of Argyll, that the teaching of our legislative experience in this matter is loudly condemnatory of any such attempt.

"The great principle," he said, "which lies at the root of the condemnation and abandonment of" the laws which aimed at securing some purely economic result "is simply this—that individual men are always in the long run the best judges of their own pecuniary or economic interests, and that the interests of the public and of the State are best served on the whole, when men are allowed in all such matters to pursue freely their own natural instincts and desires."\*

It was no little disappointment to the Radical party when they found that the proposal of compulsory tenant-right, so often agitated, in chambers of agriculture, really excited no interest whatever among the mass of the tenant farmers, and when the result of the West Suffolk election proved that they could no longer hope to embarrass the Government by pressing it upon Parliament. Lord Hartington at once said that he should oppose compulsion in any form; no important member of the front Opposition bench supported it, and more than one voted against it.

Mr. Arthur Helps once expressed the opinion that the real pleasure of farming consisted first in its being physically enjoyable; and, secondly, in its being a speculative employment. But this speculative character certainly ought not to extend to any doubt as to the security of the capital which the farmer puts into the soil. Hitherto he has relied almost entirely upon the good relations which throughout England generally exist between landlords and tenants. Throughout the recent debates, ample testimony was borne by disinterested observers to the existence of this friendly feeling, and it is very remarkable that no single case was quoted in which any farmer had been deprived of the

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\* House of Lords, April 15, 1875.

unexhausted value of the improvement which he had made upon his farm. Lord Hartington himself expressed great doubt if there was room for much change in these respects. We may assume, therefore, that cases of oppression are rare, and that substantially justice is attained under the present system.

What, then, is the use of an Act out of which people can and generally will contract themselves? In the annual discussions upon Mr. Locke King's Bill for assimilating the law of inheritance in respect of real property to that regulating personalty, or in other words for abolishing the law of primogeniture, it was constantly pointed out that that law in reality hardly ever took effect; that the custom of primogeniture, so popular with Englishmen, would continue to be as universally adopted as before; and that the abolition of the *law* would make no difference whatever.

"I will tell you," said Mr. Bright, in one of his most famous speeches, "what difference it would make. It would take the tremendous sanction of the law from the side of evil and put it on the side of good."—*Speeches*, i. 345.

This is just what is done by the Agricultural Holdings Act. It reverses the presumption of law so as to make every tenant entitled to compensation for the capital which he has invested in the land, so far as it is still unexhausted; and it endeavours to lay down general rules by which it may be decided whether that capital is exhausted or not. And if it has no other effect, we believe that it will little by little educate owners as to the best mode of doing justice to their tenants. That they should follow the Act in all its details is not to be desired, for nothing was made more conspicuous than the extraordinary diversities of cultivation and of habits in different parts of England. But the principle is of universal application, and will by degrees be everywhere adopted. It is somewhat remarkable that the Lincolnshire custom itself, from which the main features of the Act are borrowed, followed and did not precede the great agricultural improvements made in that county. The tenants expended their capital in consequence of their confidence in their landlords, and it was only after they had done so that a custom of the country grew up which gave them also the security of the law. Not long ago Mr. Clare Read expressed the opinion that he would rather farm under the Lincolnshire custom, with two years' notice to quit, than under any lease that could be devised. And why? A lease has been described as an inducement to a tenant to spend the first few years of his term in putting capital into his land, and the last few years in taking it out again. The effect of the custom on the contrary, and of the Government Bill

Bill which was based upon it, is to encourage him to keep his capital in it as a permanent investment up to the day of quitting his farm. So long as great care is taken to prevent it from degenerating into the unhappy system of tenant-right prevailing in some parts of the south of England, which is so oppressive as for years to cripple the incoming tenant, we believe that it will be found to satisfy all reasonable and moderate men, and in the words of the Committee of 1848 to 'be beneficial to agriculture, to the landlord, and to the tenant; to stimulate the production of food, and to give increased occupation to the rural population.'

The declaration of the Prime Minister that in sanitary improvements—using the words in their widest sense—would be found the surest means of elevating the condition of the people, has already borne much fruit. But the Factory Act of 1874, the consolidation of our Sanitary code, and the increased powers obtained to check adulteration, are far surpassed in importance by the Artisans and Labourers' Dwellings Act, the success of which will inevitably be followed by measures extending similar advantages to other parts of the country. In a speech at Shaftesbury Park, Mr. Disraeli had expressed a strong conviction that some assistance could be given by the State to the erection of improved dwellings, and Mr. Cross (following in the footsteps of the late Lord Derby) had already effected a practical reform by the standing order requiring suitable provision to be made for the working classes who might be displaced by the operations of the great railway companies. The conditions upon which the State can in ordinary cases properly interfere with private property, or can even indirectly undertake the duty of providing dwellings for the working classes, raise questions of such great importance that Mr. Cross was well advised in avoiding them, as far as possible, by basing his legislation on the sole ground of health. It required no statistics to prove that the sanitary condition of the people has been injured by overcrowding, and that the mischief was increasing. The so-called improvements of the Metropolitan Railway Companies in the demolition of old quarters were only an aggravation of the evil elsewhere: and these plague-spots, by becoming centres of epidemic disease, were destroying a great part of the effect of all the sanitary measures which were being adopted at an immense expense.

It was also very wisely determined that the experiment should, in the first instance, be confined to large towns. The whole duty of carrying out the objects of the Act is cast upon the local authorities, and in the large towns at any rate they may be reckoned upon not to neglect it. What is absolutely necessary to



strengthen the hands of local government is a strong public opinion. That this is to be found to a sufficient extent in our agricultural villages and country towns to enable the authorities to overcome the opposition of the smaller ratepayers to everything that increases the rates, is more than doubtful; and, besides this, there is every reason for believing that the machinery required in the latter case must be of a very different character. In the towns subject to the operations of the Act, the 'unhealthy area' which is to be cleared of its fever dens is afterwards to be applied to the purpose of erecting buildings of a similar description, because it is certain that the population, if displaced, would be unable to find other habitations within a reasonable distance, and would be driven to reside far away from their work. In smaller towns, on the contrary, the very opposite is the case. It is often desirable on many grounds to drive the labouring population more into the suburbs, where they can get houses and gardens at a cheaper rate, and obtain the benefit of purer air without being placed at an inconvenient distance.

After the experience of the Peabody trustees and of Sir Sydney Waterlow, it could hardly be doubted that sufficient enterprise and capital would be available for the process of reconstruction. It was urged, however, that the real blot in the Act was that the power of initiating the whole reform was placed in the hands of the Medical Officer of Health, who might be disinclined to move in the matter. Here, again, was an admirable opportunity for the application of the compulsory principle! It is more likely that, if an endeavour had been made to force upon the ratepayers of all these towns an enormous outlay for these purposes, there would have been such an explosion of indignation in some quarters as to hinder, perhaps for a quarter of a century, the progress of Sanitary reform. In London, at any rate, the practical working of the new Act is to be tested without delay. More than one medical officer has already presented a report upon the overcrowded and unhealthy areas to be found within his district, and new companies have been formed under most favourable auspices for the purpose of building suitable dwellings. It was rather melancholy to hear Lord Shaftesbury, after his long experience, declare against the Act as being too ambitious, and urge the necessity of being in the first instance content with the repair and improvement of existing tenements. On sanitary grounds, however, no such temporary expedients would be sufficient. The only effective way of dealing with these hotbeds of disease is to destroy them altogether, and the example of Glasgow and of Edinburgh proves that by so doing we confer a real benefit upon



upon the evicted families, and raise the standard of what is considered necessary accommodation.

We have so recently called attention to the subject of Friendly Societies that it will only be necessary to refer very briefly to the Act which has just been passed. All previous legislation has been too much based upon the endeavour to promote, by the *direct* action of the State, the soundness of these societies. Not only has this attempt been a complete failure, but the action of the State has in some respects had a precisely opposite effect to that which was intended. For a long time it positively made matters worse. The delusive certificate of the registrar was the means of artificially sustaining rotten societies and of misleading their ignorant members. Having once interposed, it was no longer open to the State to stand aloof altogether, but its action is for the future to be founded upon the principle of interfering as little as possible with the voluntary action of those who manage these societies, and of leaving "a good work which has sprung from the people to be carried on by the people themselves." Setting aside all philanthropic considerations, the fact is that no action of the State can secure the soundness of Friendly Societies, and the attempt has wisely been abandoned. For example, the real cause of the failure of the village clubs is to be found not so much in fraud, or mismanagement, or miscalculation, as in insufficiency of numbers to form a proper basis of insurance. 'Two or three cases of protracted sickness, when reinforced by the simultaneous beginnings of old age in half-a-dozen of the men who founded the club twenty-five or thirty years before will break down any conceivable village club of a hundred members or under.\* During the last few years a great improvement has taken place, because it has been found that the only way to meet this difficulty is to extend the area of operations—a fact which has been acted upon by the establishment and development of the great affiliated orders and the county societies. In some of these well-managed institutions, the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows for instance, the greatest obstacle to progress has been that the central executive is far in advance of the great body of the order, and is unable to stimulate the backwardness of some of its branches. By the operation of the new Act their hands will be materially strengthened. Its effect has, in our opinion, hardly yet been realised. At present out of the 22,000 registered societies many have no audit at all worthy of the name, while as to the periodical valuation of assets (which lies at the root of all solvency) not one in two hundred has

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\* Sir G. Young's 'Report to Friendly Society Commissioners.'

regularly required it. By degrees all this will be changed. Both these essential points are now compulsory, and the enlarged powers of the registrar will enable him to enforce them; while the publicity given to the results will create a competition between the societies which cannot fail to secure the efficiency of these safeguards. The working classes will be taught to rely only upon those which offer a reasonable hope of permanence, and that it is by their own exertions alone, and not by any Government inspection or guarantee, that real security for their savings can be obtained.

This desirable result might, in our opinion, have been accelerated by legislation of a rather more stringent character, but we cordially welcome the Act as being a step in the right direction. One concession, however, to the pressure of private members and the influence of the large societies, is to be regretted, though it may have been inevitable. No one who has read the Report of the Royal Commission will doubt that repressive measures as to the insurance of infants are urgently required, on that the safeguards provided by the Act are inadequate for the purpose.

The Government showed a laudable desire to meet the case of Mr. Plimsoll's clients by introducing their Merchant Shipping Bill at the commencement of the session. On the history of its failure we need not dwell. We are not disposed to think with Mr. Gorst that it failed because it was too favourable to the shipowners, or with Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, because it was drawn too much in the interest of the sailors. It failed because it was a weak and imperfect Bill. If it had been in strong hands, it might have been remodelled and added to; but the lamentable weakness of the department, which became apparent as the House floundered through the various clauses of the Bill (without any assistance from its authors, for they scarcely professed to understand them), and the perfect labyrinth of amendments through which Parliament could have been guided only by a firm and decided hand, led to its postponement and subsequent withdrawal. But, whatever blame rests upon the Government for the delay must be, to some extent, shared by the House of Commons. The shipowners, by overloading the notice papers with amendments, made legislation impossible without considerable pressure, and yet nobody expressed any particular admiration for the Bill until they had lost it.

When the hysterical outburst of Mr. Plimsoll, and the popular feeling which it instantaneously evoked, made immediate legislation necessary, the fact that the work was undertaken by a member of the Cabinet sufficiently indicated the  
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reason of the previous failure. For ourselves we do not, under the circumstances, profess to regret the postponement of the question for more mature consideration. To have legislated satisfactorily under the influence of the Plimsoll outbreak would have been impossible; and when the attention of Parliament is again called to the subject, some of Mr. Plimsoll's proposals will have undergone the test of six months' experience, and others will receive more complete discussion than would be possible in the month of August. In saying this, we are not depreciating the efforts of Mr. Plimsoll. He has fought the Board of Trade with a dogged perseverance which all must admire, and with no slight success. The Act of 1875 reflects the spirit of his proposals. No one, except perhaps some officials of the Board of Trade, now believes that that department has done all that, with properly extended powers, it might have done to save the lives of our seamen. Our losses may have been exaggerated, the possible remedies may be less effective than is represented by their supporters, but to say, as Mr. Cavendish Bentinck does, that the statements of Mr. Plimsoll are 'a scandalous fabrication,' and that 'of all the ships alleged by seamen to be unseaworthy there was only one to which any suspicion could attach, and to the best of his belief that ship was not one of a doubtful character,' is to put the Government into this dilemma: either these facts are true or not true? If not true, why did the Government legislate at all upon the subject? But if true, then the responsible officials of the Board of Trade have much to answer for. The probability is that the truth is, as usual, to be found between the two extremes; and it ought not to be beyond the wisdom of Parliament to devise a remedy which may add to the safety of our seafaring population, without materially impairing the responsibility of individual shipowners, on which, after all, our main reliance must be placed.

No more striking instance of the impossibility of carrying out a law affecting the daily habits of the people, unless it falls in with their temper, habits, and condition, can be found than in the practical experience of the working of the compulsory powers of the Elementary Education Act. A too rigid administration of the strict letter of the law would not only occasion great hardship, but create widespread dissatisfaction. The well-known case of Mrs. Marks is only one example out of many of the want of discretion sometimes exhibited by those whose duty it is to administer the law; and yet the over-zeal of enthusiasts might easily produce a reaction which would greatly enhance the difficulties of the question. We cannot help believing

believing that the Education Department has been well advised in holding its hand for the present instead of endeavouring to force upon the country coercive measures for which the public mind is only just ripening. But the changes ushered in by the New Code of 1875 were received with universal approbation, and constitute an important improvement in the quality of the education given in our elementary schools, while the liberal terms granted to the struggling schools in scattered rural districts show a real desire to remedy the hardships with which country school-managers have to contend.

The clauses in the Endowed Schools Bill of 1874, which were dropped on account of the opposition of the Dissenting constituencies, have not been brought forward again this session. The Government have perhaps acted wisely; but so much misapprehension existed, and still exists, respecting the object of these clauses, that a brief explanation of their real intention may not, even now, be out of place. These clauses concerned two matters only: 1. The religious denomination of the Governors of Endowed Schools. 2. Whether the Head Master was or was not to be of necessity in Holy Orders.

The law, as settled by the Court of Chancery, up to the year 1869, was to this effect:—Every school founded before the Toleration Act must be a Church of England School. Every Church of England School must have none but Churchmen for its Governors. The Endowed Schools Act, 1869, pretty nearly reversed this state of things. It enacted that, with certain exceptions stated below—The Governors of no Endowed School shall ever be required to be of any particular denomination. And further, also subject to the same exceptions—That the Head Master should never be required to be in Holy Orders (Clauses 17, 18). The exceptions were (Clause 19):—1. Cathedral Schools. 2. Schools in which “the express terms of the original instrument of foundation” had directed children to be taught in the doctrines of any particular denomination.

This provision created great discontent. Its words were so restrictive that they took away from Church government, schools which had been founded by Churchmen in very recent times, as well as those which had been for centuries under Church management. One of the especial causes of grievance was, that this clause was held to forbid the continuance of *ex officio* governorships, which for centuries had been vested in ecclesiastical officers—bishops, deans, or rectors of particular places.

In 1873 Mr. Forster moved for a Committee on the subject. It recommended a certain number of concessions. A certain  
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other number of concessions were moved in it by Mr. Hardy, were supported by all the Conservatives, and were lost only by the casting vote of the Chairman. The first set were embodied in the Amending Act of 1873. The second set were embodied in the Amending Bill of 1874, but were ultimately dropped by the Government. Both these sets of concessions were enlargements of the category of exceptions from Clauses 17 and 18 above referred to, that is to say, exceptions from the provision that no governor should be required to be of any particular denomination, and no head master should be required to be in holy orders. The category of additional exceptions recommended by Mr. Forster's Committee in 1873, and passed into law (36 & 37 Vict., c. 87, ss. 6, 7), consisted of the following:—

1. Cases, of whatever date, in which the holder of a particular office was named as governor in the original instrument of foundation. In such cases, such a provision might be continued.

2. Cases subsequent to the Toleration Act, in which the governors, or their electors, or the head master, or the scholars, were required to be of a particular denomination. In such cases, the governors might be required to be of that denomination still, and the head master might be required to be in holy orders.

But in Mr. Förster's Committee, Mr. Hardy had pressed for further exceptions, and had only been beaten by one vote. These were embodied in the Bill of 1874. They were as follows:—

1. They applied to *all* schools the provision in the Act of 1873, which was limited to schools later in date than the Toleration Act.

2. They further included schools in which the children were directed, in the original deed, to attend the worship of any particular denomination; and those in which the statutes were subject to the approval of any person holding office in any denomination. This last exception had *not* been moved in Committee.

Further, it was proposed that when the teaching of any denomination had continued in a school for a century, children belonging to that denomination should continue to receive it.

Apart from technicalities, the gist of the difference between the concessions of Mr. Forster, in 1873, and those proposed in 1874, was this: In 1873 the Commissioners were allowed (*not forced*) to put schools, clearly founded for Church purposes, under the management of Churchmen, if those schools had been founded

founded after the Toleration Act. But they were forbidden to do so for schools founded before that time. In 1874 it was proposed to give a similar liberty with respect to all schools, whenever founded. But it must be noted—

1. This liberty extended equally to requiring Dissenting schools to be under Dissenting management, as Church schools under Church management.

2. It was only a *liberty*. This was incessantly forgotten in debate. The proposal only was to set the Commissioners free to do as they thought best. There was not a word of compulsion or direction in this respect.

Had the proposals of 1874 passed, it would have been open to the Commission to take into consideration not only the founder's will, but the present state of the district, and the requirements of the population; and having done so, to put the school under Church, or Dissenting, or unsectarian management, as they might think fit. As the law now stands, they are *bound* to put some 500 schools, founded during the reigns of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, under unsectarian management—that is, to leave the religion of the school to be battled for on each occasion at the elections of governors.

To return to the past session. Law Reform has hardly occupied so conspicuous a place as might have been anticipated from the reputation of Lord Cairns. Still a session has not been wasted in which one question of great importance has been practically, if not formally, settled. Since the passing of the Judicature Act of 1873, the opinion of the public and of the legal profession has declared itself in no uncertain terms as to the necessity of an intermediate Court of Appeal, and as to its preference of the House of Lords over any other tribunal which has been suggested as the Final Court. The more that the arrangements of 1873 have been examined, the less they have been appreciated. Scotland and Ireland, indeed, have always been most decided in their disapproval of them. In England a great change of feeling has taken place. The bench and bar of the three kingdoms are all but unanimous upon the subject; and we trust that the result will be to enable the Government, by providing for its continuous sittings and by adding to its judicial strength, to establish the Appellate Jurisdiction of the House of Lords upon a sound and satisfactory basis.

The experience of two years enables us also to judge of the character and tendency of the financial policy of the Government. It is abundantly clear that Mr. Gladstone's implied charge



charge of extravagance is wholly without foundation. It is true that Mr. Lowe's economies were prominently made known to the world by the widespread dissatisfaction to which they gave rise, while the large reduction in the Civil Service estimates effected by the close personal supervision of Mr. W. H. Smith has hardly received the attention which it deserved, because it has been accomplished without any opposition or discontent. Nevertheless, in the face of the greatly enhanced price of labour, and of the steadily increasing demands for every department of the public service, it seems impossible to hope for any material reduction in our expenditure. The national wealth advancing by 'leaps and bounds,' and the very slight pressure of taxation, especially upon the working classes, will greatly increase the difficulty of effecting it. One of the shrewdest of our political observers has well pointed out the reasons for believing that the cry of economy before everything has lost much of its power:

'The total margin between the strictest parsimony which a Liberal Government would think it safe to urge, and the boldest expenditure which a Conservative Government would venture to propose, would not make a difference of 4s. a-head throughout the nation, nor certainly a penny a week to each poor man's family. Saving two or three millions out of a total expenditure of seventy has ceased to be a matter of practical and *felt* importance to the great body of the nation. But, besides this, the people as a whole think much more of efficiency than of economy; and they are right. They wish to be well served rather than to be cheaply served. They are less anxious to save their money than to get their money's worth. They know perfectly that England can well afford to pay whatever may be necessary for its safety, its tranquillity, its honour, and its good internal administration. . . . They hate waste, but they hate stinginess still more. They scorn, instead of respecting, a Minister of Public Works who announces that his conception of public duty is not to do things well or nobly, but to do them cheaply, or to prevent them from being done at all.'—*Political Problems*, by W. R. Greg, 331.

All men are now agreed that last year the Chancellor of the Exchequer 'sailed rather too near the wind,' although his very sanguine estimates were even surpassed by the reality. It is, therefore, a little hard upon him to have been attacked this year for the anticipation that his more moderate calculation would probably be exceeded. If he had framed his estimates upon the principles of the Budget of 1874-5, his surplus would have been swollen by no less a sum than 900,000*l*. With full confidence, therefore, in the reality of his surplus, Sir Stafford Northcote was able to approach a subject which may mark the present year as an era in our financial history. It is no exaggeration



ration to say that our efforts for the reduction of the National Debt have hitherto been miserably inadequate. Two years of war sufficed to add what it had taken fifty years to subtract from it. The average reduction during fifty-five years (1815-70), after providing for the expenditure of those years, is only 1,100,000*l.* a year,—‘a rate of progress which,’ as Mr. Dudley Baxter points out, ‘would require 700 more years to effect the final extinction of the Debt existing in 1815.’ Compared with the results actually achieved by some other countries, this appears insignificant. Even little Holland, with one-tenth of the population and resources of Great Britain, has reduced its debt to a greater extent. Worse still, in spite of the great increase of wealth in the country, we are actually making less effort now than during the fifty years succeeding the termination of our great war.

At different times, either on the ground of moral obligation, or of the threatened exhaustion of our coal-fields at no very remote period, Mr. Gladstone has pressed upon Parliament the extreme urgency of this question; but when he found himself in possession of a probable surplus of five millions, the temptation to employ it in bribing the constituencies was too great to be resisted. The time has, however, now come when, in the opinion of Sir Stafford Northcote, the general condition of our finances and the unoppressive character of our taxation justify the adoption of a more regular system than has been hitherto pursued. He proposes to make no longer ‘violent and spasmodic,’ but ‘continuous and steady’ efforts for the reduction of the National Debt, by the appropriation of a fixed annual sum of twenty-eight millions. This deviation from the policy followed by the late Prime Minister seems to have filled him with indignation; but the proposal, supported as it was by the mass of the Liberal party in spite of the defection of their chiefs, and by Sir John Lubbock and the principal financial authorities of the day, has been accepted as an honest attempt to deal with the question. All the arguments used against this Sinking Fund (with one exception) told with equal force against Mr. Gladstone’s alternative plan of Terminable Annuities. The solitary advantage claimed for the latter is that they were a device for ‘hoodwinking’ the public. By mixing up the payments of interest and capital the fact that debt is being paid off is said to be somewhat disguised; by smearing the bowl with sweets the child is induced to take the medicine. Sir Stafford Northcote attempts no concealment of his medicine. He urges that the great increase in the national wealth and the diminished pressure of taxation ought to make us abandon this self-deception, and adopt a straightforward course. Our action upon the debt  
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is to be direct and intelligible, instead of being concealed from the public eye. Its security, however, against the encroachments of future Parliaments will for the present be materially enhanced by its not having to be submitted to the test of an annual vote. But is it an impossible contingency, now that a really effective machinery for the reduction of debt on a large scale has been put into working order, that a time may come when the national pride will become interested in its maintenance?

Independently of the inherent merits of the new Sinking Fund, it was the only means by which the Chancellor of the Exchequer could hope to attack the debt in any but a fragmentary manner, unless indeed he had been prepared to attempt the impossible feat of imposing fresh taxation for the purpose. It is, therefore, not at all to the disadvantage of the scheme that it has been initiated in a year when the surplus is not likely to be a large one. The great object of committing the nation at once to it has been achieved. The opportunity has been seized of anticipating the great scramble over the five millions which will fall into the hands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1885, and which might afford an irresistible temptation to a tottering administration to try to regain its popularity by large reductions of taxation. That sum has now been prospectively applied to the reduction of the debt.

A second and even more important feature of the Government proposals relates to local taxation and government, 'the highest object of national interest' at the present time, and perhaps also the most difficult question pressing for solution. In the course of last session the Government was repeatedly charged with not having fulfilled the pledges which it was alleged to have given upon this subject, especially by Mr. Fawcett, who for the purpose of embarrassing the country members gave notice of a hostile amendment to every Government Bill which in any way referred to it. It may, therefore, be not unprofitable to examine more closely the policy which has been pursued.

In the years 1870 and 1871 the subject was referred to in the speeches from the Throne, and in the latter year the late Government introduced a 'large and comprehensive' measure to revolutionise our system of local government in every parish. This abortive attempt—for the Bill never reached a second reading—appears to have paralysed its authors as much as it dissatisfied the country, and in the following year it was thought prudent to make no reference to the subject in the programme which was submitted to Parliament. In consequence of this Sir Massey Lopes brought forward his famous resolution, calling upon Parliament to contribute out of the Consolidated Fund towards

towards the relief of local ratepayers in respect of the administration of justice, police, and lunatics, the expenditure for which was 'almost entirely independent of local control.' This resolution very naturally obtained the united support of the Conservative party. More than twenty years before, Mr. Disraeli himself had brought forward, in the interest of the agricultural class, a somewhat similar proposal, in favour of which there was so much 'reason and justice' that it obtained the support of Mr. Gladstone, at that time an independent member. The Government, however, having decided to give its opposition to Sir Massey Lopes' resolution, found itself deserted by a large section of its supporters both from urban and from rural districts, and was placed in a minority of one hundred. The feeling clearly exhibited by this crushing defeat continued to increase, until at the beginning of last year the paramount importance of attempting 'relief coupled with reform' of local taxation was tardily recognised by Mr. Gladstone in his famous manifesto. Upon the failure of this *coup d'état*, it became the duty of the Conservative party to endeavour to give effect to the policy which they had so long supported. Within a few months of coming into office Mr. Disraeli's Government dealt with two of the items contained in the resolution of 1872 (which contemplated assistance from the Imperial Exchequer to the extent of two millions) by contributing a subvention of 1,154,000*l.*, and by pledging itself to give some further assistance on the earliest possible opportunity in respect of the administration of justice. We hope that it may be found feasible to carry out also the old scheme of the Prime Minister, and to make a contribution in aid of the establishment charges of our workhouses and of the cost of indoor relief. No grant from Imperial sources could rest on sounder principles, for it must inevitably act as a direct discouragement to outdoor relief, and tend not only to economy, but also to the greater independence of the labouring class.

Having thus given some relief to the over-burdened ratepayer by contributions from Imperial sources and by the rating of woods and game, the next step, in the opinion of the Government, is to place 'the relations between Imperial and local finance upon a proper footing' before altering and amending local finance within itself, on the ground that all questions of local taxation more or less involve Imperial considerations. Nor can the justice of this view of the case be disputed. Every one agrees upon the importance of the sanitary improvements now being achieved throughout the country. We are as yet only upon the threshold of the work and of the necessary expenditure. '*Il n'y a rien de fait tant qu'il reste à faire.*' It may, perhaps, be thought by some

some that great and comprehensive works are too much the fashion of the day, and that our engineers are almost too enamoured of a system which concentrates a number of insignificant smells into one enormous and unmanageable nuisance. But the fact is that vast works of sewerage and drainage are before us, involving an outlay which is positively alarming. And the time may come—who can say that it is not already reached?—when the burden of the ratepayer becomes intolerable, and the whole progress of our work is hindered just at the point when its incomplete state renders it more than ever essential to the preservation of the national health. Is it not for Imperial as well as local purposes that we are throwing upon the already overburdened ratepayer the task of remedying the apathy and neglect of past generations? Or take Education or Highways. Are not these questions so intimately connected with the consideration of the extent to which Imperial control should be exercised and assistance afforded, as to render their final settlement impossible without full investigation of the more comprehensive subject of the relations between Imperial and local finance?

Steps have also been taken this year to ascertain, consolidate, and give additional security to the loans of local authorities, to simplify the mode in which they are contracted and audited, and to call the attention of Parliament and the country by means of an annual budget to these rapidly increasing liabilities. After this will come the consolidation of our local rates, the adoption of some uniform principle of valuation, the simplification of areas and local authorities, and the reform of local government, not by 'a great and showy measure,' but by steps calculated to enlist the co-operation of the many wise and diligent men now devoting themselves in various localities to the service of their country.

'It would certainly be possible,' said Sir S. Northcote, 'to bring forward some ingenious plan for reconstituting the local authorities of the whole country which might make a great sensation, and afford opportunity for declamation and display, but I doubt whether any great good would be effected in that way. Far better will it be to throw as much light as possible on the subject, and to facilitate the improvement of the existing machinery. By this means I believe it will be found that an improvement can be effected without any violent organic change.'

With some part of this extensive programme Parliament will, no doubt, be called upon to deal in the coming session. The arrears of pressing legislation, the legacy of the last Parliament, are still numerous. But a Government which acts in accordance with the public sentiment of the country, and in harmony with both branches of the Legislature, approaches them with excellent prospects of success. Lord Granville indeed referred with a

sneer

sneer to the speedy and satisfactory manner in which the House of Lords now disposed of the Bills submitted to it as compared with its reception of the proposals of the Government of which he was a member. As for years past the preponderating party in the Lower House has professed principles not acceptable to the majority of the Peers, it was natural that their measures should be regarded with suspicion, and submitted to a careful scrutiny. Now all is changed. The majorities in both Houses of the Legislature are in cordial agreement, and the Conservative peers accept with readiness and satisfaction the work of their political allies.

In spite of this change the difficulty of passing measures through Parliament has increased, and a feeling has found expression that much time has been unnecessarily wasted. In part, at any rate, this has arisen from the abuse of privilege. A morbid desire for sensation, stimulated and sustained by the exciting character of Mr. Gladstone's legislation, seems to permeate certain classes of the community. The 'Member for Orton' and his scandalous misrepresentations for some time supplied a want which has since found a worthier satisfaction in the proceedings of the seamen's friend. This desire for excitement seems even to have infected the House of Commons. Scenes—one at least painful, several ridiculous, but all dangerous to the character and reputation of Parliament—have been of frequent occurrence. Great as the strain has been, it has been borne. No eye-witness of these occurrences will deny that some at any rate have served only to bring into greater prominence the practical good sense of the House of Commons. Nothing could have been more creditable than the manner in which it heard and extinguished the Tichborne scandal; nothing more dignified and generous than its conduct during the Plimsoll episode.

But this love of the sensational has led to another result also—the decline of parliamentary reporting. A report of the proceedings in the House of Commons is not so remunerative as a minute account of some remarkable murder, or a description of the personal appearance of some person of momentary notoriety, and the editors of several of our leading daily newspapers now place before their readers only a most indifferent summary of our parliamentary proceedings. Some of the best speeches in the House of Lords are not reported at all. In consequence of this the political education of the people (so much promoted by a cheap press so long as it remained free from the infection of the worst type of Yankee journalism), and the opportunities of estimating the merits and comparing the performances of our rising statesmen, are in danger of being seriously interfered with.

Nevertheless, we do not believe that the private interests of particular newspapers afford any indication that the people at large

large really take less interest in the proceedings of Parliament. The increased attention which has been paid to social questions has afforded to the people special opportunities, in matters with which they are intimately acquainted, of observing the conduct of their representatives; and any member of Parliament would bear witness to the largely swollen correspondence which the spread of education and political knowledge amongst the working classes has entailed upon him. Something, indeed, may be done to render our parliamentary machinery more adequate to cope with the enormous mass of business annually submitted to it, but the machine itself—imperfect as it is, and sometimes wholly out of proportion to the work it has to do—is still recognised and honoured as the best and purest specimen of a national parliament. Its proceedings are scanned with interested appreciation by English-speaking people scattered over the whole world; its work, which for good or evil exercises an undiminished influence over all representative institutions, is criticised with increasing intelligence in our own country. Guided by the trained hand of one whose own talents and exertions have raised him to the foremost place in that assembly, its dignity is in no peril. And if anything can tend to exalt its high reputation and extend its influence, it is the knowledge that it is now applying itself with patriotic zeal to measures which have for their end and aim the promotion of the comfort and well-being of the whole community.

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NOTE TO THE ARTICLE ON 'CHURCH LAW AND CHURCH PROSPECTS,' in No. 277.

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MR. MACCOLL has protested, in the 'Guardian' and 'Spectator' newspapers, against the exposure of his book in the last number of this 'Review.' We should be sorry to do him any injustice. Having examined, in the Article referred to, only a hundred pages of his work, we will now give a few examples of his method, drawn from a wider surface. Mr. MacColl regards us as having defended the Purchas judgment and other decisions. We have felt no call to do anything of the sort. We have only set right his mistakes; and, so far as they affected the judgments of the Privy Council, we could not help supporting them to that extent. Beyond this we have not gone; we shall not go. Judgments of courts of law should be respected if they are binding, and should be held to be binding until they are reviewed and modified in other judgments.

1. Mr. MacColl admits ('Guardian,' July 28, 1875) that he knew



knew those extracts from the 'Zurich Letters,' by which this 'Review' endeavoured to show that the vestments about which men's minds were excited were not the special eucharistic vestments, but the surplice and the outdoor garments of the clergy. But he did not quote them, because they were of various dates, and he 'had no particular wish to make a fool of himself' by quoting what was irrelevant. If we examine just one of the things which he knew and suppressed, we shall have to ask whether he was equally scrupulous about 'making a fool' of his reader. Wiburn went to Zurich, in the summer of 1566, and left some tract there giving an account of the English Church under Elizabeth. ('Zurich Letters,' 1st series, pp. 187-188; 2nd series, p. 128.) A book of that sort from Wiburn still exists at Zurich; few will doubt that this is the very tract which he left. In it he says, 'In every church throughout England, during prayers, the minister must wear a linen garment, which we call a surplice. And in the larger churches, at the administration of the Lord's Supper, the chief minister must wear a silk garment, which they call a cope.' This visit and this book brought Wiburn into trouble. He complains that the Zurich people had exaggerated what he said, and had set afloat false notions of the state of the English Church. ('Zurich Letters,' 1st series, pp. 187 foll.) A pretty strong caution against relying on Zurich witnesses when English testimony is at hand. Beza writes from Zurich to Bullinger, in September, 1566, saying that clergymen were cast into prison unless they 'will resemble also the priests of Baal in their square copes, bands, surplices, hoods (*casulis*), and other things of the like kind.' 'Here then,' says Mr. MacColl, 'we have indisputable evidence that chasubles were in use,' &c. (p. 69). Let us observe what he lets in and what he suppresses. He suppresses half of Beza's sentence, which proves too much, that clergymen *were sent to prison* for not wearing chasubles, whilst the Advertisements forbade them being worn. He suppresses Wiburn's plain declaration that surplice and cope were alone in use; he suppresses Wiburn's complaint against the Zurich people. He gives his reader half a sentence of Beza's; he will not trust him with more; and so gets in the word *casulis*, which, after all, does not decide anything. Is this to inform or to mislead a reader? A transaction which, read in full, contains the 'indisputable evidence' of Wiburn that surplices and copes alone were worn, comes before the reader as 'indisputable evidence' for chasubles, and nothing else.

2. The next is perhaps a stronger case. Mr. MacColl quotes from Lever as follows:—'The same order of public prayer and of other ceremonies in the Church which existed under Edward VI. is now restored among us by the authority of the Queen and Parliament.'



liament.' And then he adds: 'There are prescribed to the clergy some ornaments, such as the Mass-priests formerly had and still retain.' And in this letter Mr. MacColl finds 'demonstrative proof that vestments were in use in parish churches.' What has been suppressed? As usual he has mutilated a sentence, and to great purpose. The sentence should run: '*In the Injunctions however published by the Queen, after the Parliament, there are prescribed,*' &c. Very inconvenient words, for the ornaments are thus limited to what the Injunctions order, and these limit to what 'were most commonly and orderly received in the latter year of the reign of King Edward VI.' (Brice's '*Law of Public Worship,*' p. 499). In that latter year the Prayer Book of 1552 was in force, by which the chasuble, alb, and tunicle were forbidden! 'Indisputable proof' that the vestments are in use turns into indisputable proof the other way, the moment the poor reader is suffered to read the sentence ungarbled.

3. Here is another case equally bad. A clergyman, named Werndly, printed in 1693 a translation of a Zurich Liturgy, and some English Bishops sanctioned it 'as a work that may be of very good satisfaction and use' ('*Lawlessness,*' p. 166, foll.) In it wafer bread is directed to be used. 'It seems a little strange then that what eminent Bishops recommended for "use" in 1692 should subject a clergyman to penal consequences involving utter ruin in 1871, the law remaining unchanged meanwhile' ('*Lawlessness,*' p. 168). One immediately asks what has been suppressed here? Mr. MacColl mentions that the Liturgy was used with a regiment of guards, but suppresses the fact that they were 'all foreigners, most of them Germans and Dutch.' He suppresses that Werndly had 'to preach some sermons in the High German tongue and administer the sacrament.' He suppresses Werndly's assurance 'that if the Anglican Liturgy had then been turned into the High German language they would have been very willing and glad too that the form of the Church of England should have been read to them.' It is one thing for Bishops to say a book may be 'of use,' and another to recommend it 'for use,' and Mr. MacColl suppresses the explanation of Werndly himself, of the words 'of use,' that it would be of use in undeceiving 'Churchmen and Dissenters, for both do generally think that the Protestant Switzers do use no set forms of prayer in their churches and chapels.' The translation was not published for use in churches; Mr. MacColl conveys the impression that it was. But the chief suppression of all is that of a plain statement on one of the pages which he quotes, that 'the Tigurine Church differ (for aught I know) from all other Protestant or Reformed churches in

that point. For they use no common or table-bread, as all other Protestant Churches as yet known to me are used to do, but they use unleavened bread . . . .’ Here again a book is made to prove that Bishops ordered wafer bread to be used, which really proves that ‘common or table-bread’ was alone in use.

After these complete perversions mere misquotations seem tame.

4. ‘The insertion of the word surplice into this rubric is simply one of their Lordships’ careless interpolations’ (‘Lawlessness,’ p. 117). In no single case where the rubric in question is quoted is the word ‘surplice’ interpolated.

5. Mr. MacColl refers to a remark of the Privy Council, that if the act of mingling water with the wine in Holy Communion was illegal, the private mingling of them was not likely to find favour, and had never prevailed. On this Mr. MacColl observes, ‘What the Court here declares to be no custom, either in the Eastern or Western Church, is, in fact, the rule of the former’ (‘Lawlessness,’ p. 151). If he were to go to the Russian Church in London he would see that the mingling takes place twice in a very formal and solemn manner at the credence table. What the service is with which this takes place Mr. MacColl will find in Neale (‘Eastern Church,’ i. p. 344), or in Daniel (‘Thesaurus,’ vol. iv.); it is called the ‘office of prothesis.’ Rather than let any word from the Privy Council pass, Mr. MacColl is ready to contradict it, and take his chance.

6. ‘The Bishops repelled the objection, and declared that when the minister addresses God on behalf of his congregation “it is fit that they should all” face one way; that is, towards the altar’ (‘Lawlessness,’ p. 185). An entire misrepresentation; there is no mention at all of ‘altar;’ which by the rubric might be in the body of the Church, but of praying to the *East*, as the quotation from Augustine shows.

7. ‘In the Abbey Dore Consecration Service other rubrics follow which make it clear that the positions of the clergy at the altar were as follows: the Bishop, as celebrant, stood in *medio altaris* facing east; while the Epistoler and Gospeller were on his right and left, but behind him’ (‘Lawlessness,’ p. 206).

‘But, in fact,’ writes a very competent critic, whose hand it might not be difficult to recognise (‘Hour’ Newspaper, July 1, 1875), ‘the “other rubrics,” of whose meaning Mr. MacColl speaks so positively, show very clearly that, except during the prayer of consecration, and perhaps the prayer of humble access, the principal officiating minister in the communion service proper stood at the north end of the table.

‘When

'When the offertory sentences are to begin (p. 26 of Mr. Fuller Russell's book), "the priest and the chaplain, with due reverence, go 'again,' one to the 'north part,' and the other to the 'south part' of the table, and the priest with a loud voice pronounceth, 'Let your light,' &c." The "again" indicates that they had previously occupied the same position during the first part of the communion service. That "part" means the same as "end" appears from a rubric on page 28, stating that the chaplain who had gone "before the table" to receive the oblations of all that offer "then goeth to the south 'end' of the table 'again.'"

'Before the last exhortation to the communicants, "Ye that do truly and earnestly repent" (p. 28), the Bishop takes the priest's place at the north end. The words of the rubric here (p. 28) are: "Then cometh the Bishop unto the table 'in the priest's place,' who is now to kneel behind the Bishop, and he saith—" Again, after the distribution of the elements (p. 30), "the priest returneth to the 'north end' of the table behind the Bishop."

'The Lambeth MS. (p. 30) contains an additional rubric stating that the Bishop "appointeth the priest to take the bread, and the chaplain the wine, and so deliver to all the rest" (of the communicants), "he himself staying at the 'end' of the table."

'These extracts clearly prove that the principal officiating ministers, viz., first the priest, and afterwards the Bishop stood at the north end during considerable portions of the communion service, contrary to Mr. MacColl's statement, and anyone who has access to Mr. Fuller Russell's pamphlet will readily see that they comprehend the whole communion service except the two prayers I have mentioned—the prayer of humble access and the consecration prayer.'

Here is another case where passages that prove one proposition are quoted with confidence as proving the opposite.

8. Mr. MacColl mentions Oughton's work, 'where a good deal of additional evidence in favour of the eastward position may be found, in the forms of consecrating churches. . . .' (p. 207). We have searched Oughton, and so has the careful anonymous critic just quoted. There is no such evidence.

9. At pp. 208, 209, Mr. MacColl gives various rubrics from 'the Consecration Service used by Bishop Andrewes.' Where it is to be found we are not told. The rubrics are remarkable, and not a little difficult to understand, for the priest appears as the celebrant, in a service conducted by the Bishop, and in one of them the priest, and in the other the Bishop, places the wafer-bread on the altar. It is not, however, because they are difficult that we stumble at them; but because we cannot find them. In Sparrow's curious collection, reprinted in 1846, Andrewes' Consecration Service is set out, and these rubrics are not there at all. What is there, and what Mr. MacColl does not quote, is that the Bishop, after the elements have been distributed, finishes

finishes the service on his knees, 'to the north of the Sacred Table, *Ad sacræ mensæ septentrionem*;' a form of expression fatal to several of Mr. MacColl's arguments.

10. Mr. Purchas 'did not decline to plead. On the contrary, he pleaded poverty as an excuse for not employing counsel, and ill-health as a reason why he could not conduct his own case. But he offered to defend himself if the Court would only supply him with professional assistance. The Court declined to do so' (p. 215). The whole of this account is at variance with the facts.

11. Mr. MacColl appeals, in proof of the gross unfairness of the Judicial Committee, to four cases, in which costs were not given. The constellation of mistakes upon this point, from one who tells Lord Chancellors that they know nothing of law, is very sparkling. Two distinct tribunals are treated as one; the Lay Committee which sat in the case of Westerton and Liddell, and the Mixed Committee which heard the Purchas case. A suit which had nothing penal in it whatever is described as a 'prosecution' of Mr. Liddell. That gentleman had been cast in costs by the Court below, and the Final Court relieved him of the costs of the respondent; and this is quoted as a proof that the Judicial Committee is unfair to him. Mr. Bennett's is supposed to be a hard case, because there was 'no order as to costs' (p. 221). Mr. MacColl, after his manner, suppresses the words 'as the respondent has not appeared.\*' He had not incurred any costs whatever, and therefore he did not get any. What would Mr. MacColl have? Was the Court to order a prize of 500*l.*, or a gold medal, to be awarded to Mr. Bennett at Mr. Sheppard's expense? Costs Mr. Bennett had incurred none. In the case of Mr. Purchas, the costs followed the event, and we suppose the usual rule was followed. Mr. MacColl allows himself to accuse the Council 'of gross partiality and injustice in this matter. It is a grave charge' (p. 220). The gravity of the charge will depend somewhat on the person who makes it, and the reasons by which it is sustained. The reason here is that 'the Dean of the Arches probably knew more about the facts than all Mr. Purchas's judges put together' (p. 220).

12. Mr. MacColl has made much of Zanchius's letter, but he has suppressed an important passage, in which he says ('Zurich Letters,' p. 339) that 'the occasion of this flame has originated from hence;' that the Queen 'has now more than ever formed the resolution and decreed, willed, and commanded, that all Bishops and Ministers of churches should be attired during the

\* Brooke, 'Privy Council Judgments,' p. 248.

performance of divine service in the white linen garments that the Mass-priests wear in the popish religion.' Of course to have quoted this would have been fatal, because the garments are 'white linen,' while chasubles were not, and have been commanded by the Queen, which chasubles had not been. All that the reader is allowed to build on is, that the vestments were 'consecrated,' and that 'the Mass' was never celebrated in a surplice; but the original Latin of Zanchius does not assert the one or the other. 'Most consecrated' is 'sacratissimis,' and this superlative does not imply degrees of consecration, but is like the *numen gentibus illis sacratissimum* of Pliny, or the form *sacratissime imperator*, which do not mean 'consecrated up to the third degree,' but simply 'most sacred.' As to the 'Mass-priest,' the Latin has no 'mass' in the case; the word is simply 'sacrifici' (doers of sacred rites). Thus a letter concerning the Queen's command to wear a white linen garment, which must be the surplice, for the Queen had, in fact, so ordered, becomes after manipulation, a proof that chasubles were worn in spite of the Queen. When this was shown in the 'Review,' Mr. MacColl made the following reply: 'I will not insult the intelligence of your readers by presuming to expose the imbecility of the reviewer's objections' ('Guardian').

Shall we go on? He tells us that 'September 10, 1571,' is 'seven years and seven months after the issuing of the Advertisements' (p. 71), which would give the date of February, 1564; and tells us in the 'Guardian' (July 28) that the Advertisements were published 'certainly not earlier than the end of 1564.' He tells us that 'the Court decided in *Martin v. Mackonochie* that omission is prohibition;' and then, in a sentence full of mistakes about Aristotle and Roman law, says that the Committee are here in contradiction with one of the fundamental principles of English law (p. 32). The decision of the Privy Council does not contain the dictum that he assails! And as to the principle to which he refers, that the Acts of Uniformity must be construed as ordering what is to be done, and as restraining additions, whether it be or be not contrary to Roman law, the Mixed Committee of Council did not originate or invent it. It was first declared in *Newberry v. Goodwin*, in a purely ecclesiastical court, in 1811; and further developed by the Lay Committee in the case of *Liddell v. Westerton*. Mr. MacColl's confusion as to these two distinct courts runs through his book. He tells us that Bishop Wren, when he was accused of standing eastward in the consecration prayer in the Holy Communion, and defended himself on the ground of convenience—'being low of stature,' &c.—'was here practising an economy' (p. 199).

Wren was an honest man, and suffered much and long for his opinions. Why should he then be accused of falsehood? Mr. MacColl says it was not dishonesty to put forth as his one reason this which was not his only or principal reason. 'To attempt,' he says (p. 201), 'to defend his practice on theological and liturgical grounds would simply have had the effect of intensifying the ignorance of his enemies, and exposing sacred things to ridicule. He would have been "casting pearls before swine," and provoking the fate divinely predicted for such folly. He fell back, therefore, on a line of defence, true in itself, and which his accusers could understand and appreciate, but which was far in arrear of that which he would have occupied in happier circumstances. On offering this plea on behalf of Wren I am not, I think, indulging in an illegitimate exercise of casuistry. Our Lord Himself on one occasion (St. John x. 34-36), seeing that His adversaries were incapable of understanding the truth about His Person, retreated from the claim He had just made to one which they could not gainsay.' It is a new ground for not speaking the whole truth, that it 'would have had the effect of intensifying the ignorance of his enemies;' but in the name of sound exegesis, in the name of decency, let us be spared this introduction of the Saviour's name, and of a passage of the Bible which bears no kind of resemblance to Mr. MacColl's theories.

Here we leave this remarkable writer. We do not complain of being accused of 'imbecility' and 'incapacity.' We are dealing with a gentleman who has said of the Lay Committee of Council that, 'in order to save the Evangelical party,' it 'solemnly and deliberately declared that black was white' (p. 17), and of the Mixed Committee that it was guilty 'of gross partiality and injustice.' We reckon from such lips on a few suffrages from his litany of scorn, and on being dismissed with the usual benediction, 'Thou fool.' The question, however, is not wholly whether a reviewer is imbecile and incapable, but whether he has displayed the character of a book in which documents are transformed and garbled, plain facts misstated, legal matters discussed without an attempt to understand them, and all this with a violence of language as unusual as it is unseemly, when aimed against the Courts of the realm. If our readers are able to find grounds for acquitting Mr. MacColl of intentional perversion of facts, we shall rejoice. It is not the reviewer's province to judge the writer; it is his province to prevent, so far as he may, books of this class from being written.



## INDEX

TO THE

HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINTH VOLUME OF THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

## A.

Addison's use of the native idioms, modifying the Latin or Gallic style, 461-463.

Agricultural Holdings Act, 562.

Aldrovandus, trout, and trout-flies, 353.

'Angling, Handbook of,' by Ephemera, an excellent guide, 365.

'Angling, Secrets of,' by J. D., 353—the felicity of the angler's life, 354—the artificial fly, 355—twelve virtues of the angler, *ib.*—Oppian's ideal of, 356.

Artisans and Labourers' Dwellings Act, 563-565.

St. Aubyn, Sir J., 376—his local policy, *ib.*—goes abroad, 377—opponent to the Walpole administration, *ib.*—his political triumph, 378—character, 379—letter to Borlase on Pope's death, 385—death, 379.

## B.

Bacon, Lord, 'Letters and Life,' by J. Spedding, 2—consideration of the times at James I.'s accession, 5—on the union with Scotland, 7.

Balcarres papers, the, 467.

Balloons and Voyages in the Air, 106—first experiments, 107—by M. des Roziers, 108—by M. Charles, 109—witticisms and caricatures, 111—Gay-Lussac's ascents, *ib.*—Lunardi's from Finsbury, 112—Blanchard crosses the Channel, 113—Roziers' fatal attempt, *ib.*—Mme. Blanchard's death, 114—the Sadlers, *ib.*—Mr. Green, *ib.*—the Naasau Balloon, 115—Nadar's *Géant*, *ib.*—M. Jules Du-roof, 116—bursting of balloon, *ib.*—the parachute, *ib.*—Garnerin and his wife, *ib.*—source of ascending power, shape, 117—appurtenances, 118—the guide-rope, *ib.*—difficulties of de-  
Vol. 139.—No. 278.

scents, 119, 120—*captive balloons*, 120—scientific use of balloons, 121—Mr. Glaisher's 'High Regions,' 121—application to the art of war, 122—important services rendered by Contelle in 1793, 123—balloon service established in Paris, 124—strange adventures, 125—pigeon-post, 127-130—capabilities and prospects of aerial locomotion, 130—dirigible balloons, 131—M. Giffard's steam balloon, 132—M. de Lôme's experiments, 134—relation between power and speed, 135—flying machines, 138.

'Barker's Delight, or The Whole Art of Angling,' 356.

Baron, François, a popular actor in *la Comédie Française*, 152, 153.

Bath in the year 1734, 380.

Berners, Dame Juliana, 'Treatyse of Fysshing with an Angle,' 336, 352, 367.

Beverley, H., on the population of Bengal, 526—practical use of the Census during the famine, 527.

Block, Maurice, 'L'Europe Politique et Sociale,' 544—reasons for the diminution of the population in France, 545—official return, 546.

Borlase, William, 361—birth, 369, education, 370—Oxford in 1715, *ib.*—journey from London to Cornwall, 371—letter to Mrs. Delahaye, *ib.*—the Manor House of Pendeen, 372—at Ludgvan, 374—fondness for his garden, and his club, *ib.*—his memoir of Sir J. St. Aubyn, 379—goes to Bath, *ib.*—letters from Pope, 381, 383—perilous descent into a cave, 382—letter to Dr. Oliver on Pope's death, 386—his pursuits, 389—first edition of 'Antiquities of Cornwall,' 390—'Private Thoughts on the Creation and the Deluge,' 391—his heraldic and parochial collections, 393—death of his wife, *ib.*—



- letter to Mr. Bettesworth on the rumour of his pretending to conjuration, 394—on the affairs of the Church of England, *ib.*—on the extravagance of the lower classes in Cornwall, 395—his habits of industry, *ib.*
- Bovill, Sir W., on the effects of drink, 404—on the beer-shops, 409. *See* Drink.
- Browne, Dr. Chrichton, on dipsomaniacs, 424, 428.
- Buchanan documents, the, 467.

## C.

- Carnarvon, Lord, on the case of Langalibalele, 555.
- Casaubon, Isaac, 22—his agreement with the Church of England, 23—opinion of James I., 24.
- Castle Horneck, MS. collections at, 367.
- Cawdor papers, the, 468, 469.
- Censorship, dramatic, in France, established in 1702, 155.
- Census of England and Wales in 1871, 525—includes the whole of the British Empire, *ib.*—practical value of the undertaking, 526, 527—increase of the population, 527—the agricultural districts, 529—diminution of agricultural labourers, 530—proportion of births to marriages in the agricultural counties, 532—and greater proportion of blind people, *ib.*—town population, 533—memorial on the house accommodation in the metropolis, *ib.*—average number of persons to a house since 1801, 534—overcrowding not confined to towns, 535—discrepancy between the estimated numbers and the reality, 536, 537—necessity for a small but competent permanent staff, 538—proportion of French and Germans, 539—their frugality and industry, 540—number of women engaged in specific occupations, 541—increase of women-servants, 542—no considerable increase in the higher classes of the liberal and learned professions, 542—curious facts displayed in the Swedish census, 544—falling off in the French, *ib.*—fundamental difference between France and England, 549.
- Church Law and Church Prospects, 248—unanimity of the Bishops, *ib.* the Rev. M. MacColl's pamphlet, 249

- its charges and inaccuracy, 249, 250—the Puritans' objection to the 'Ornaments' Rubric,' 253—the Clergy Discipline Act, 270—clergymen refusing to recognise the judge under the Public Worship Regulation Act, *ib.*—the power of the Bishops, 274—Queen Elizabeth's policy, 279—doctrinal symbols, 281—the principle of uniformity in the Church of England, 282—stanzas to the Virgin Mary, 285—the doctrine of Transubstantiation, 286—Mr. Gladstone's prophecies about the Church of England, 288, 289—note on the article, 377.
- Clairon, Mlle., her early years at the *Théâtre Italien*, 160.
- Corneille's 'Le Cid,' its first representation at Paris, 144.
- Cornwall, number of native historians, 368.
- Crawford, Lord, 'Lives of the Lindseys,' 488—his papers, 467.
- Crawhall's 'Newcastle Fishers' Garlands,' 360, 361, 366.
- Créquy, Marquise de, on the 'Memoirs of Saint-Simon,' 292.
- Cross, Mr., his mastery of the subject of the Labour Laws, 556-559.
- 'Cursor Mundi,' Danisms preserved in, 458.
- Cutcliffe's 'Art of Trout Fishing in Rapid Streams,' 365.

## D.

- Da Costa, E. M., on the probable effects of electricity, 391.
- Daniel's 'Rural Sports,' on angling, 350.
- Dalrymple, Donald, his exertions for the relief of the dipsomaniacs, 421—visits nine institutions in the United States, *ib.*—on the legal authority in America, 430—his Bill for the better care and management of drunkards, 433. *See* Drink.
- Dangeau, Marquis de, his 'Journal,' with additions by Saint-Simon, 295.
- Dante's choice of Virgil as his guide, 79—his position in the 'Divina Commedia,' 81—character of Virgil, 85.
- D'Arcussia's account of a flight of herons with gyrfalcons, 180, 181.
- Dasent, Dr., an asserter of the old Scandinavian influence in England, 444—his translation of the 'Saga of Burnt Njal,' 458.

Davy, Sir H., on 'local memory' in trout, 349.

Deffand, Madame du, writing to Walpole, describes Saint-Simon's 'Memoirs,' 292, 293.

D'Harcourt, Princesse, practical jokes played upon her by the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, 315.

Dibdin's conception of the ideal angler, 357.

Dipsomaniacs, or 'habitual drunkards,' 418. See Drink.

Disraeli, Mr., his speech on the groundless charges of Dr. Kenenly, 554—on the second reading of the Agricultural Holdings Act, 560.

Drink: the Vice and the Disease, 396—all fermented beverages, whether for rich or poor, are luxuries, 397—divided into two main streams, 398—that of wine affected by outward causes, *ib.*—its use decreased, 399—taxation on foreign wines, 400—moderation in drinking, 401—'Drink,' as connected with the 'poor,' *ib.*—diversity of effect on the two classes, 402—the Beer-house Bill, 403—the taste for drinking of precocious attainment, 404—testimony of Sir W. Bovill, *ib.*—of Sir H. S. Keating, 405—of Mr. Selfe, *ib.*—of chaplains, governors of prisons, chief constables and superintendents of police, 405, 406, 409—governors and chaplains of workhouses, 406—Lieut.-Col. Henderson, 407—clergymen, 407, 408—remedial measures, 408—grand juries, 409—the beer-shops, *ib.*—familiarity with the sight of drunkenness, 410—effect of public opinion, 410, 411—the labours of individuals insufficient, 411—temptation to intemperance, 412—no logical connection between the use of meat and bread and of strong drink, 413—the 'liberty of the subject,' 414—annual number of deaths, 415—absence of public-houses in upwards of a thousand parishes in the diocese of Canterbury, *ib.*—'habitual drunkards,' or dipsomaniacs, 418—its cause, symptoms, diagnosis and treatment, 419—no other rescue than an asylum, 421—Mr. D. Dalrymple's exertions for its relief, *ib.*—private refuges or reformatories, 422—no legal power to detain patients, 423—its hereditary nature, 425—instances of, in ladies, 425, 426—predisposition, sunstroke,

425—parallel between the lunatic and the dipsomaniac, 426—women the worst offenders, 427—'Voluntaryism,' a failure, 428—necessity of the power of detention, 429—American experience, and question of treatment, 430—the greater proportion among the lower orders, 431—military definition of a drunkard, *ib.*—present system of punishment, 432—suicides, idiotcy, *ib.*—memorial to the Home Secretary, 435.

E.

Edda, its meaning in Icelandic, 436.

Elizabeth, Princess of Bohemia, her marriage, 17.

—, Queen, her last days, 4.

Endowed Schools Bill, 1874, 568-570.

F.

'Falconry in the British Isles,' by F. H. Salvin and W. Brodrick, 169—its decline, *ib.*—arbitrary laws for the preservation of the birds, 171—white falcons, 172—used as bribes, 173—as fines—174—Henry VIII.'s devotion to the sport, 175—James I.'s depreciation of it, 176, 178—Shakespeare's frequent allusions to it, 178, 179—its popularity in France, 179—D'Arcussia's account of a flight of herons with gyrfalcons, 180, 181—relative attractions of rook and gamehawking, 182-184—tribute to E. C. Newcome, 185, 186.

Fly-fishing, parentage and literary history of, 349—allusions to hook-and-line fishing in the Scriptures, *ib.*—ancient Assyrian sculpture, 350—net and rod-fishing, *ib.*—Ælian's story of angling on the river Astræus, 351—artificial fly, 355—twelve virtues of the angler, *ib.*—practical remarks, 362-365.

Forbes family, papers of the, 468.

France, diminution of the population, 544—small proportion of births to marriages, 545—losses by internal and external war, 546—the law of inheritance, 547, 548.

G.

Gardiner, S. R., 'History of England,' 'Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage,' 'History of England under the Duke of Buckingham and

- Charles I., 3—his carefulness and trustworthiness, 4—his facts not always in accordance with the conclusions he draws, 29—describes Count Gondomar, *ib.*—sketch of Digby, 33.
- Gardner, W. J., 'History of Jamaica,' 40.
- Gay's 'Rustic Sports,' verses on angling, 359, 360.
- Giffard, H., his steam balloon, 132.
- Gillaroo, the, a variety of trout found in Loch Melvin, 343.
- Gladstone, Mr., on doctrinal symbols, 281—on the danger of prosecution, 288—prophecies on the National Church, 288, 289.
- Glaisher, T., 'Voyages Aériens,' 121—description of 'The High Regions,' *ib.*
- Gondomar, Count, described by Gardiner, 29.
- Gothenburg, scheme for preventing excess of drinking, 416-418.
- Grant, Sir J. P., prosperity of Jamaica under his administration, 54, 55, 75.
- Green, Mr., the aeronaut, 114—number of his ascents, *ib.*—the Nassau Balloon, 115—invention of the guide-rope, 118.

## H.

- Hamilton, Archbishop, his dispensation in favour of Bothwell and Lady Jean Gordon, 467.
- Hamilton papers, the, 466.
- Harlay, President, described by Saint-Simon, 311.
- Hearing, want of, in trout, 347.
- Henderson, Lieut.-Col., on drunkenness in the army, 407. *See* Drink.

## I.

- Icelandic Illustrations of English, 435—*the* Icelandic language the standard language of the Northern division of the Gothic family, 438—difference between the Scandinavian and Teutonic branches, *ib.*—its old ancestral name Danish, 439—*the* representative of the old Danish, 440—distinction between Danes and Norwegians, *ib.*—*their* respective traces in Great Britain, *ib.*—in local names, 441—*the* use of the word *can* in the auxiliary sense of *did*, 443—*the* physique of the two nations, 444—comparison between Anglo-Saxon

and Icelandic, 445—presentive words, 446-455—compound words, 455—symbols, 457—Danish traces in Wiclif's Bible, 459—in Shakespeare, 460—the claims of *are* and *be*, 461—the Romanesque tide, *ib.*—Addison's style of writing, 461-463—American criticism, 462—two general conclusions from the review of the relations between Icelandic and English, 464.

Icelandic literature, 437—fertility of its phraseology, 454.

## J.

- Jamaica, 40—becomes an English settlement, 46—deadly power of a vertical sun, 46—experiments of Scotch and Irish immigration, 47—multiplication of negro slaves, 48—large proportion of absentees in, 49—results of emancipation, 51—Morant Bay riots, 52—renounces the prerogative of self-government, 53—success of present administration, 54—commercial importance, 55—country life, 57—Canon Kingsley's 'At Last,' 58—coffee, pimento, indigo, 59—cinchona plant, 60—pasture lands, 60—black population, 62—negro labour, 66—increase of the creole-negro race, 68—coolies, 69—absence of mechanical skill, 71—coloured population, 72—want of middle-class schools, *ib.*—Spanish Town College, 74—the Paradise of the West, 77.
- James I. described by Rankin, 8—his motto, 8—his disadvantages, 9—consciousness of awkwardness, 10—his favourites, 12—sagacity in the selection of ambassadors, 13—preservation of peace his chief care, 14—his foreign policy, 15, 21—energy after Henry IV.'s murder, 17—children, *ib.*—natural defects, 19—relations with Rome, 21—Casaubon's opinion of him, 24—the Spanish marriage, 25—never swayed by wife or mother, 27—opposes the Elector Palatine's acceptance of the crown of Bohemia, 31—Digby sent to Vienna, 33—his government at home, 35—address to Parliament, 36—tires of Buckingham, 38—twofold aspect in his characterisation, 39.
- Jesse, E., on the sense of hearing in fish, 347.

Jodelle, Etienne, conceives the idea of the French classical drama, 142.

K.

Keating, Sir H. S., on the effects of drink, 405. *See* Drink.

L.

Labour Laws, and 'Masters and Servants Act,' 556-559.

'Lawlessness, Sacerdotalism, and Ritualism,' by Malcolm MacColl, careless disregard of facts, 249—specimens of his language, 249, 250—errors and mistakes, 252—misquotations, 256—on the use of the chasuble, 259-261—suppression of the evidence of the abolition of vestments in Queen Elizabeth's time, 265—note on his misquotations, 577-584.

Le Kain, his début at the Théâtre Français, 157.

Le Play, M. F., 'La Réforme Sociale de France,' 547.

'Lit de justice,' the famous, the scene described by Saint-Simon, 325, 326.

Liverpool, effects of the 'free trade in drink,' 413, 414.

Lôme, M. Dupuy de, experiments in guiding balloons, 134.

Louvois, M. de, quarrel with Louis XIV., 307-310.

Luxembourg, Duc de, described by Saint-Simon, 312, 313—anecdote of, at a masked ball, 314, 315.

M.

Macaulay, Lord, on Saint-Simon's equipment for the army, 302—on Louis XIV.'s pusillanimity, 306, 307.

Maine, M. de, his cowardice, 316, 317.

Manuscripts, Historical, Reports on the Commission on the Scottish portion, 406.

Marion, F., 'Les Ballons et les Voyages Aériens,' 110.

Markham, G., 'Country Contentments,' 355—'The Young Sportsman's Instructor,' 357.

Mars, Mlle., her grace and finished elocution, 165.

Maules of Panmure, 465—cosmopolitan element in the culture of a Scottish gentleman of the last century, 472—Harry Maule of Kelly, *ib.*—six reasons for writing the

history of his family, 473—his life in Paris, 475—the French Maule and Panmore, 476—one of the race marries into the Norman family of the Valloignes, 480—one marries Christian, daughter of the High Chamberlain of Scotland, 481—different members of the family, 482-484—Patrick, created Earl of Panmure, 485—in attendance on Charles I. while a prisoner, *ib.*—his dismissal, 485, 486—marries Lady Mary Erskine, 486—death, 487—succeeded by his son James, *ib.*—purchases the house in the Canon-gate, and Edzill, Glenesk, and Lethnot, *ib.*—exiled for taking part in the rebellion of 1715, 488—succeeded by his son William, 489—notice of William Ramsay Maule, 490—of his son Fox Maule, 490, 491—of Lord Dalhousie, 491—account of the murder and funeral of Archbishop Sharp, 491, 492.

Merchant Shipping Bill, failure of, 566.

Molière, his education, 147—goes on the stage, 148—a fertile writer, 148-150—refused Christian burial, 150.

Monk Lewis's West Indian Journal, 42, 70. *See* Jamaica.

Montgolfier, Joseph and Etienne, first experiments in balloons, 107—they exhibit before Louis XVI. at Versailles, 108—the first aeronaut, 109.

N.

Napoleon I., described by M. de Ségur, 200—a consummate actor, 202—his behaviour on the death of the Duc d'Enghien, 204—at Donauwerth, 205—before Austerlitz, 207—anniversary of the coronation, 209—interview between the two Emperors after Austerlitz, 213—war with Prussia, 214—battles of Jena and Auerstädt, 215—at Wagram, 217—at Burgos, 218—marriage with Marie Louise, 222—his mysterious malady, 223—death of Lannes, 226—of Duroc, 227.

Newcome, Edward Clough, tribute to him, 185, 186.

Nightingale, the, described by Izaak Walton, 339.

Northcote, Sir Stafford, soundness of the principles of his budget, 555—efforts for the reduction of the national debt, 572.

## O.

- Oliver, William, accompanies Borlase to Bath, 379—his acquaintance with Pope, 380—his great popularity, 387—advice to the portrait-painter Vandreist, *ib.*—letter on the trial of the Lords in Westminster Hall, *ib.*—on the appearance of Sterne's book, 388, 389.
- Oppian's ideal of an angler, 356—on the capture of a wrasse, 365.
- Orleans, Duke of, Regent, his scandalous life, 323—Saint-Simon's advice to him on keeping Lent, 324—the term *roué* first used by him, *ib.*
- Oxenford, documents found at, 470.
- Oxford in the time of Borlase, 370.

## P.

- Panmure, derivation of the name, 476.
- Parliamentary debates, Session 1875, 550—increased attention to the interests of our Colonial fellow-subjects, *ib.*—policy of Mr. Disraeli's government, 551—position of the Liberal party, *ib.*—'Tiverton and Taunton doctrine,' 552—the Labour Laws, 556-558—compulsion alien to the feelings of English people, 559-561—permissive legislation, 560—Agricultural Holdings Bill, 560-562—sanitary improvements, 563-565—Friendly Societies, 565—Merchant Shipping Bill, 566-567—Elementary Education Act, 567—Endowed Schools Bill, 568-570—Law Reform, 570—financial policy, 570-573—local taxation and government, 573-575.
- Parliamentary reporting, decline of, 576.
- Pattison, Mark, his 'Isaac Casaubon,' 2—estimate of James I.'s abilities, 13.
- Peddle, Dr., instances of dipsomania in ladies, 425, 4 6—on voluntary admission and compulsory detention, 428. See Drink.
- 'Peterborough Chronicle,' the, 456—Danish phraseology in, 457.
- Pigeon-post, Parisian, in 1870, 127-130.
- Pope, unpublished letters to Borlase, 381, 383—describes his grotto at Twickenham, *ib.*—lines on his grotto, 384—devotion to his parents, 385—death, 386.

## Q.

- 'Queen Mary,' by Alfred Tennyson, 231—described by Hume, 234—her eagerness for her marriage with Philip, 234—commands Cranmer to be burned, 237—illness and death, 239—the motive of the drama purely feminine, 240—an imaginative analysis, 241—Froude's character of her, 242—more like a Greek than an English play, 243—compared with Shakspeare, 244—want of humour displayed, 246.

## R.

- Rachel, Mlle., her origin and careful education, 166.
- Racine's dramas, 146.
- Ranke, Prof. von, 'History of England,' 2—his descriptive gift, 3—faithful portraiture of James I., 1, 8, 30, 31.
- Rask, Erasmus, 'Grammar of the Icelandic or Old Norse Tongue,' 437.
- Raucourt, Mlle., attempt to refuse admittance to her body at St. Roch, 165.
- Reed, Henry, 'Introduction to English Literature,' 462.
- Reeve, H., on Saint-Simon's Memoirs, 297-300; on his politics, 333.
- Roberts, Sir R., 'The River's Side, or the Trout and Grayling,' 366.
- Roe, Sir Thomas, ambassador at Constantinople, 14—his high reputation, 15.
- Rogers, Mr., care in writing and correcting his verses, 300.
- Ronalds, Mr., on the want of hearing in the trout, 347—on its sense of taste, 348.
- Roué*, the term first used by the Regent, Duke of Orleans, 224.
- Russian proverbs, 493—Peter the Great's love of, 494—a nation's character reflected in its proverbs, *ib.*—influence of Greece upon Russia, 495—prejudice against May marriages, 496—strong family likeness in European proverbs, 498—characteristics of the Russian, 499—to the disadvantage of women, 500—on the Moujik, 502—on agricultural pursuits, 503—on religious matters, 504-506—morality, 506—deference to old age, 507—on wives, *ib.*—wooing and wedding, 508—moral common-places, *ib.*—love of home, 509—

on bearing misfortune, *ib.*—good and bad language, 510—on drink, 511—popular sayings, *ib.*—excuse for cruelty 512—on the Government, 512-514—administration of justice, 516-517—the 'Word and Deed,' 518, 519—judicial ferocities, 519—on the method of recovering debts, 520, 521—historical events, 523—on the loss of the liberty of the Russian peasant, 524.

S.

Sagas, the, meaning of the word, 486—its application, 437.  
 Saint-Simon, Memoirs of the Duc de, 291—their publication delayed by the French Government, 292—sensation on the appearance of the first edition, 294—the second corrected edition, 295—additions to Dangeau's Journal, 295-299—letter to the Abbé de la Trappe, 299—birth and parentage, 301—enters the army, 302—the pomp and luxury of the French camp described by Lord Macaulay, 303—his father's death, 304—at the battle of Neerwinden, 310—the Luxembourg suit, *ib.*—portrait of the first President Harlay, 311—of the Duc de Luxembourg, 312—life at Marly, 314, 315—practical jokes, 315—betrothed, 317—marriage, 318—quits the army, *ib.*—refuses to be present at the King's communions, 320—conflicting feelings on the death of the Dauphin, 323—advice to the Regent on keeping Lent, 324—notion of public duty and self-sacrifice, 325—the famous 'lit de justice,' 325, 326—his Spanish embassy, 327—variety and abundance of his biographical sketches and portraits, *ib.*—want of self-knowledge, and inordinate self-esteem, 328—delicacy and indelicacy, 329—mentions Voltaire, *ib.*—recommends a national bankruptcy, 331—objects to the recall of the Huguenots, 332—portrait of Fénelon, 333—his rich entertaining collection of contemporary anecdotes, 334.  
 Sainte-Beuve on Saint-Simon's style of writing, 295, 296—sensation produced by the first volume of the Memoirs, 294.  
 Salisbury, Lord, on violent legislation, 560.

Sandiland papers, the, 468.  
 Santeuil, M., practical joke causing his death, 315.  
 Ségur, Comte de, History of Napoleon and the Grand Army during the year 1812, 186—his genuine patriotism, 187—consults M. Daru about his work, 190—its success, 191—the retreat from Moscow, 192—his education, 193—enters the army, 195—affair with M. de Labarbee, 197—pursues his military studies, 198—passes six months at Copenhagen, *ib.*—sent to Spain, 199 placed on the First Consul's personal staff, 200—his impressions on the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, 203—capitulation of Ulm, 207—appointed aide-de-camp to King Joseph, 214—taken prisoner and carried to Siberia, 217—wounded near Madrid, 220.  
 Selfe, Mr., number of daily cases of drunkenness, 405—on the beer-houses, 409. *See* Drink.  
 Sévigné, Madame de, on the death of M. de Louvois, 310.  
 Sharp, Archbishop, account of his murder and funeral, 491, 492.  
 Shipley, Rev. Orby, on the so-called Catholic revival, 273.  
 Spanish Town College in Jamaica, 74.  
 Stewart, W. C., 'The Modern Practical Angler,' 345.  
 Stowell, Rev. H., on the money spent in drink on Sundays, 408. *See* Drink.  
 Sugar cultivation in Jamaica, 48.

T.

Talma, 163—on the list of *Condamnés*, 164—death, 165.  
*Théâtre Français*, the, 138—origin of *La Comédie Française*, 140—tax paid to the clergy, *ib.*—*sottises* or *sottises*, 141—the classical French drama, 142—tragi-comedy, 143—Cardinal Richelieu, Corneille, 'Le Cid,' *ib.*—Racine, 145—Molière, 147-150—Floridor, 151—Madame de Champmeslé, *ib.*—F. Baron, 152, 153—A. Lecouvreur, 153—dramatic censorship, 155—Voltaire, 156—Le Kain, *ib.*—Mlle. Clairon, 158-162—vicissitudes during the Great Revolution, 163—Talma, 164—Mlle. Mars, 165—Mlle. Rachel, 166—

favourite performers of the second Empire, 168.

Trout and Trout-fishing, 335—the common trout, 341—its variations of form and tint, *ib.*—power of altering its colour, 343—the gillaroo, 343—the Thames trout, 343, 344—modes of capturing, 344—voracity, 345—fly-fishing, *ib.*—fishing with the natural fly, 346—sense of hearing, 347—quickness of sight, 348—sense of smell, *ib.*—memory, *ib.*—practical remarks, 362-365.

## V.

'Virgil in the Middle Ages,' by D. Comparetti, 77—different characters with which he was invested, 78—chosen as a guide by Dante, 79—personal character by Dante, 85—the poem 'Dolopathos,' 86—Jean de Haute-seille, *ib.*—The 'Æneid' reflected in

old English ballads, 87—feeling against classical authors in the sixteenth century, 88.

Virgilian Legends, 89-105.

## W.

Walton, Izaak, 'Compleat Angler,' 337—its immediate popularity, *ib.*—its many imitators, 338—peculiar grace of style, *ib.*—on the nightingale, 339—angling, 339, 350—on the trout, 341—his poetry, 359.

Winalow, Dr. Forbes, on private refuges for dipsomaniacs, 429—habitual drunkenness not considered a form of insanity by Government, 433.

## Z.

Zurich letters, the, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 263.

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*Bd. Prov.  
Gen.*



